MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 44

JUNE

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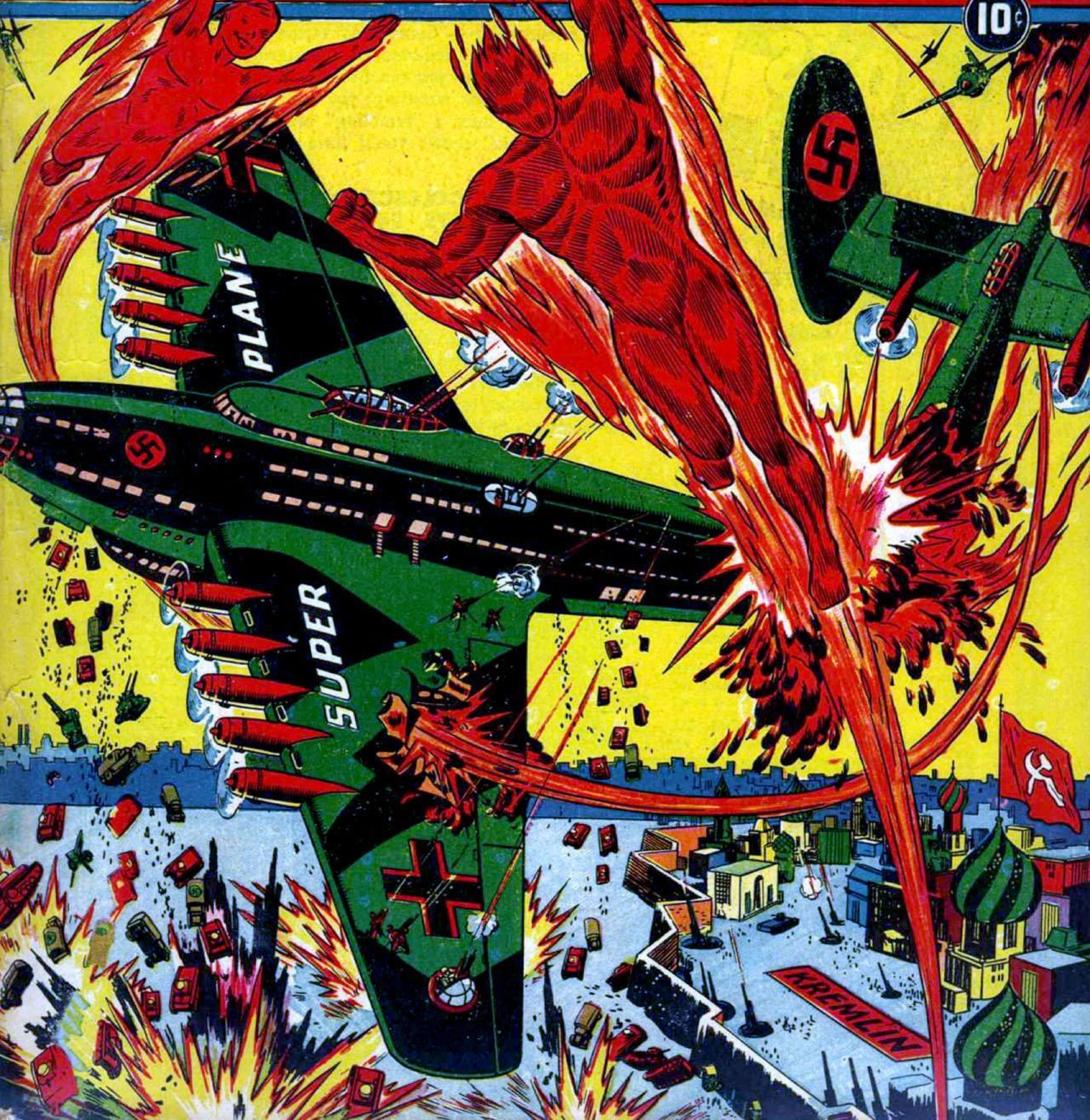
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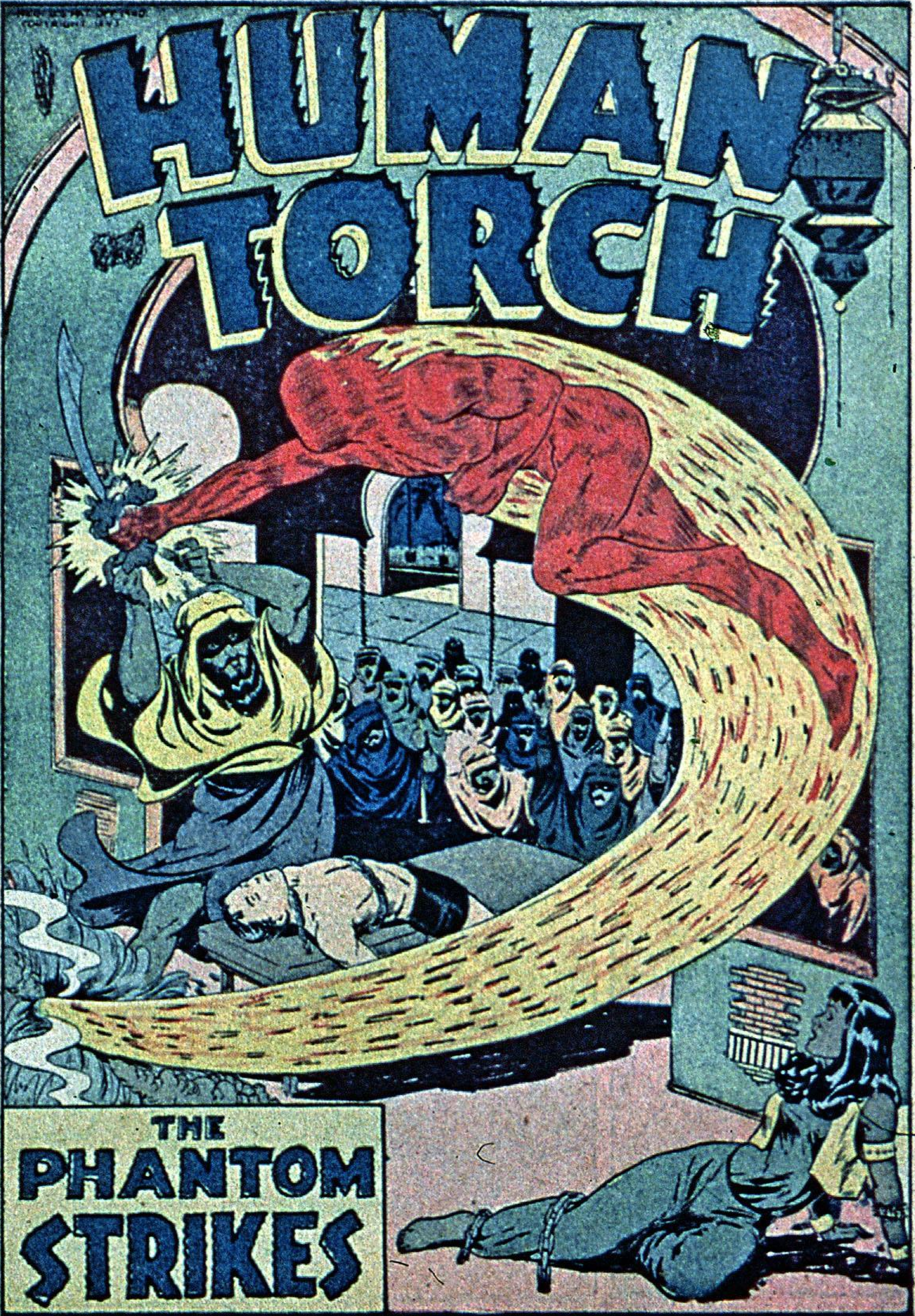
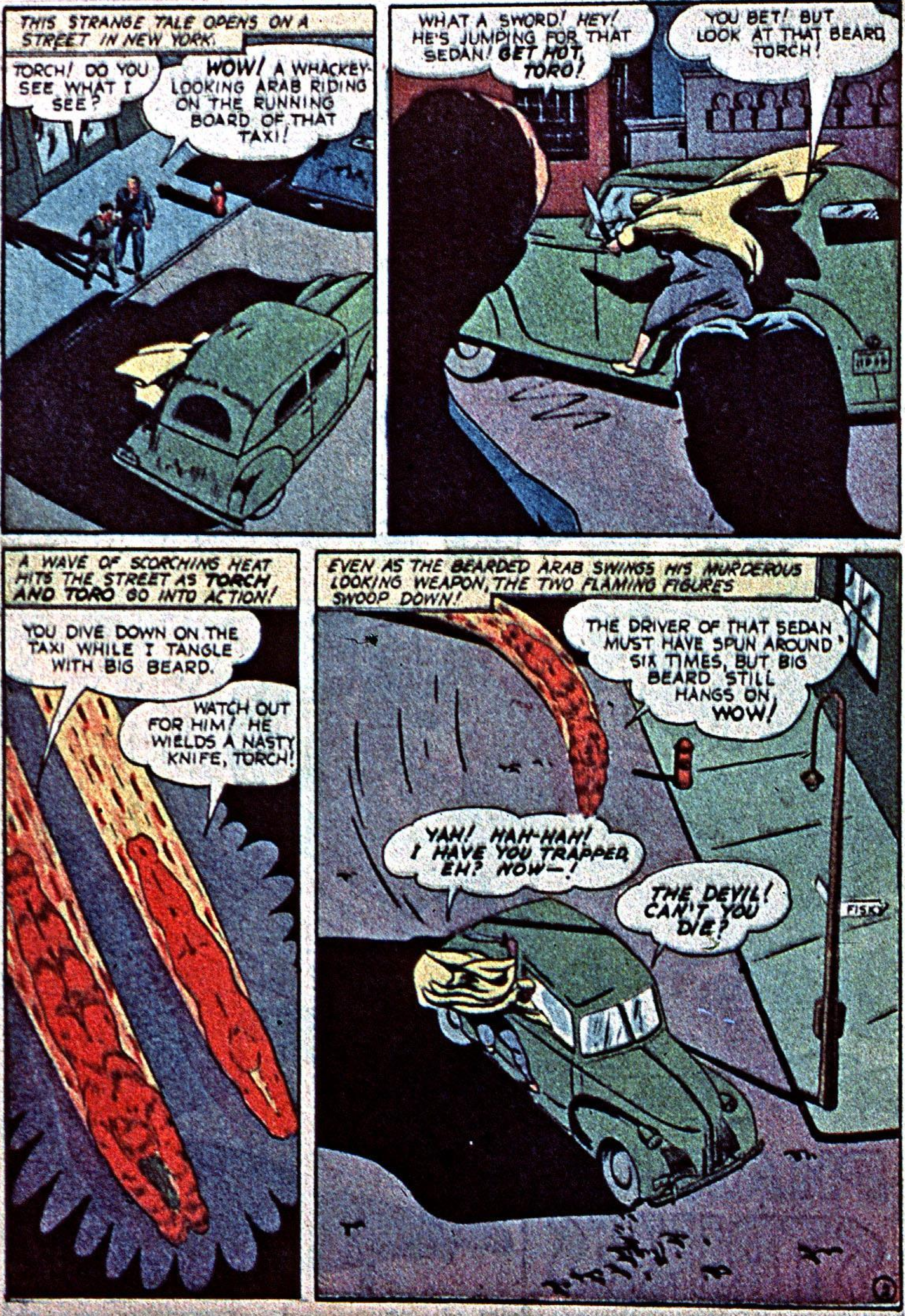
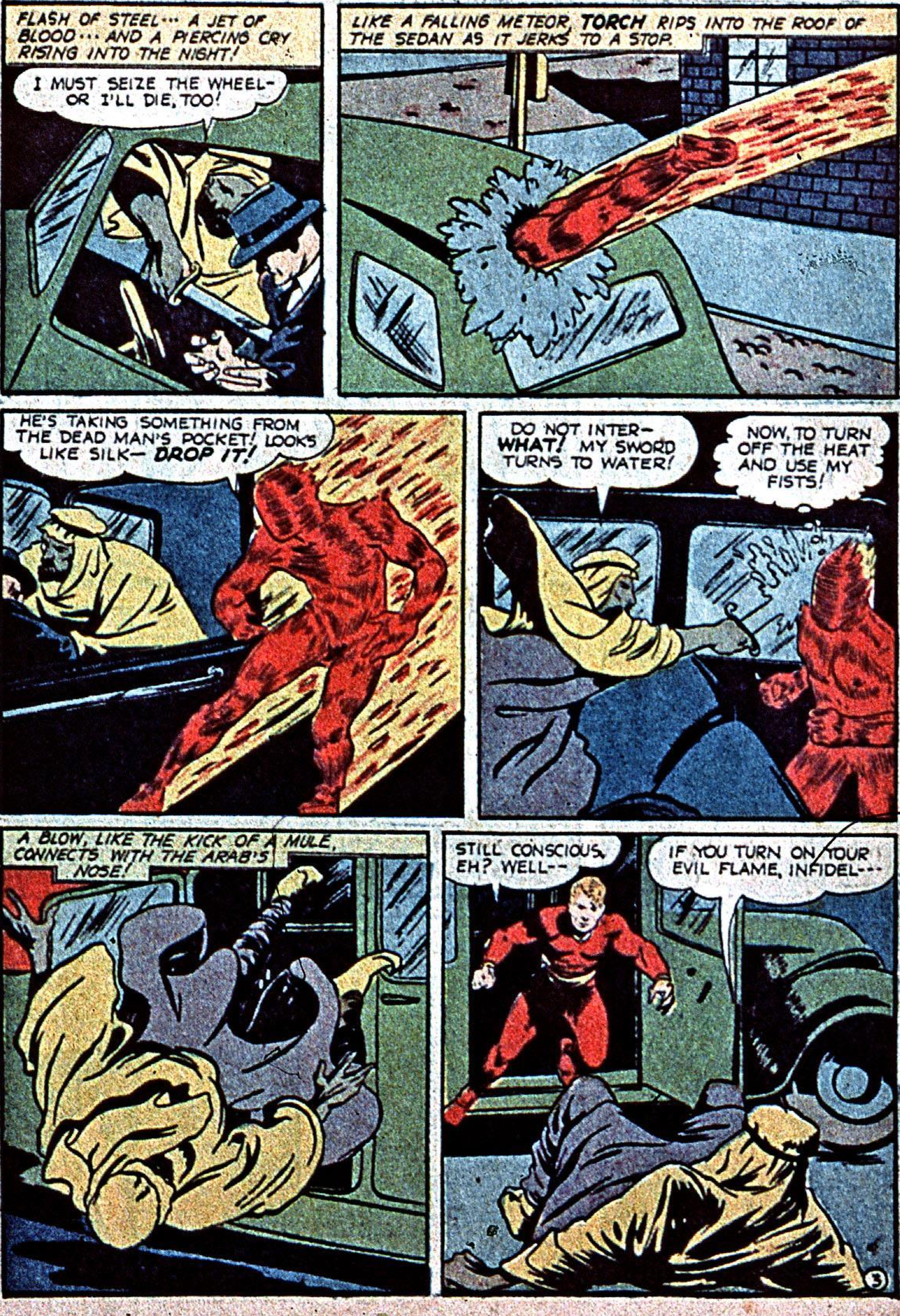
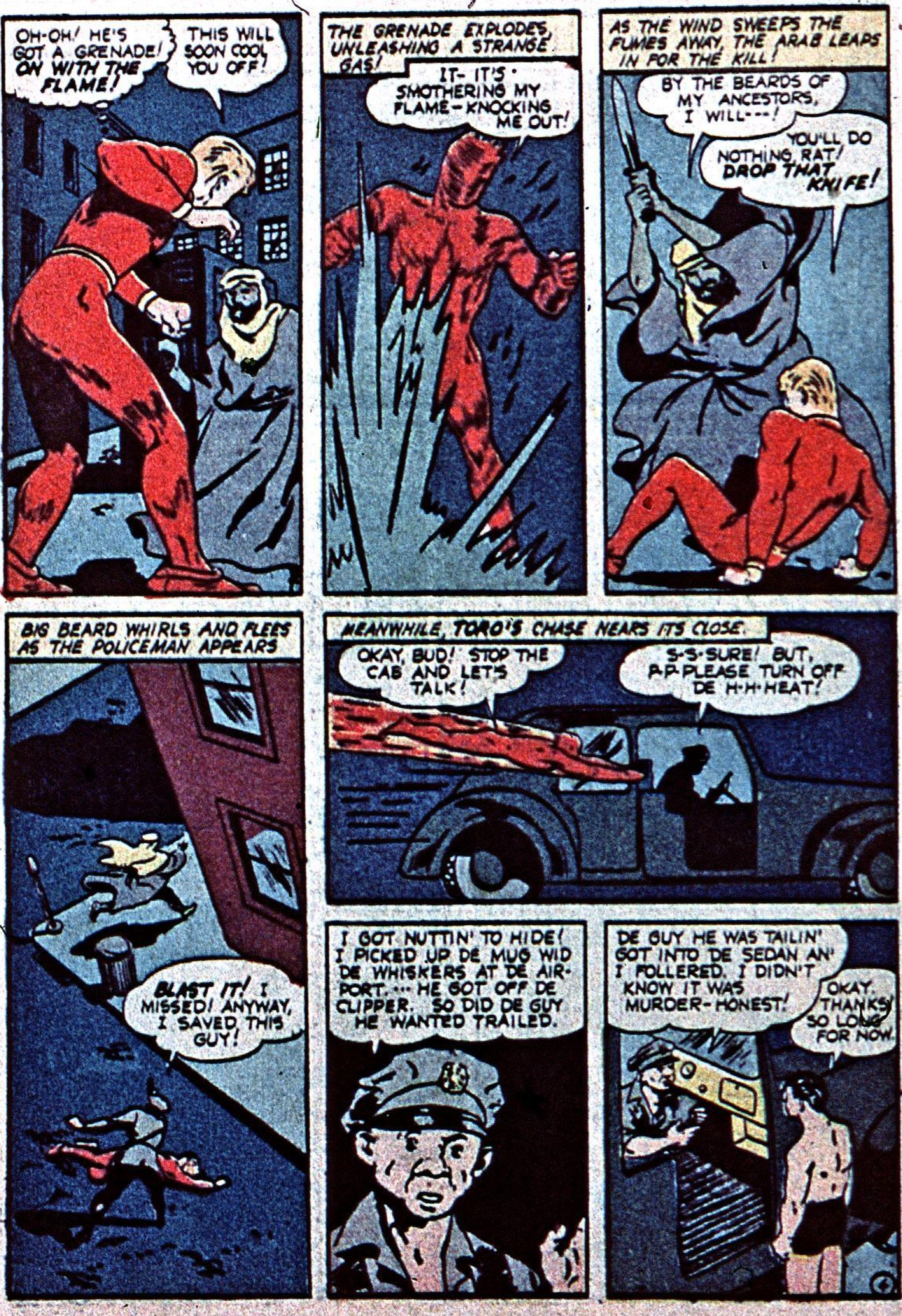
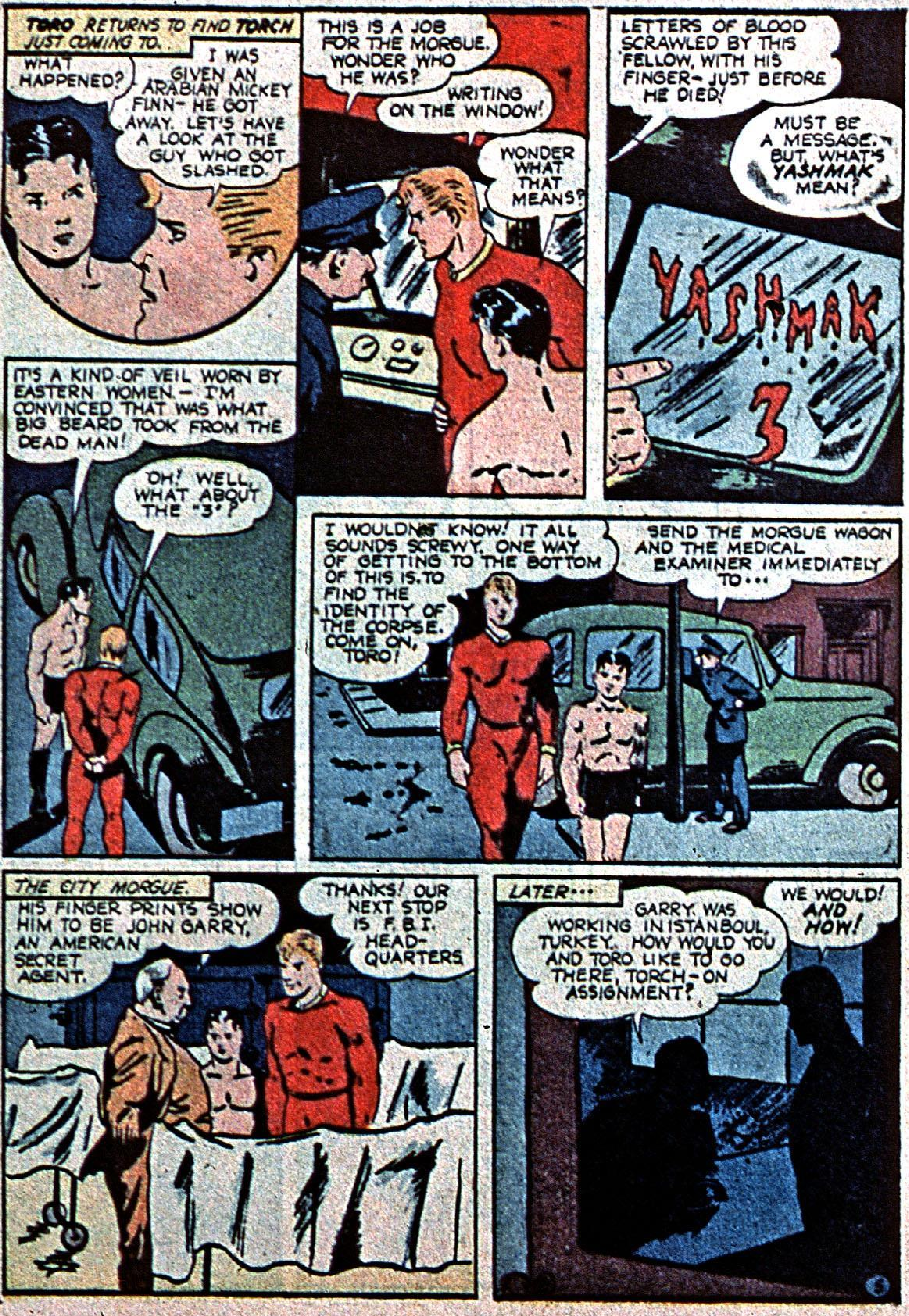
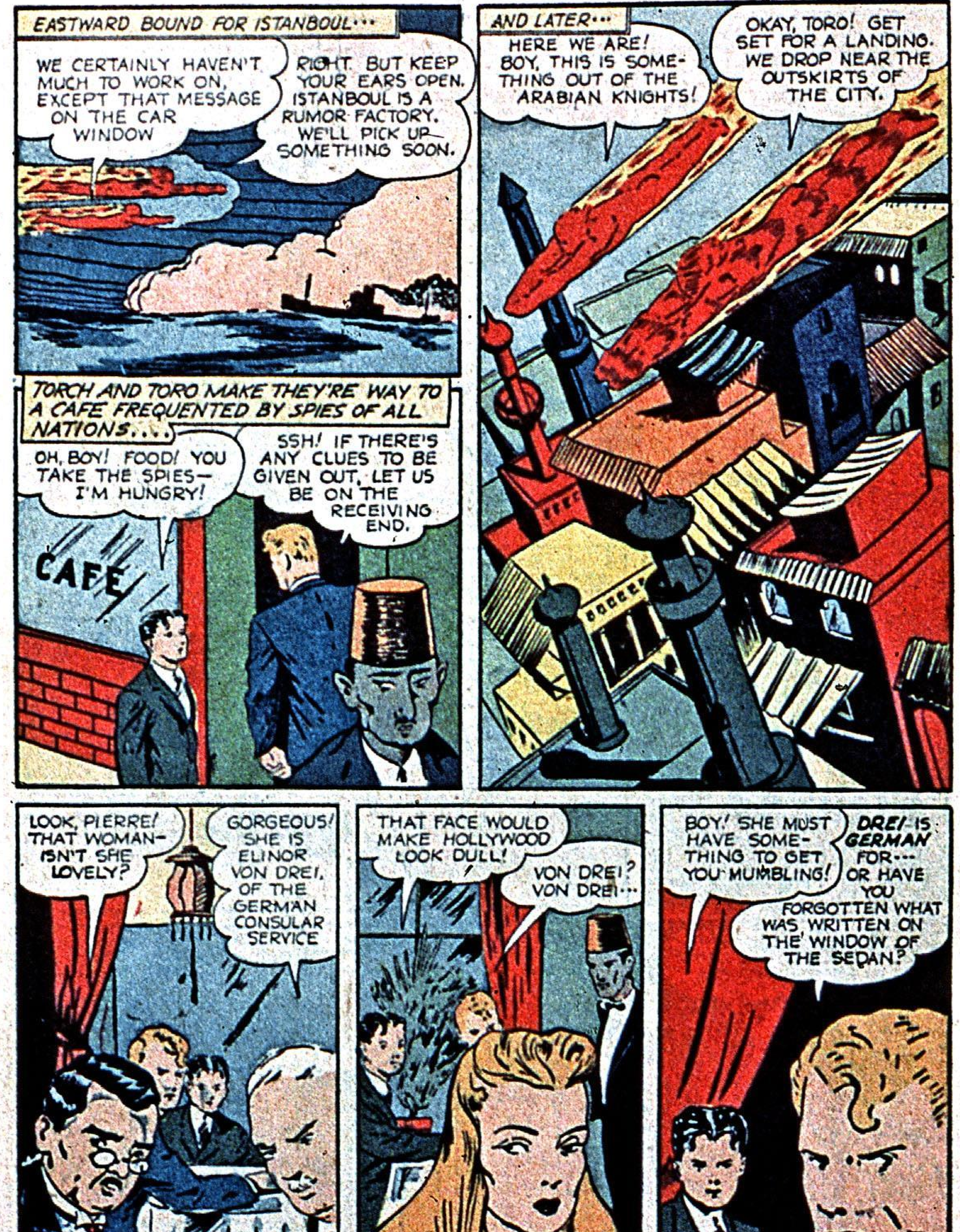

HUMAN TORCH
THE PHANTOM STRIKES

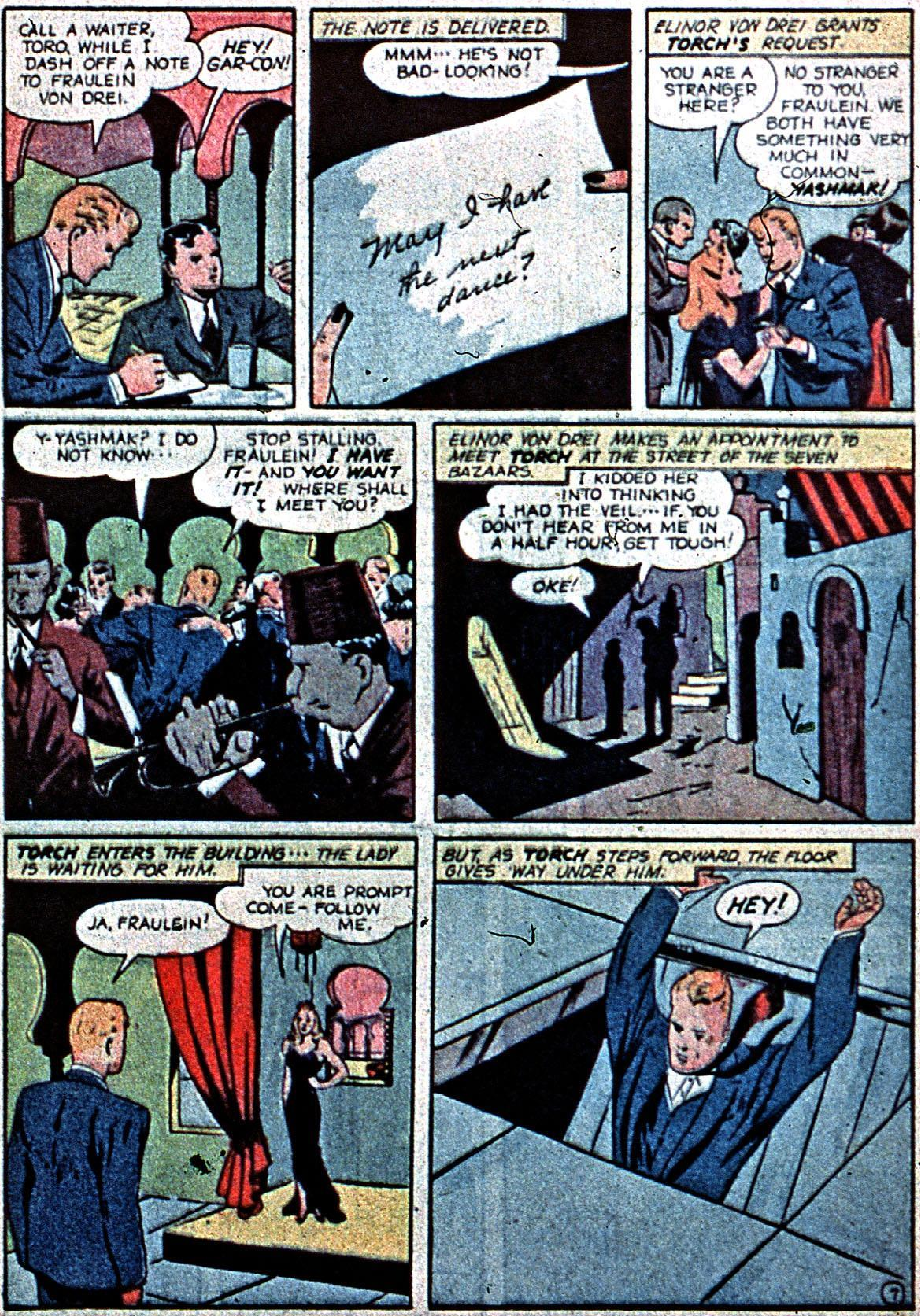

THIS STRANGE TALE OPENS ON A STREET IN NEW YORK.
TORCH! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
WOW! A WHACKEY-LOOKING ARAB RIDING ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF THAT TAXI!
WHAT A SWORD! HEY! HE'S JUMPING FOR THAT SEDAN! GET HOT, TORO!
YOU BET! BUT LOOK AT THAT BEARD, TORCH!
A WAVE OF SCORCHING HEAT HITS THE STREET AS TORCH AND TORO GO INTO ACTION!
YOU DIVE DOWN ON THE TAXI WHILE I TANGLE WITH BIG BEARD.
WATCH OUT FOR HIM! HE WIELDS A NASTY KNIFE, TORCH!
EVEN AS THE BEARDED ARAB SWINGS HIS MURDEROUS LOOKING WEAPON, THE TWO FLAMING FIGURES SWOOP DOWN!
THE DRIVER OF THAT SEDAN MUST HAVE SPUN AROUND SIX TIMES, BUT BIG BEARD STILL HANGS ON. WOW!
YAH! HAH-HAH! I HAVE YOU TRAPPED, EH? NOW—!
THE DEVIL! CAN'T YOU DIE?
FISK

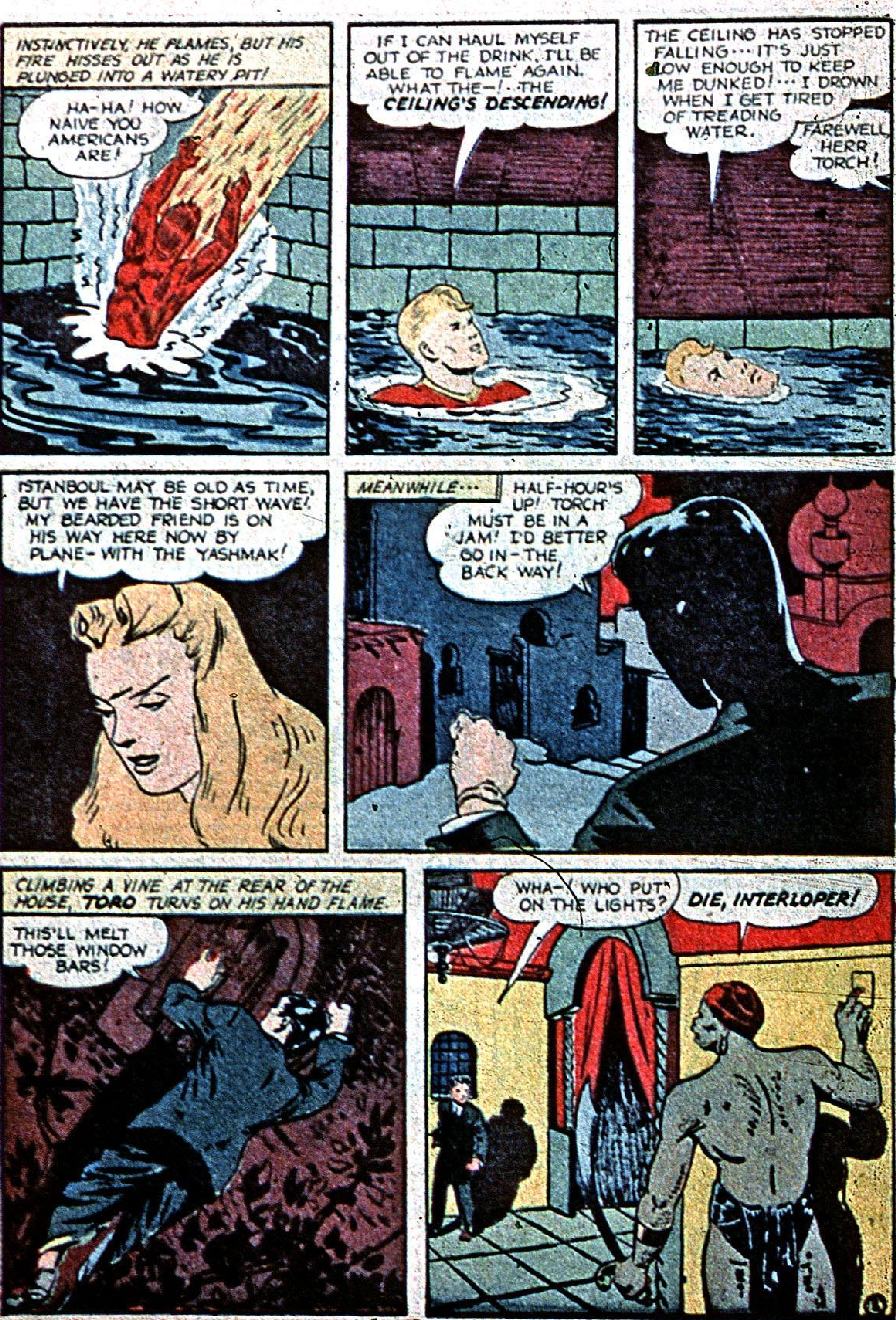

FLASH OF STEEL··· A JET OF BLOOD··· AND A PIERCING CRY RISING INTO THE NIGHT!
I MUST SEIZE THE WHEEL– OR I'LL DIE, TOO!
LIKE A FALLING METEOR, TORCH RIPS INTO THE ROOF OF THE SEDAN AS IT JERKS TO A STOP.
HE'S TAKING SOMETHING FROM THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET! LOOKS LIKE SILK– DROP IT!
DO NOT INTER– WHAT! MY SWORD TURNS TO WATER!
NOW, TO TURN OFF THE HEAT AND USE MY FISTS!
A BLOW, LIKE THE KICK OF A MULE, CONNECTS WITH THE ARAB'S NOSE!
STILL CONSCIOUS, EH? WELL--
IF YOU TURN ON YOUR EVIL FLAME, INFIDEL---

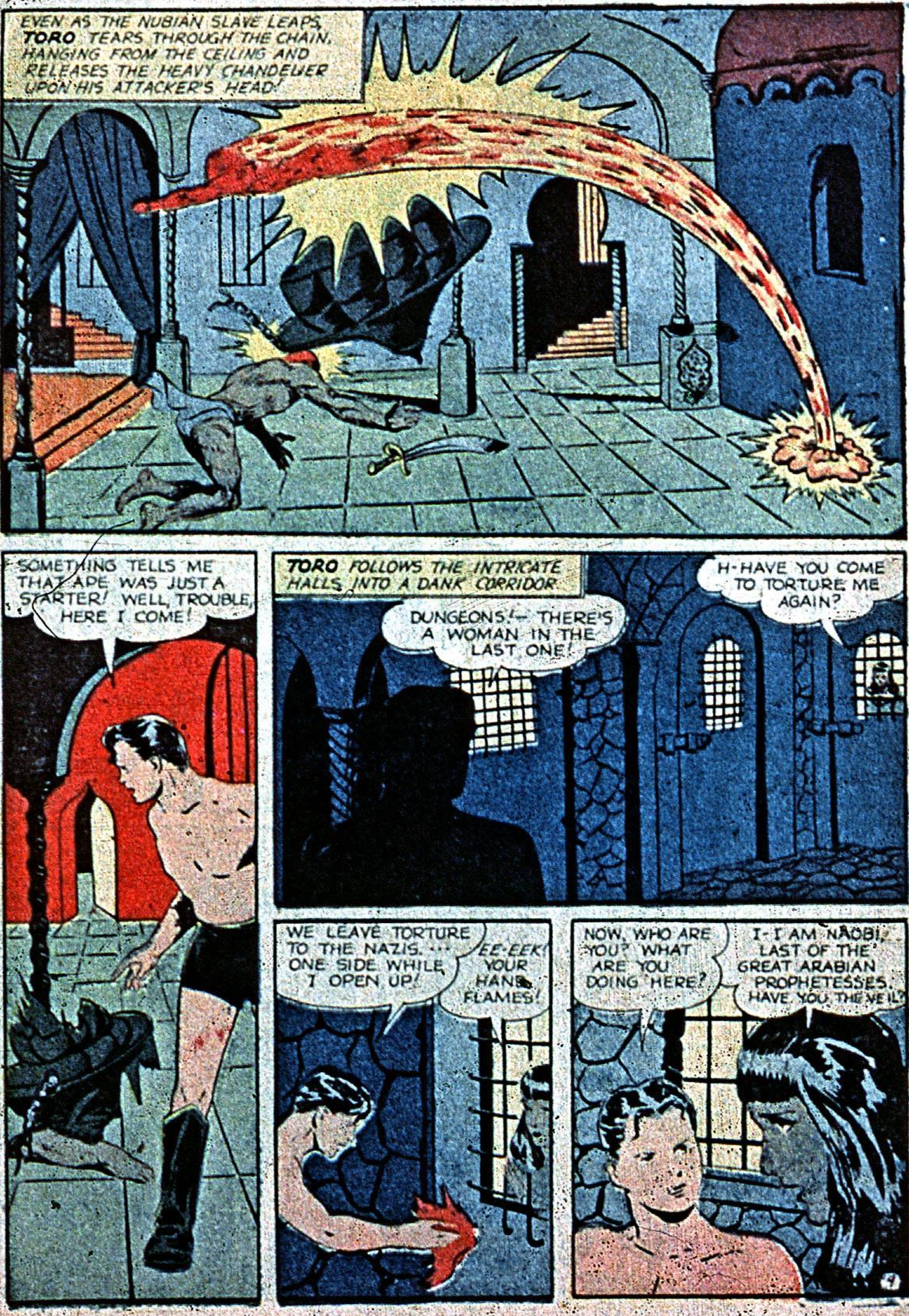

OH-OH! HE'S GOT A GRENADE! ON WITH THE FLAME!
THIS WILL SOON COOL YOU OFF!
THE GRENADE EXPLODES, UNLEASHING A STRANGE GAS!
IT- IT'S SMOTHERING MY FLAME-KNOCKING ME OUT!
AS THE WIND SWEEPS THE FUMES AWAY, THE ARAB LEAPS IN FOR THE KILL!
BY THE BEARDS OF MY ANCESTORS, I WILL---!
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, RAT! DROP THAT KNIFE!
BIG BEARD WHIRLS AND FLEES AS THE POLICEMAN APPEARS
BLAST IT! I MISSED! ANYWAY, I SAVED THIS GUY!
MEANWHILE, TORO'S CHASE NEARS ITS CLOSE.
OKAY, BUD! STOP THE CAB AND LET'S TALK!
S-S-SURE! BUT, P-P-PLEASE TURN OFF DE H-H-HEAT!
I GOT NUTTIN' TO HIDE! I PICKED UP DE MUG WID DE WHISKERS AT DE AIRPORT.... HE GOT OFF DE CLIPPER. SO DID DE GUY HE WANTED TRAILED.
DE GUY HE WAS TAILIN' GOT INTO DE SEDAN AN' I FOLLERED. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MURDER-HONEST!
OKAY. THANKS! SO LONG FOR NOW.

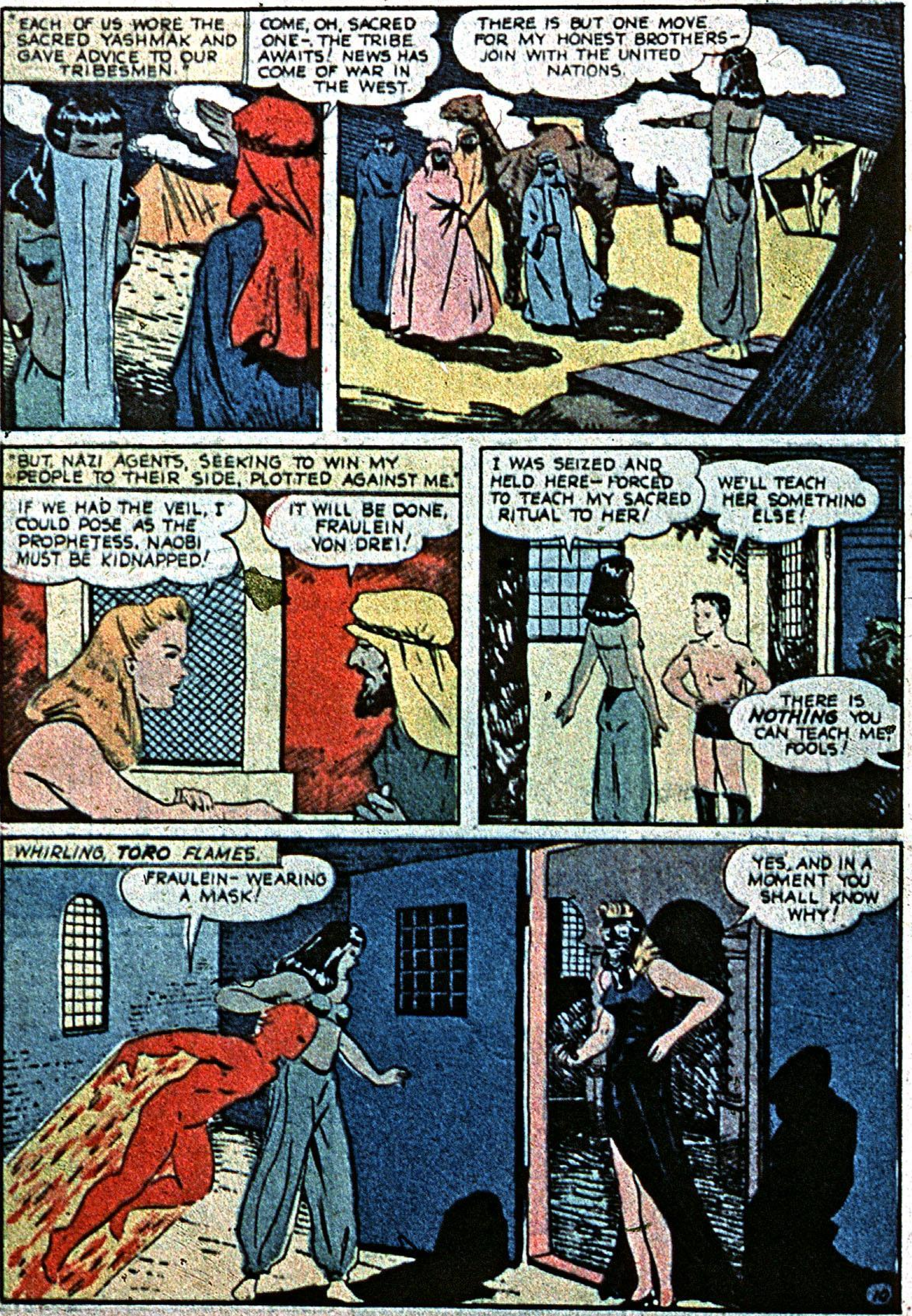

TORO RETURNS TO FIND TORCH JUST COMING TO.
WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS GIVEN AN ARABIAN MICKEY FINN– HE GOT AWAY. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GUY WHO GOT SLASHED.
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE MORGUE. WONDER WHO HE WAS?
WRITING ON THE WINDOW!
WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
LETTERS OF BLOOD SCRAWLED BY THIS FELLOW, WITH HIS FINGER– JUST BEFORE HE DIED!
MUST BE A MESSAGE. BUT WHAT'S YASHMAK MEAN?
YASHMAK
3
IT'S A KIND OF VEIL WORN BY EASTERN WOMEN.– I'M CONVINCED THAT WAS WHAT BIG BEARD TOOK FROM THE DEAD MAN!
OH! WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE "3"?
I WOULDN'T KNOW! IT ALL SOUNDS SCREWY. ONE WAY OF GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IS TO FIND THE IDENTITY OF THE CORPSE. COME ON, TORO!
SEND THE MORGUE WAGON AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER IMMEDIATELY TO...
THE CITY MORGUE.
HIS FINGER PRINTS SHOW HIM TO BE JOHN GARRY, AN AMERICAN SECRET AGENT.
THANKS! OUR NEXT STOP IS F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS
LATER...
GARRY WAS WORKING IN ISTANBOUL, TURKEY. HOW WOULD YOU AND TORO LIKE TO GO THERE, TORCH– ON ASSIGNMENT?
WE WOULD! AND HOW!

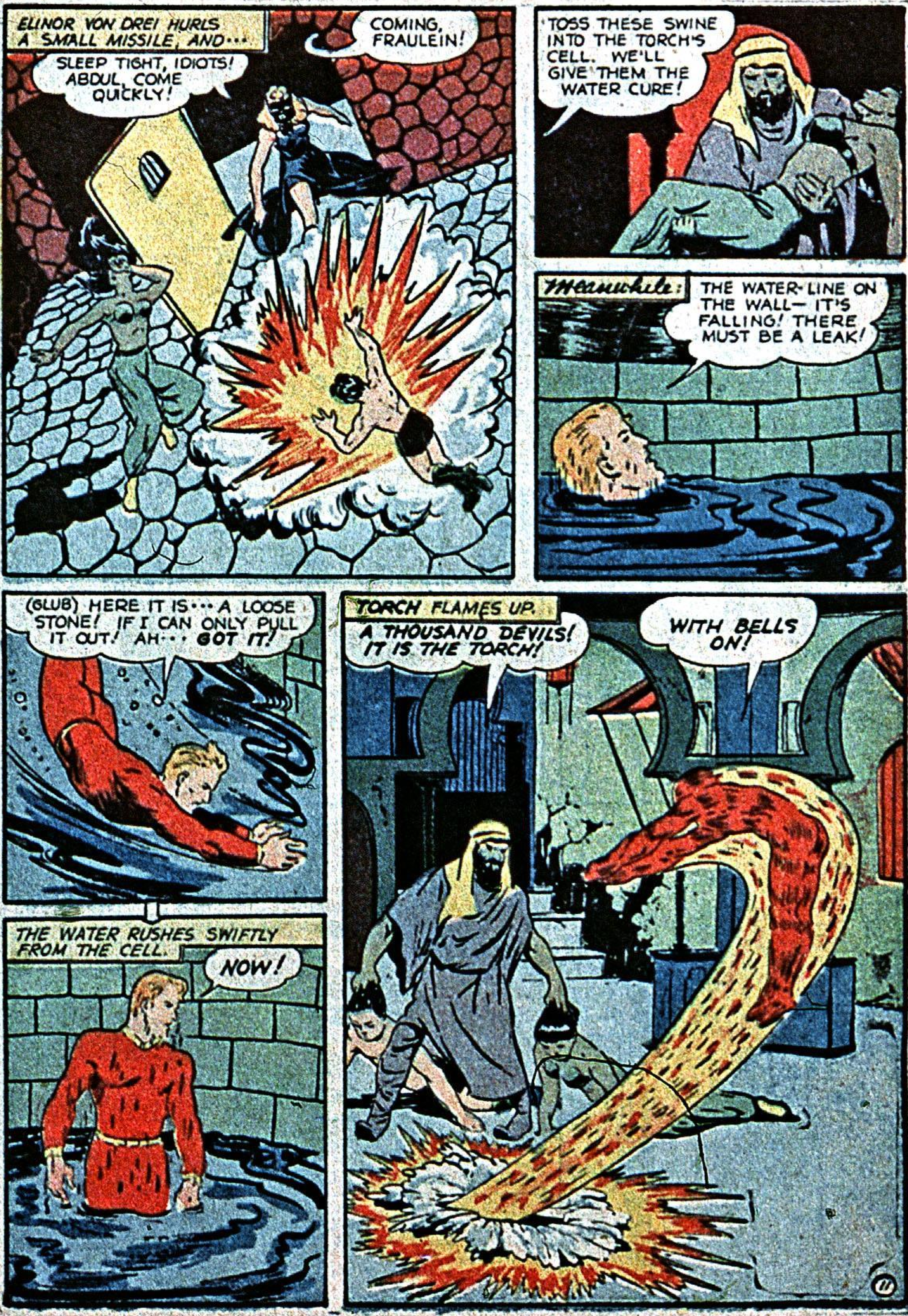

EASTWARD BOUND FOR ISTANBOUL...
WE CERTAINLY HAVEN'T MUCH TO WORK ON, EXCEPT THAT MESSAGE ON THE CAR WINDOW
RIGHT. BUT KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN. ISTANBOUL IS A RUMOR FACTORY. WE'LL PICK UP SOMETHING SOON.
AND LATER...
HERE WE ARE! BOY, THIS IS SOMETHING OUT OF THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS!
OKAY, TORO! GET SET FOR A LANDING. WE DROP NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.
TORCH AND TORO MAKE THEY'RE WAY TO A CAFE FREQUENTED BY SPIES OF ALL NATIONS...
OH, BOY! FOOD! YOU TAKE THE SPIES— I'M HUNGRY!
SSH! IF THERE'S ANY CLUES TO BE GIVEN OUT, LET US BE ON THE RECEIVING END.
CAFE
LOOK, PIERRE! THAT WOMAN— ISN'T SHE LOVELY?
GORGEOUS! SHE IS ELINOR VON DREI, OF THE GERMAN CONSULAR SERVICE
THAT FACE WOULD MAKE HOLLYWOOD LOOK DULL!
VON DREI? VON DREI...
BOY! SHE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO GET YOU MUMBLING!
DREI IS GERMAN FOR... OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF THE SEDAN?

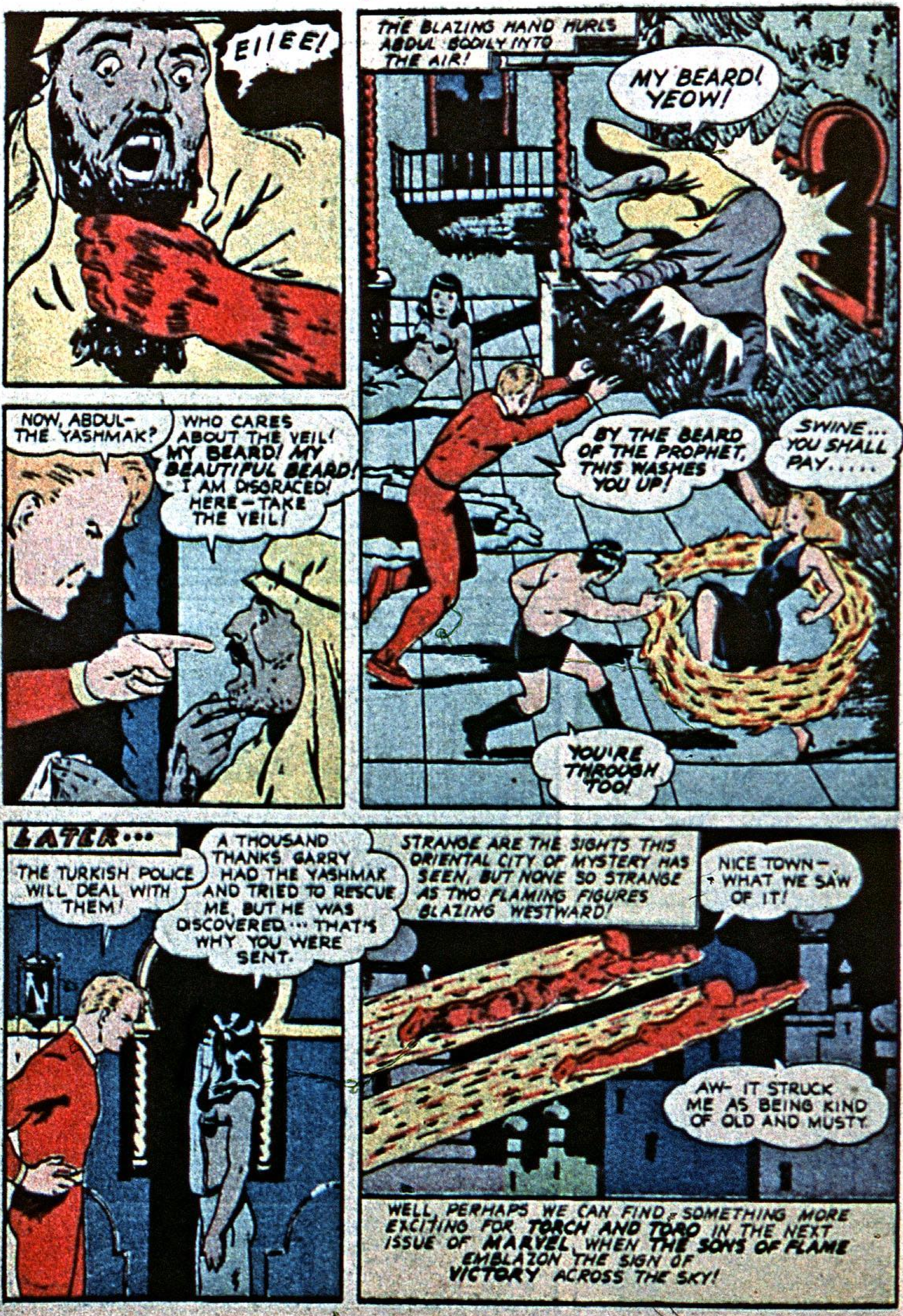

CALL A WAITER, TORO, WHILE I DASH OFF A NOTE TO FRAULEIN VON DREI.
HEY! GAR-CON!
THE NOTE IS DELIVERED.
MMM··· HE'S NOT BAD-LOOKING!
May I have the next dance?
ELINOR VON DREI GRANTS TORCH'S REQUEST.
YOU ARE A STRANGER HERE?
NO STRANGER TO YOU, FRAULEIN. WE BOTH HAVE SOMETHING VERY MUCH IN COMMON— YASHMAK!
Y-YASHMAK? I DO NOT KNOW··
STOP STALLING, FRAULEIN! I HAVE IT— AND YOU WANT IT! WHERE SHALL I MEET YOU?
ELINOR VON DREI MAKES AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET TORCH AT THE STREET OF THE SEVEN BAZAARS.
I KIDDED HER INTO THINKING I HAD THE VEIL··· IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN A HALF HOUR, GET TOUGH!
OKE!
TORCH ENTERS THE BUILDING··· THE LADY IS WAITING FOR HIM.
JA, FRAULEIN!
YOU ARE PROMPT. COME— FOLLOW ME.
BUT, AS TORCH STEPS FORWARD, THE FLOOR GIVES WAY UNDER HIM.
HEY!
7

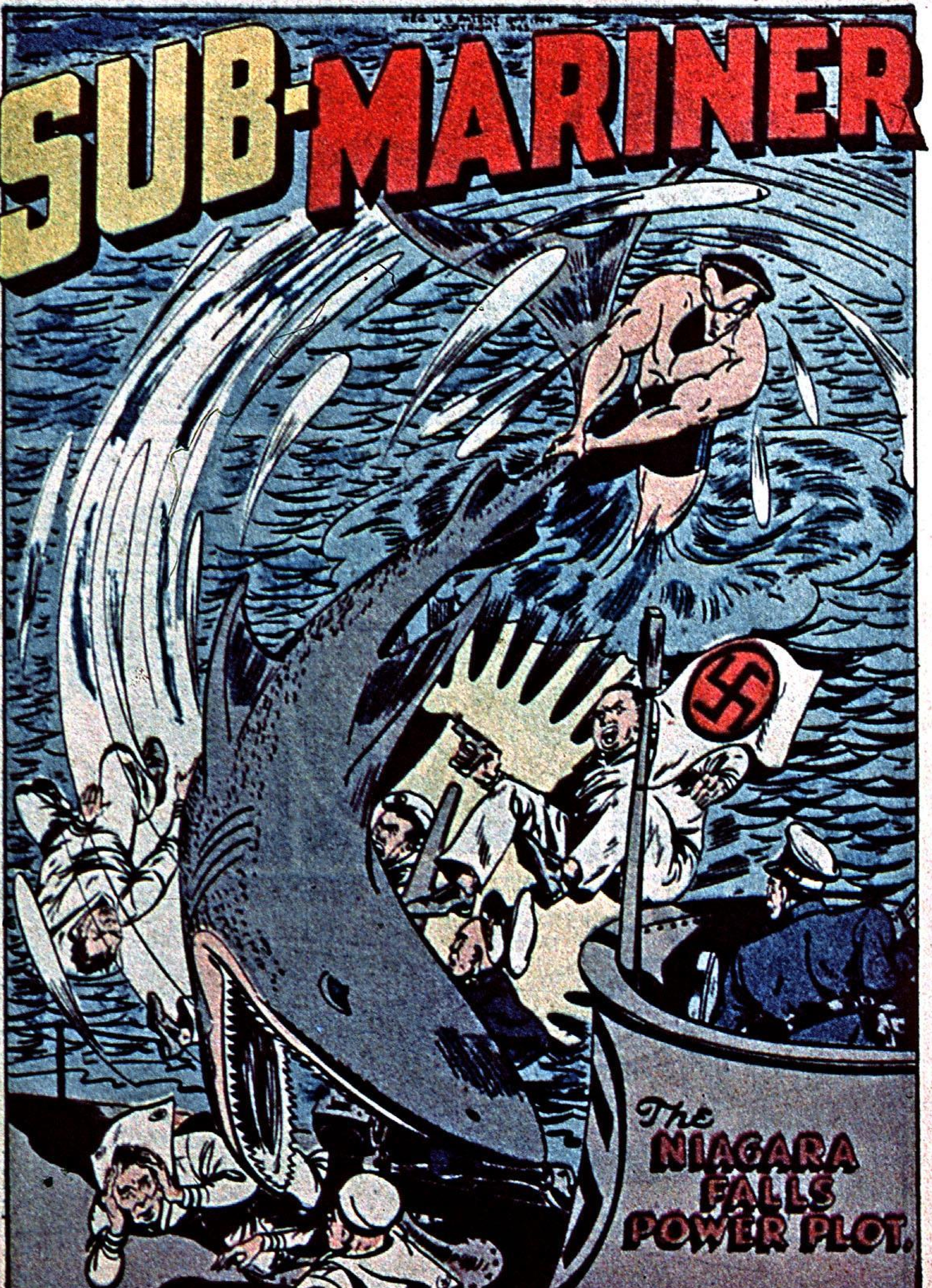

INSTINCTIVELY, HE FLAMES, BUT HIS FIRE HISSES OUT AS HE IS PLUNGED INTO A WATERY PIT!
HA-HA! HOW NAIVE YOU AMERICANS ARE!
S S S
S S S
IF I CAN HAUL MYSELF OUT OF THE DRINK, I'LL BE ABLE TO FLAME AGAIN. WHAT THE—! THE **CEILING'S DESCENDING!**
THE CEILING HAS STOPPED FALLING··· IT'S JUST LOW ENOUGH TO KEEP ME DUNKED!··· I DROWN WHEN I GET TIRED OF TREADING WATER.
FAREWELL, HERR TORCH!
ISTANBOUL MAY BE OLD AS TIME, BUT WE HAVE THE SHORT WAVE! MY BEARDED FRIEND IS ON HIS WAY HERE NOW BY PLANE—WITH THE YASHMAK!
MEANWHILE···
HALF-HOUR'S UP! TORCH MUST BE IN A JAM! I'D BETTER GO IN—THE BACK WAY!
CLIMBING A VINE AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE, **TORO** TURNS ON HIS HAND FLAME.
THIS'LL MELT THOSE WINDOW BARS!
WHA—! WHO PUT ON THE LIGHTS?
DIE, INTERLOPER!

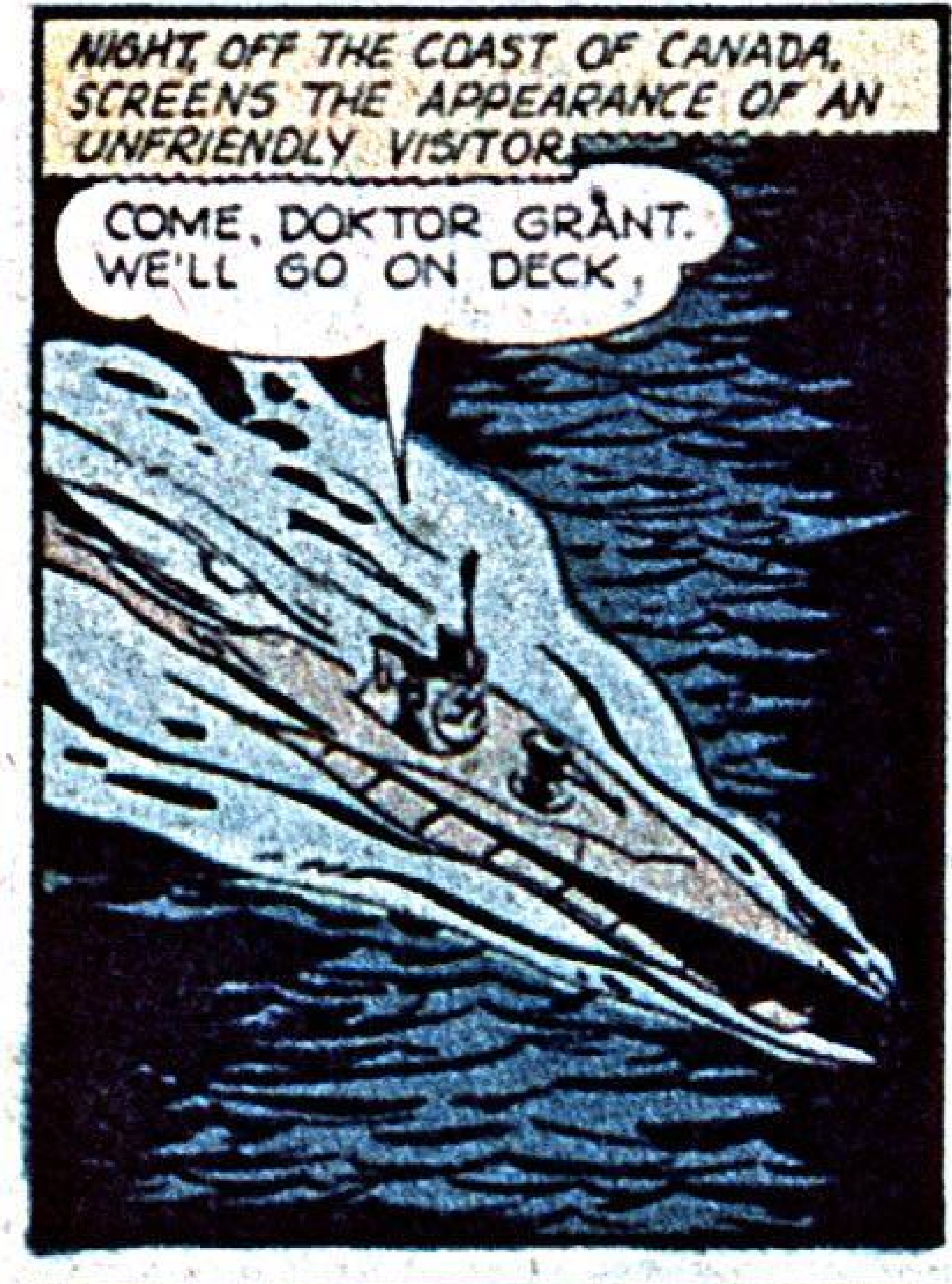

EVEN AS THE NUBIAN SLAVE LEAPS, **TORO** TEARS THROUGH THE CHAIN HANGING FROM THE CEILING AND RELEASES THE HEAVY CHANDELIER UPON HIS ATTACKER'S HEAD!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT APE WAS JUST A STARTER! WELL, TROUBLE, HERE I COME!
TORO FOLLOWS THE INTRICATE HALLS INTO A DANK CORRIDOR
DUNGEONS! — THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE LAST ONE!
H-HAVE YOU COME TO TORTURE ME AGAIN?
WE LEAVE TORTURE TO THE NAZIS. ... ONE SIDE WHILE I OPEN UP!
EE-EEK! YOUR HAND FLAMES!
NOW, WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I-I AM NAOBI, LAST OF THE GREAT ARABIAN PROPHETESSES. HAVE YOU THE VEIL?

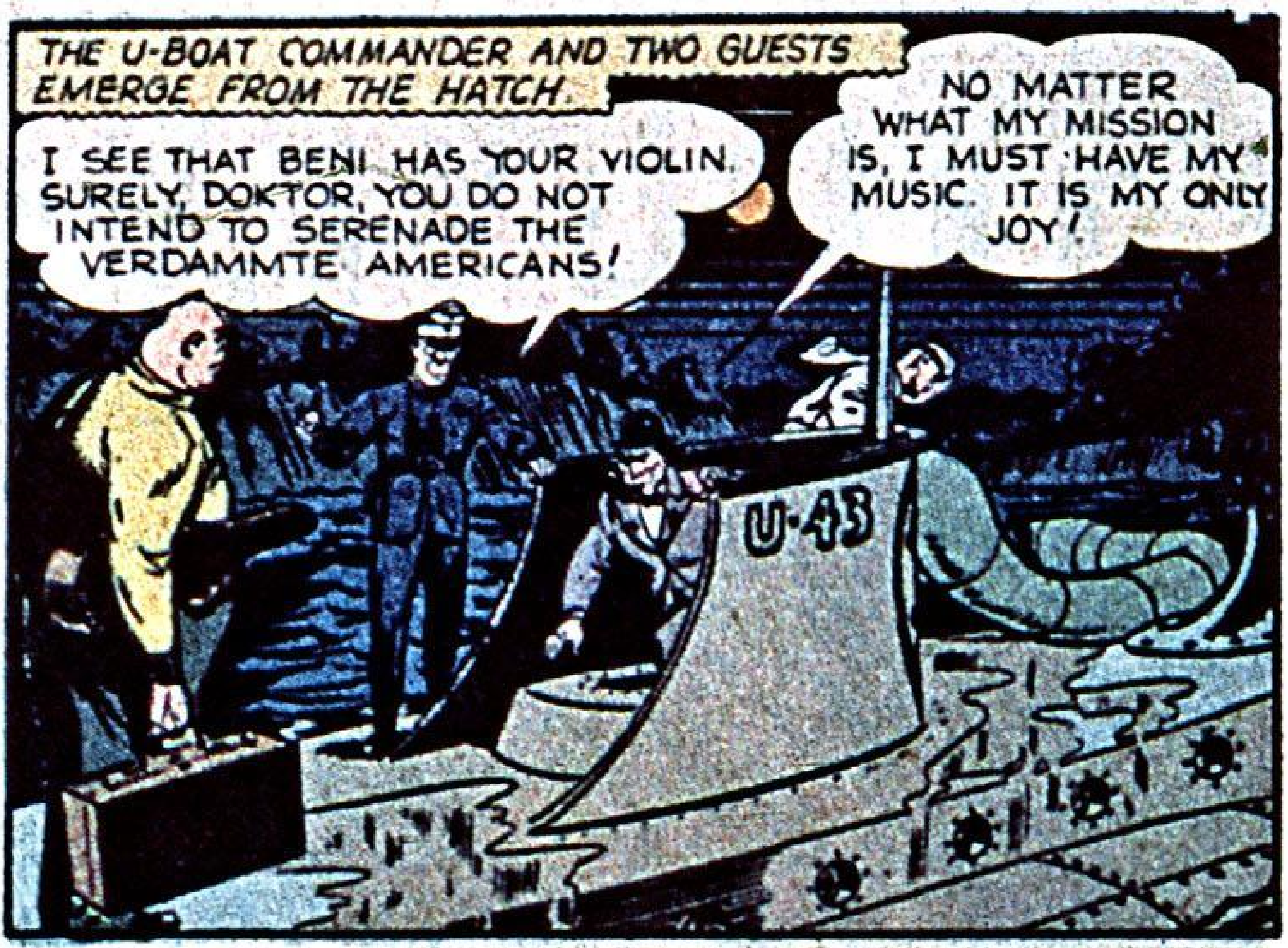

"EACH OF US WORE THE SACRED YASHMAK AND GAVE ADVICE TO OUR TRIBESMEN."
COME, OH, SACRED ONE-, THE TRIBE AWAITS! NEWS HAS COME OF WAR IN THE WEST.
THERE IS BUT ONE MOVE FOR MY HONEST BROTHERS- JOIN WITH THE UNITED NATIONS.
"BUT, NAZI AGENTS, SEEKING TO WIN MY PEOPLE TO THEIR SIDE, PLOTTED AGAINST ME."
IF WE HAD THE VEIL, I COULD POSE AS THE PROPHETESS. NAOBI MUST BE KIDNAPPED!
IT WILL BE DONE, FRAULEIN VON DREI!
I WAS SEIZED AND HELD HERE- FORCED TO TEACH MY SACRED RITUAL TO HER!
WE'LL TEACH HER SOMETHING ELSE!
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN TEACH ME, FOOLS!
WHIRLING, TORO FLAMES.
FRAULEIN- WEARING A MASK!
YES, AND IN A MOMENT YOU SHALL KNOW WHY!

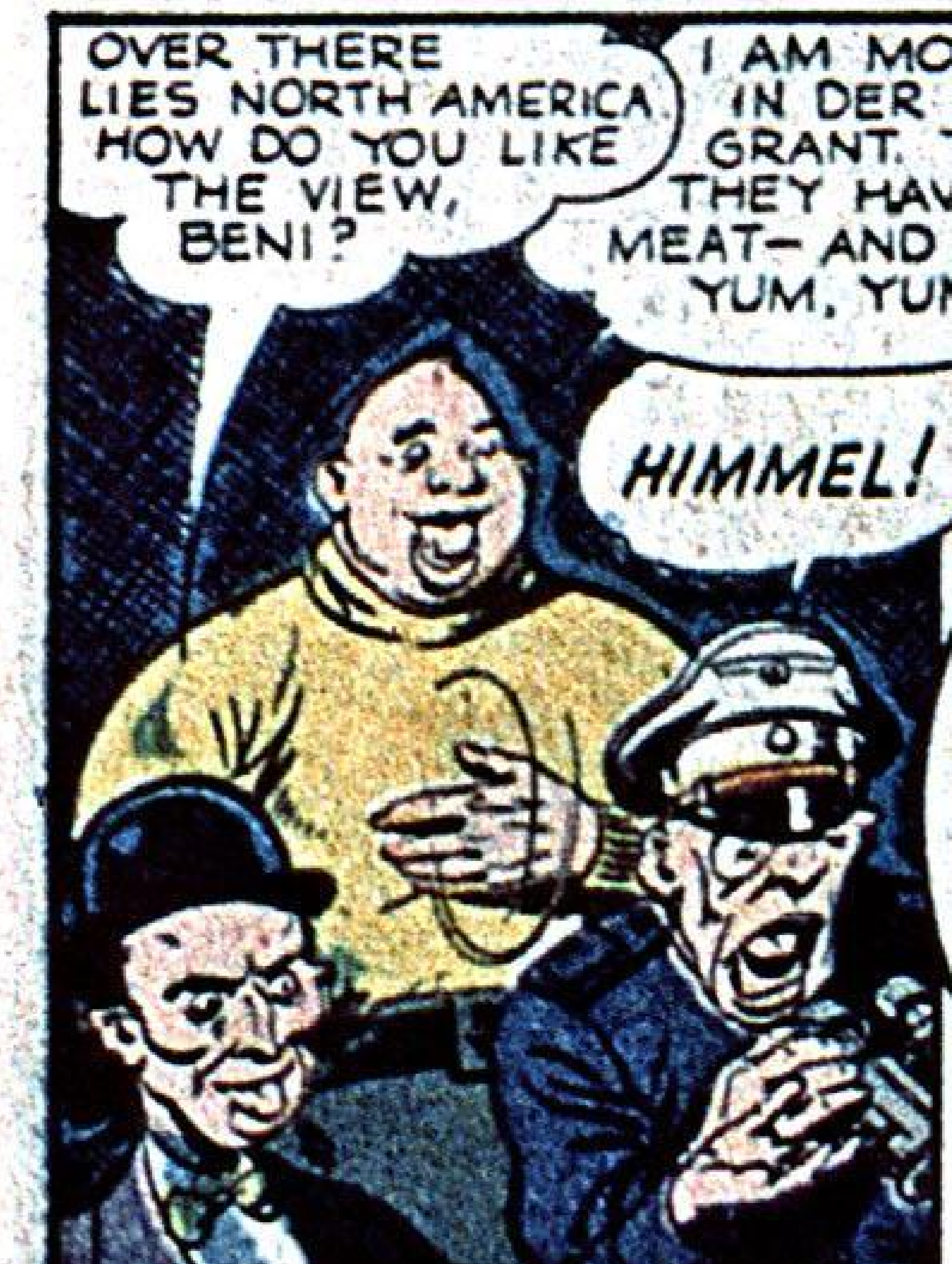

ELINOR VON DREI HURLS A SMALL MISSILE, AND...
SLEEP TIGHT, IDIOTS! ABDUL, COME QUICKLY!
COMING, FRAULEIN!
TOSS THESE SWINE INTO THE TORCH'S CELL. WE'LL GIVE THEM THE WATER CURE!
Meanwhile:
THE WATER-LINE ON THE WALL— IT'S FALLING! THERE MUST BE A LEAK!
(GLUB) HERE IT IS··· A LOOSE STONE! IF I CAN ONLY PULL IT OUT! AH·· **GOT IT!**
THE WATER RUSHES SWIFTLY FROM THE CELL.
NOW!
TORCH FLAMES UP.
A THOUSAND DEVILS! IT IS THE TORCH!
WITH BELLS ON!

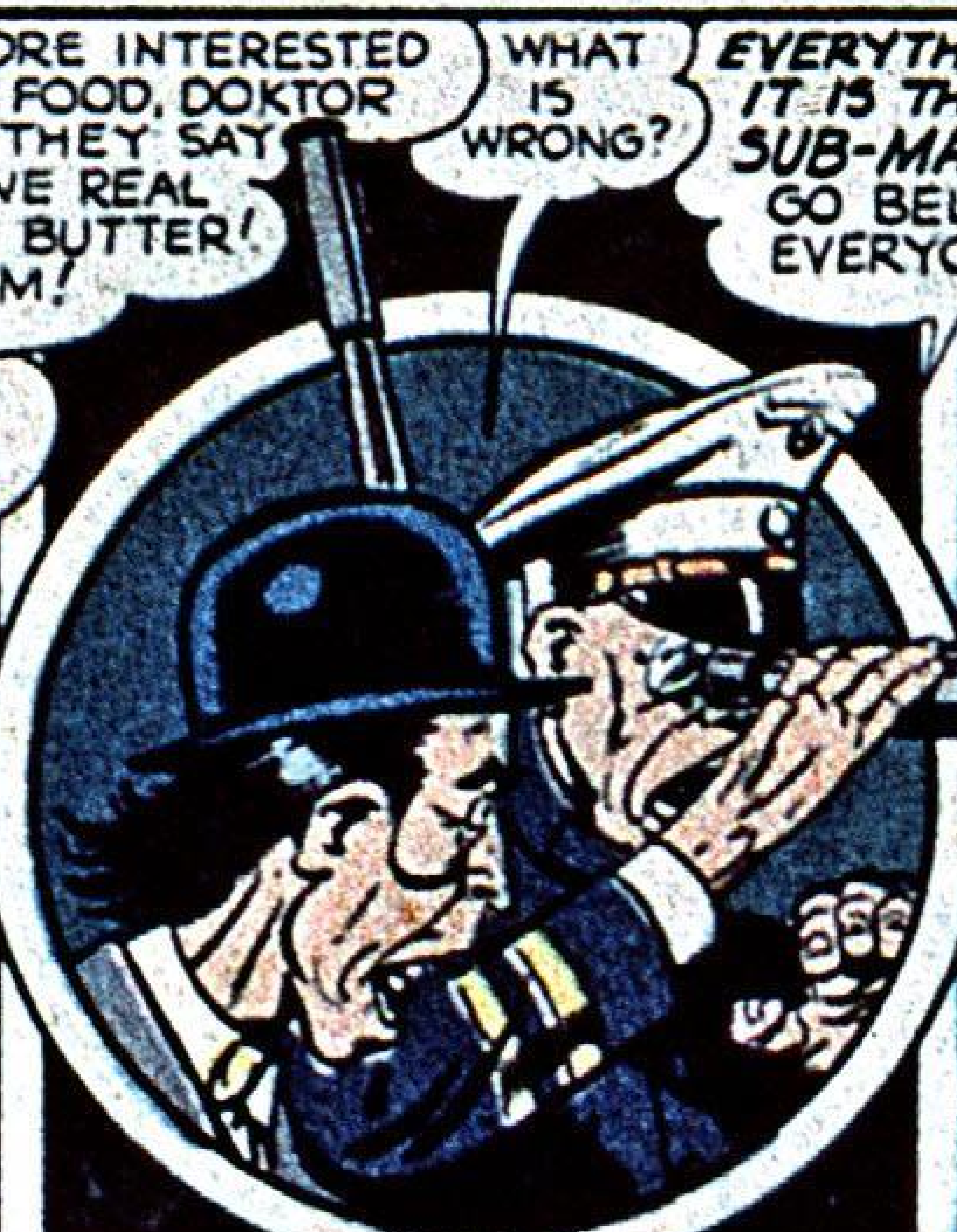

EIIEE!
THE BLAZING HAND HURLS ABDUL BODILY INTO THE AIR!
MY BEARD! YEOW!
NOW, ABDUL– THE YASHMAK?
WHO CARES ABOUT THE VEIL! MY BEARD! MY BEAUTIFUL BEARD! I AM DISGRACED! HERE—TAKE THE VEIL!
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, THIS WASHES YOU UP!
SWINE... YOU SHALL PAY.....
YOU'RE THROUGH TOO!
LATER...
THE TURKISH POLICE WILL DEAL WITH THEM!
A THOUSAND THANKS. GARRY HAD THE YASHMAK AND TRIED TO RESCUE ME, BUT HE WAS DISCOVERED... THAT'S WHY YOU WERE SENT.
STRANGE ARE THE SIGHTS THIS ORIENTAL CITY OF MYSTERY HAS SEEN, BUT NONE SO STRANGE AS TWO FLAMING FIGURES BLAZING WESTWARD!
NICE TOWN– WHAT WE SAW OF IT!
AW– IT STRUCK ME AS BEING KIND OF OLD AND MUSTY.
WELL, PERHAPS WE CAN FIND SOMETHING MORE EXCITING FOR TORCH AND TORO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WHEN THE SONS OF FLAME EMBLAZON THE SIGN OF VICTORY ACROSS THE SKY!

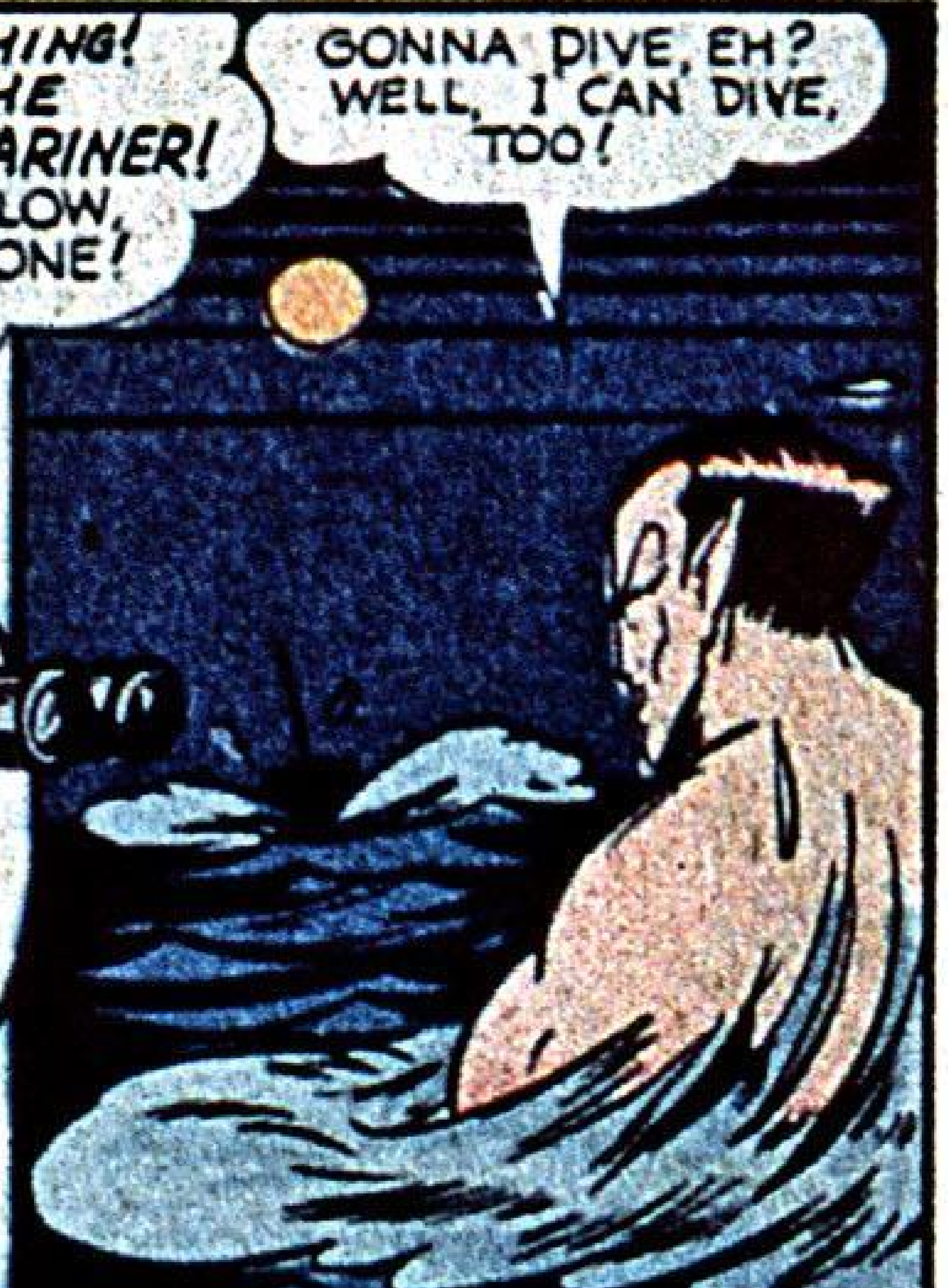

SUB-MARINER
The NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLOT.

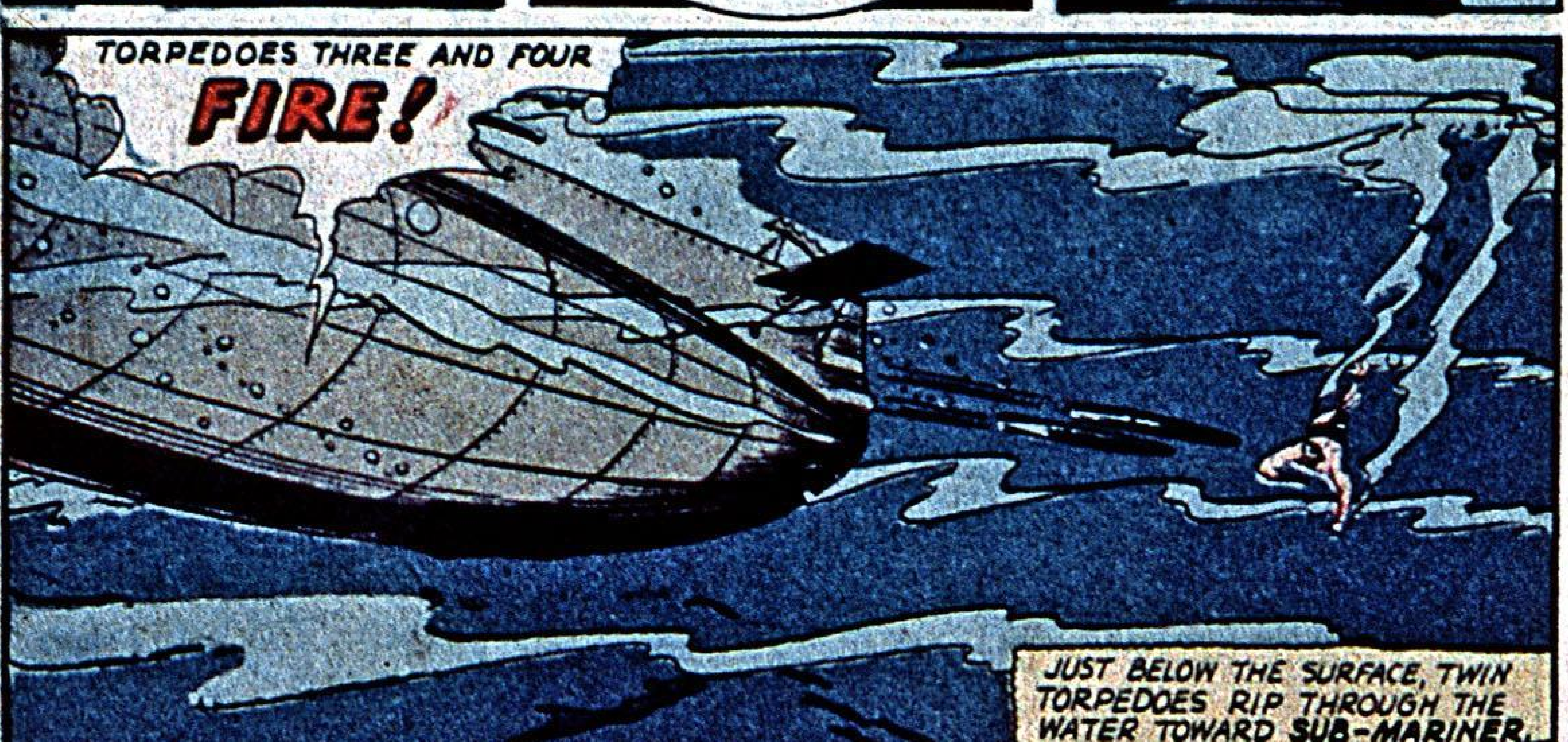

NIGHT, OFF THE COAST OF CANADA, SCREENS THE APPEARANCE OF AN UNFRIENDLY VISITOR.
COME, DOKTOR GRANT. WE'LL GO ON DECK.

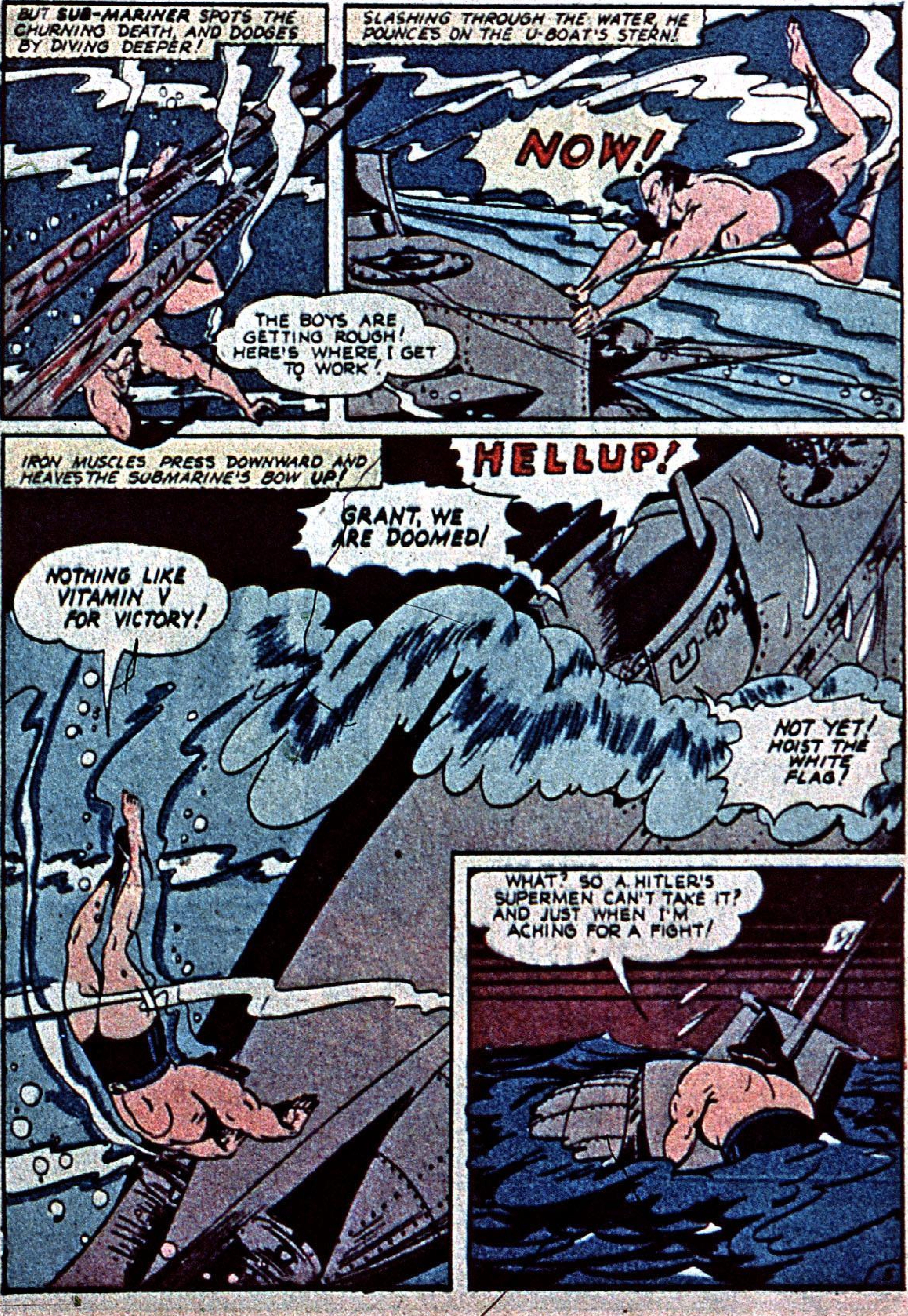

THE U-BOAT COMMANDER AND TWO GUESTS EMERGE FROM THE HATCH.
I SEE THAT BENI HAS YOUR VIOLIN. SURELY, DOKTOR, YOU DO NOT INTEND TO SERENADE THE VERDAMMTE AMERICANS!
NO MATTER WHAT MY MISSION IS, I MUST HAVE MY MUSIC. IT IS MY ONLY JOY!
U-43

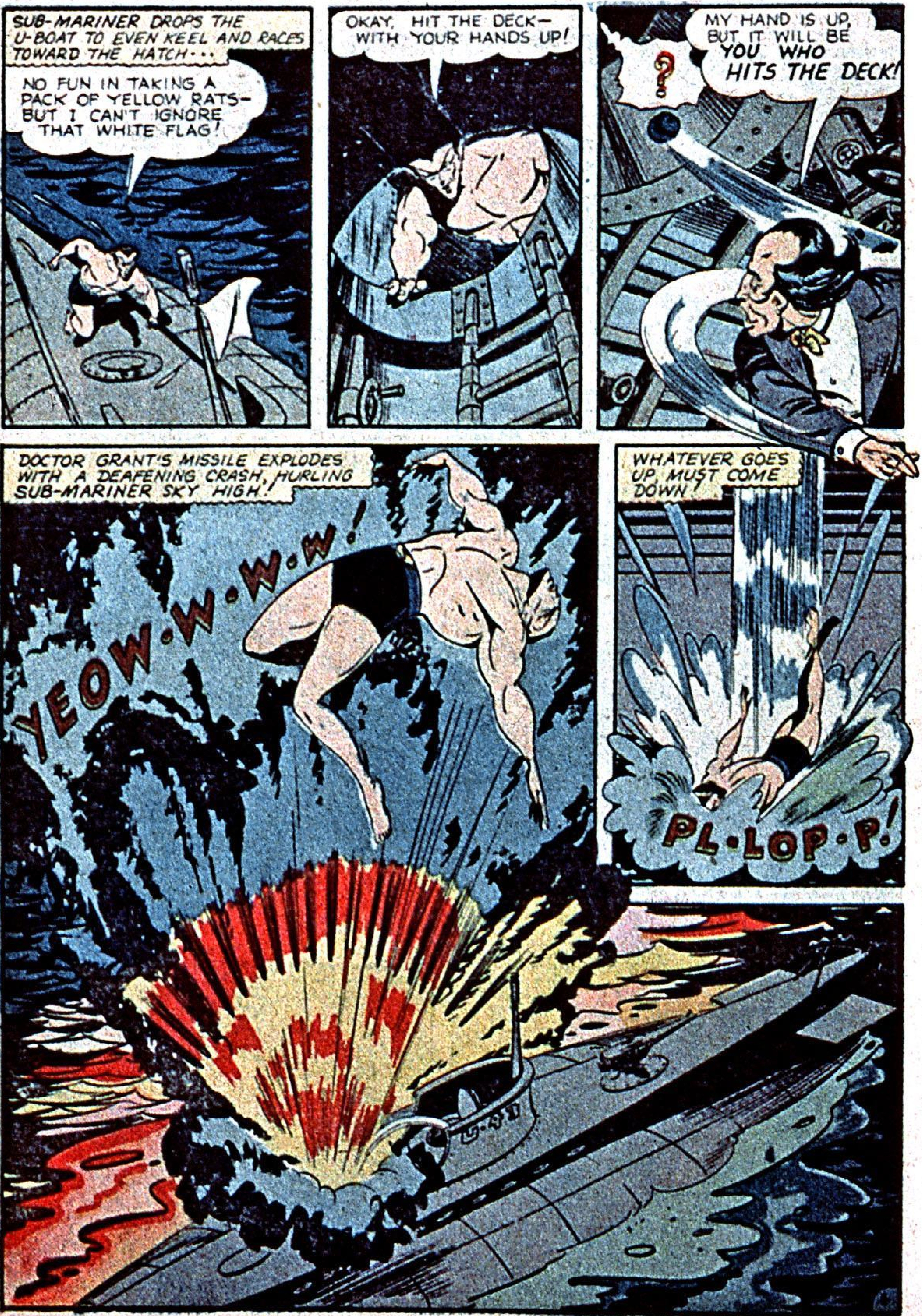

OVER THERE LIES NORTH AMERICA. HOW DO YOU LIKE THE VIEW, BENI?
I AM MORE INTERESTED IN DER FOOD, DOKTOR GRANT. THEY SAY THEY HAVE REAL MEAT— AND BUTTER! YUM, YUM!
HIMMEL!

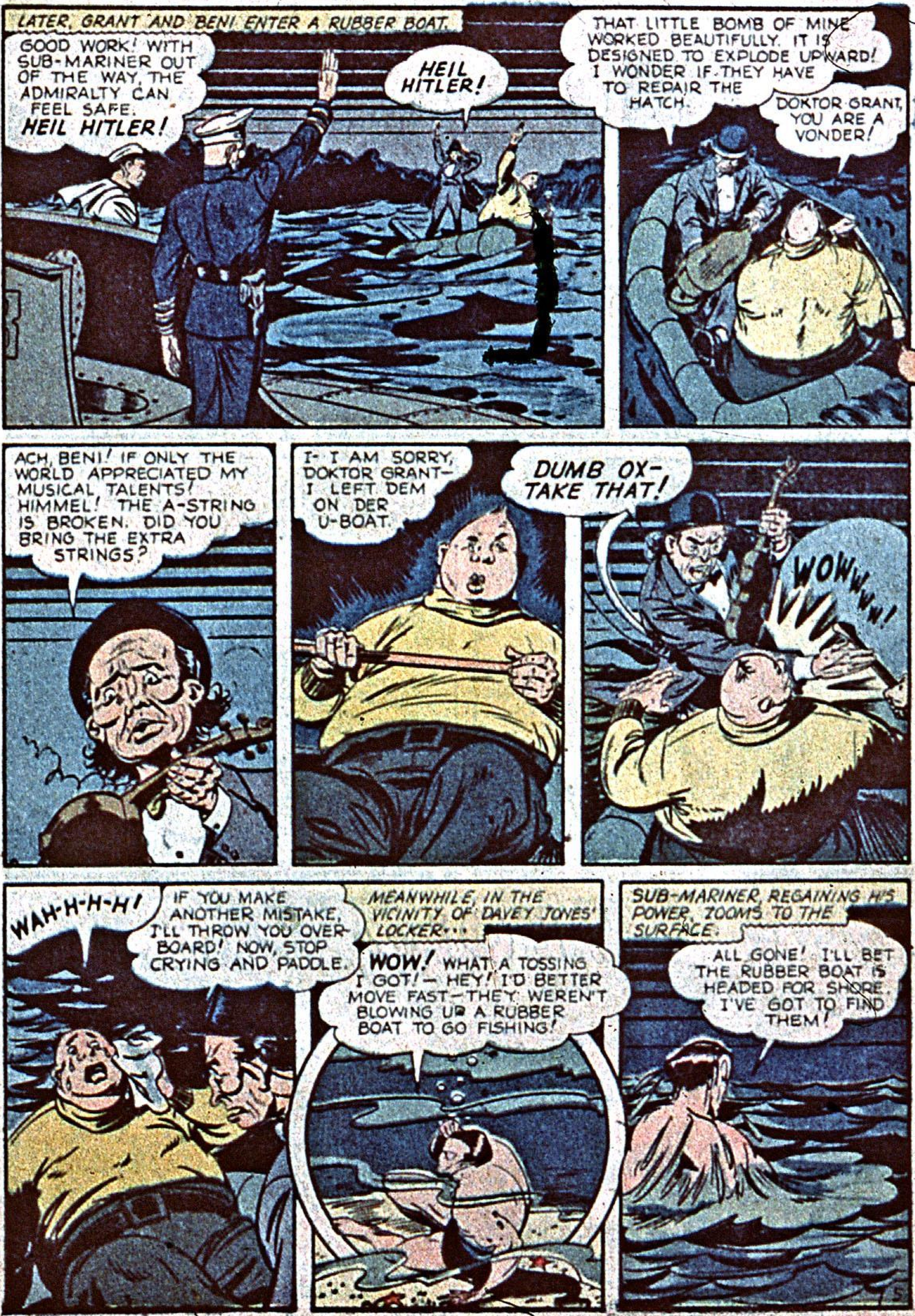

WHAT IS WRONG?
EVERYTHING! IT IS THE SUB-MARINER! GO BELOW, EVERYONE!

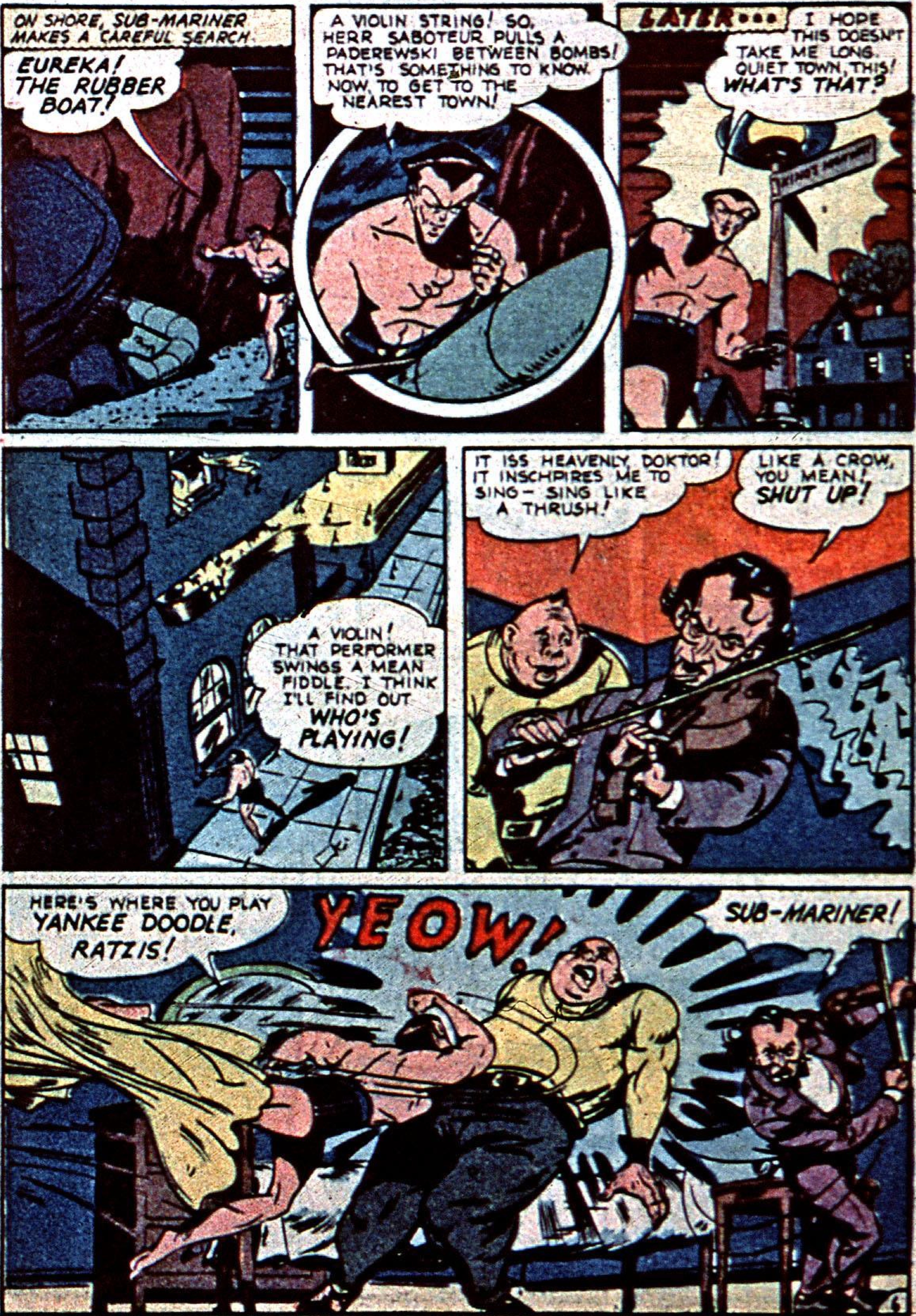

GONNA DIVE, EH? WELL, I CAN DIVE, TOO!

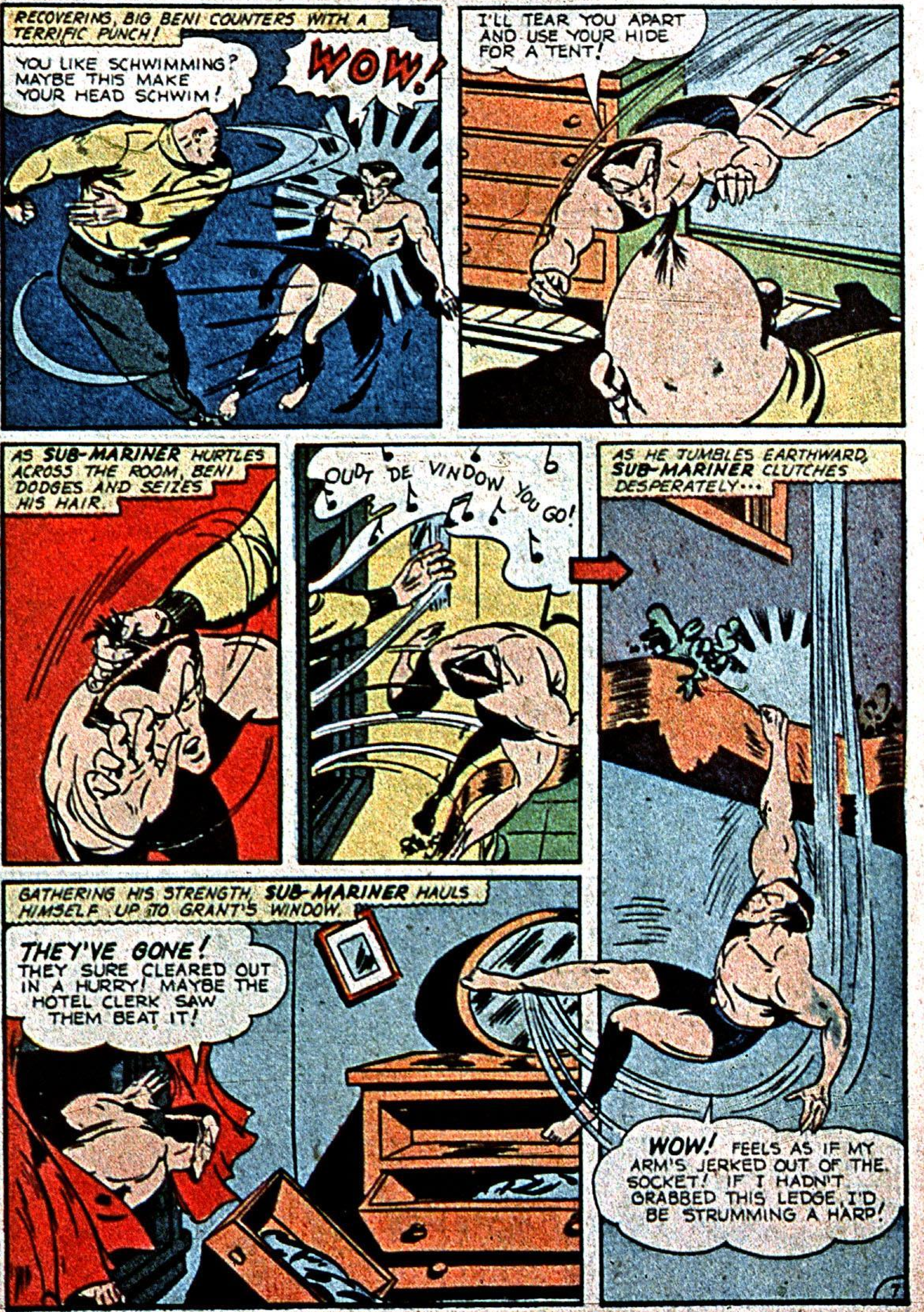

TORPEDOES THREE AND FOUR
FIRE!
JUST BELOW THE SURFACE, TWIN TORPEDOES RIP THROUGH THE WATER TOWARD SUB-MARINER.

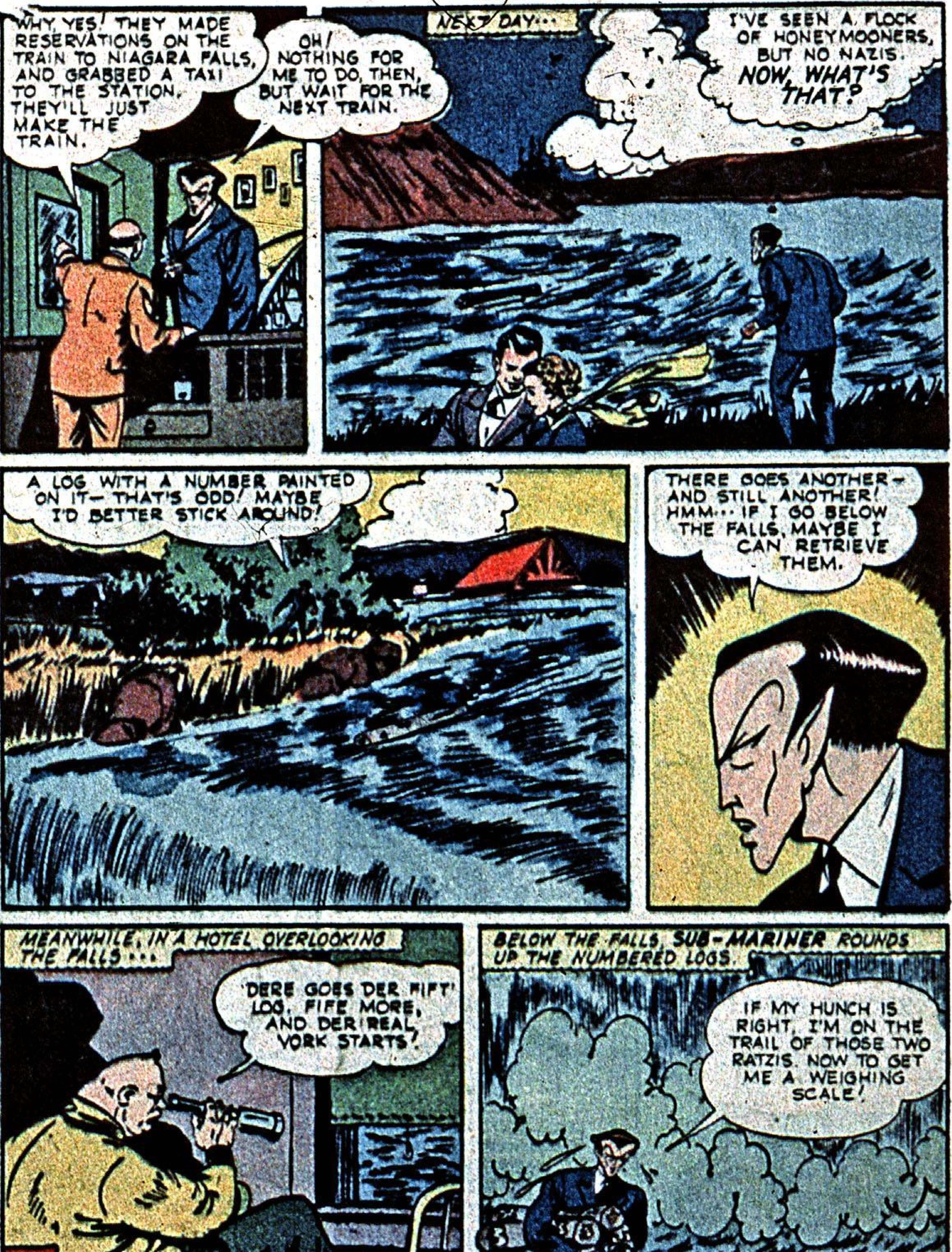

BUT SUB-MARINER SPOTS THE CHURNING DEATH, AND DODGES BY DIVING DEEPER!
ZOOM!
ZOOM!
SLASHING THROUGH THE WATER, HE POUNCES ON THE U-BOAT'S STERN!
NOW!
THE BOYS ARE GETTING ROUGH! HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK!
IRON MUSCLES PRESS DOWNWARD AND HEAVES THE SUBMARINE'S BOW UP!
HELLUP!
GRANT, WE ARE DOOMED!
NOTHING LIKE VITAMIN V FOR VICTORY!
NOT YET! HOIST THE WHITE FLAG!
WHAT? SO A HITLER'S SUPERMEN CAN'T TAKE IT? AND JUST WHEN I'M ACHING FOR A FIGHT!

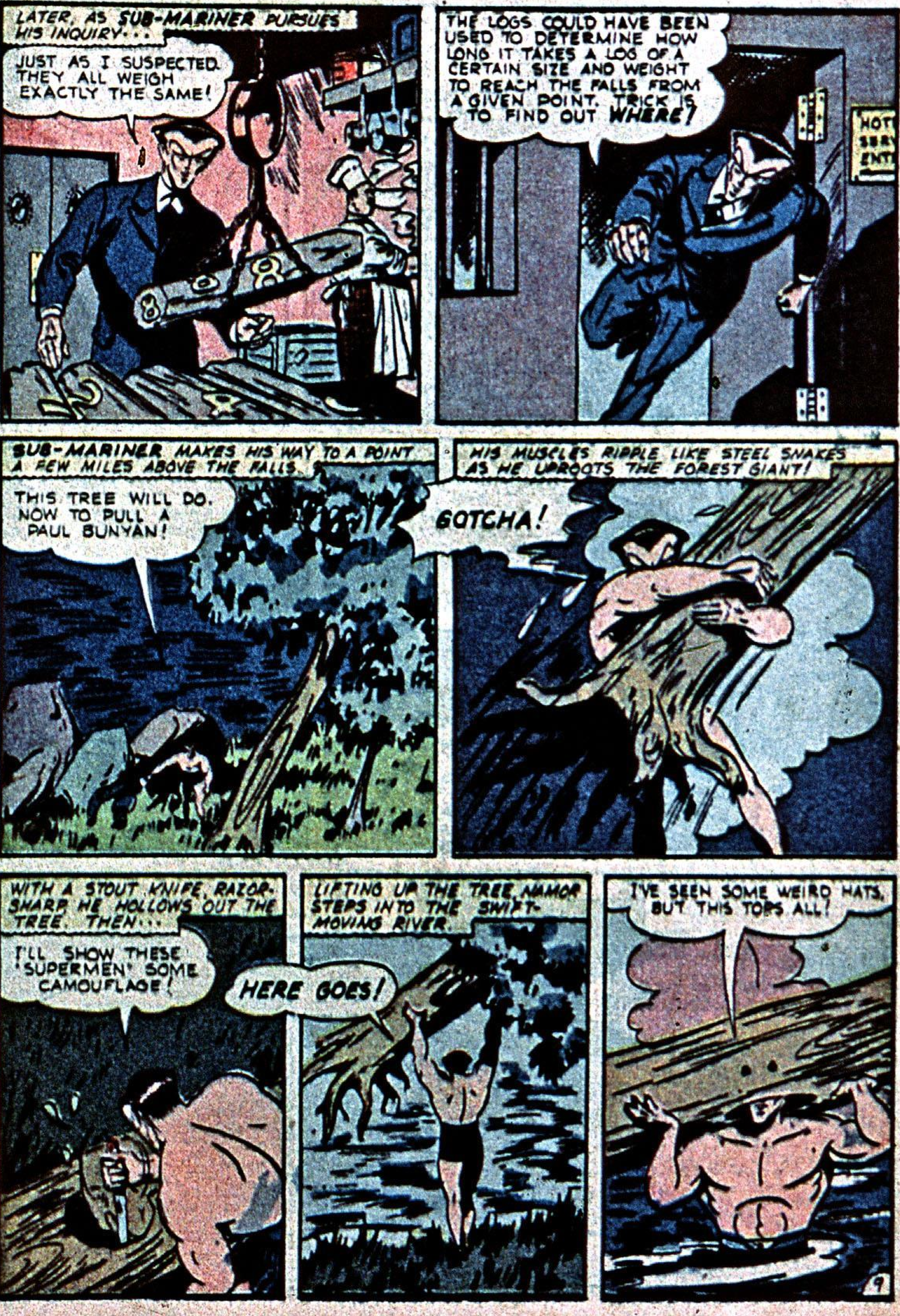

SUB-MARINER DROPS THE U-BOAT TO EVEN KEEL AND RACES TOWARD THE HATCH···
NO FUN IN TAKING A PACK OF YELLOW RATS— BUT I CAN'T IGNORE THAT WHITE FLAG!
OKAY, HIT THE DECK— WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
?
MY HAND IS UP, BUT IT WILL BE YOU WHO HITS THE DECK!
DOCTOR GRANT'S MISSILE EXPLODES WITH A DEAFENING CRASH, HURLING SUB-MARINER SKY HIGH!
YEOW-W-W-W!
WHATEVER GOES UP MUST COME DOWN!
PL-LOP-P!

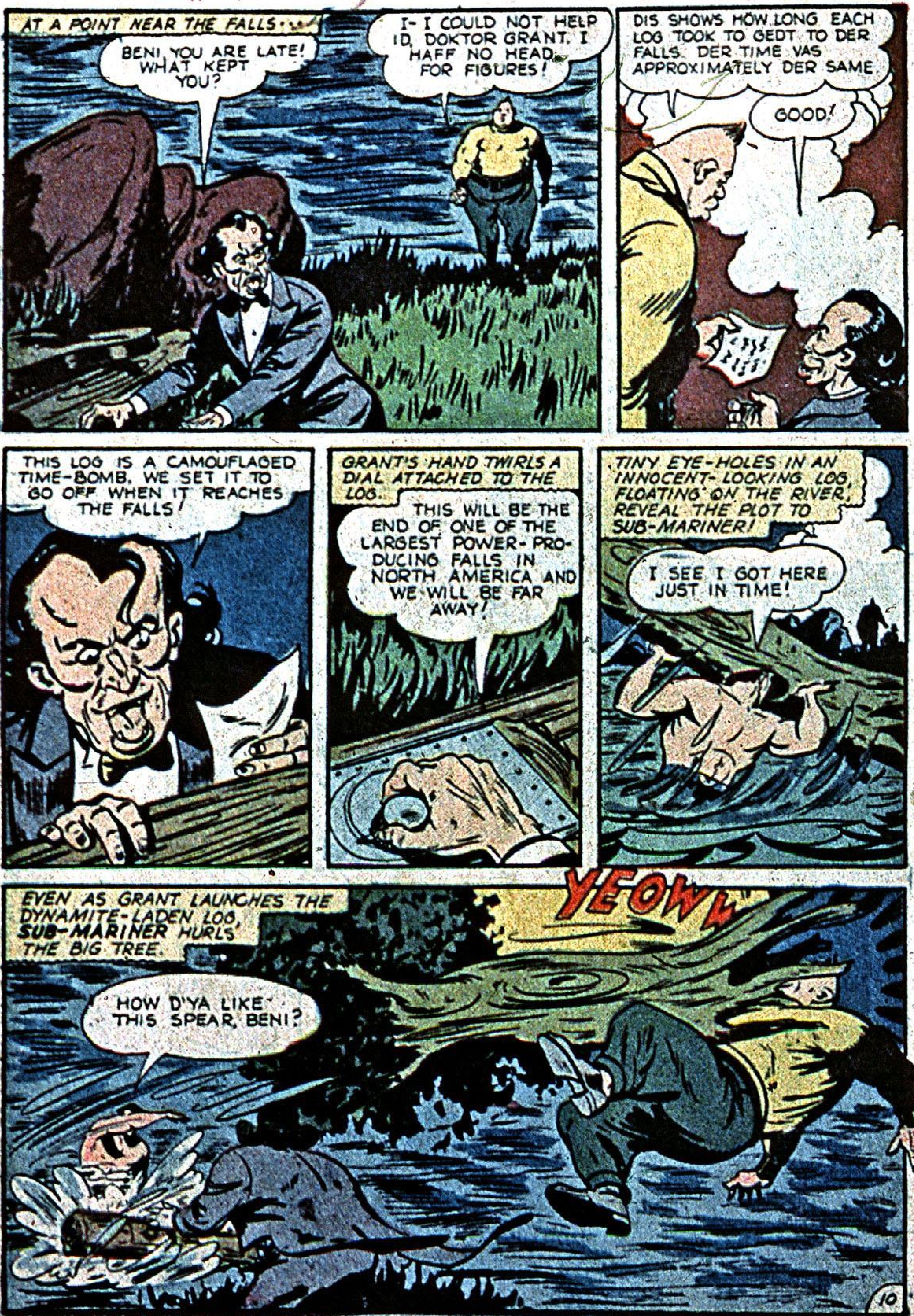

LATER, GRANT AND BENI ENTER A RUBBER BOAT.
GOOD WORK! WITH SUB-MARINER OUT OF THE WAY, THE ADMIRALTY CAN FEEL SAFE. HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
THAT LITTLE BOMB OF MINE WORKED BEAUTIFULLY. IT IS DESIGNED TO EXPLODE UPWARD! I WONDER IF THEY HAVE TO REPAIR THE HATCH.
DOKTOR GRANT, YOU ARE A VONDER!
ACH, BENI! IF ONLY THE WORLD APPRECIATED MY MUSICAL TALENTS! HIMMEL! THE A-STRING IS BROKEN. DID YOU BRING THE EXTRA STRINGS?
I- I AM SORRY, DOKTOR GRANT- I LEFT DEM ON DER U-BOAT.
DUMB OX- TAKE THAT!
WOWWWW!
WAH-H-H-H!
IF YOU MAKE ANOTHER MISTAKE, I'LL THROW YOU OVERBOARD! NOW, STOP CRYING AND PADDLE.
MEANWHILE, IN THE VICINITY OF DAVEY JONES' LOCKER...
WOW! WHAT A TOSSING I GOT! - HEY! I'D BETTER MOVE FAST- THEY WEREN'T BLOWING UP A RUBBER BOAT TO GO FISHING!
SUB-MARINER, REGAINING HIS POWER, ZOOMS TO THE SURFACE.
ALL GONE! I'LL BET THE RUBBER BOAT IS HEADED FOR SHORE. I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

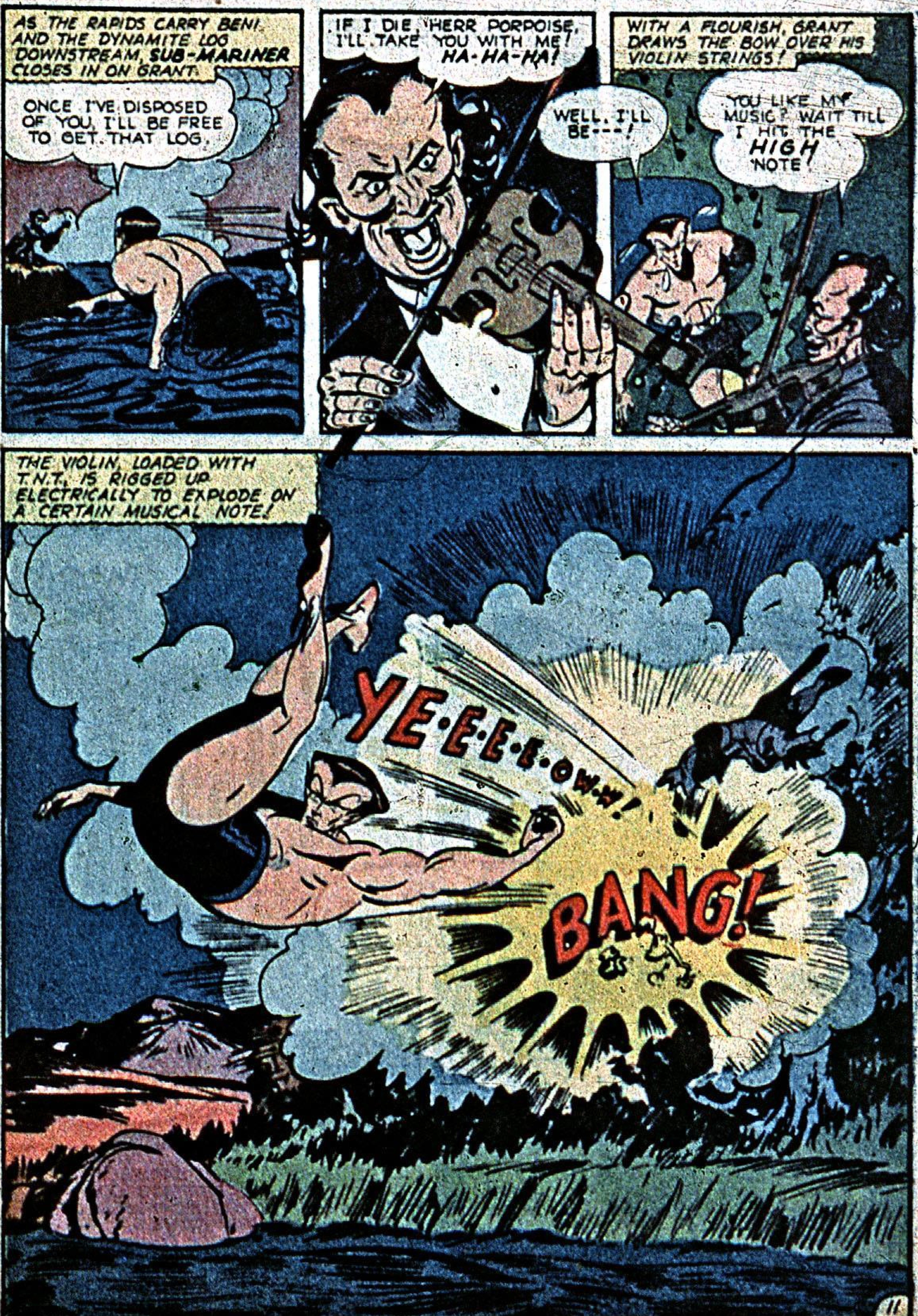

ON SHORE, SUB-MARINER MAKES A CAREFUL SEARCH.
EUREKA! THE RUBBER BOAT!
A VIOLIN STRING! SO, HERR SABOTEUR PULLS A PADEREWSKI BETWEEN BOMBS! THAT'S SOMETHING TO KNOW. NOW, TO GET TO THE NEAREST TOWN!
LATER...
I HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE ME LONG. QUIET TOWN, THIS! WHAT'S THAT?
A VIOLIN! THAT PERFORMER SWINGS A MEAN FIDDLE. I THINK I'LL FIND OUT WHO'S PLAYING!
IT ISS HEAVENLY, DOKTOR! IT INSCHPIRES ME TO SING – SING LIKE A THRUSH!
LIKE A CROW, YOU MEAN! SHUT UP!
HERE'S WHERE YOU PLAY YANKEE DOODLE, RATZIS!
YEOW!
SUB-MARINER!

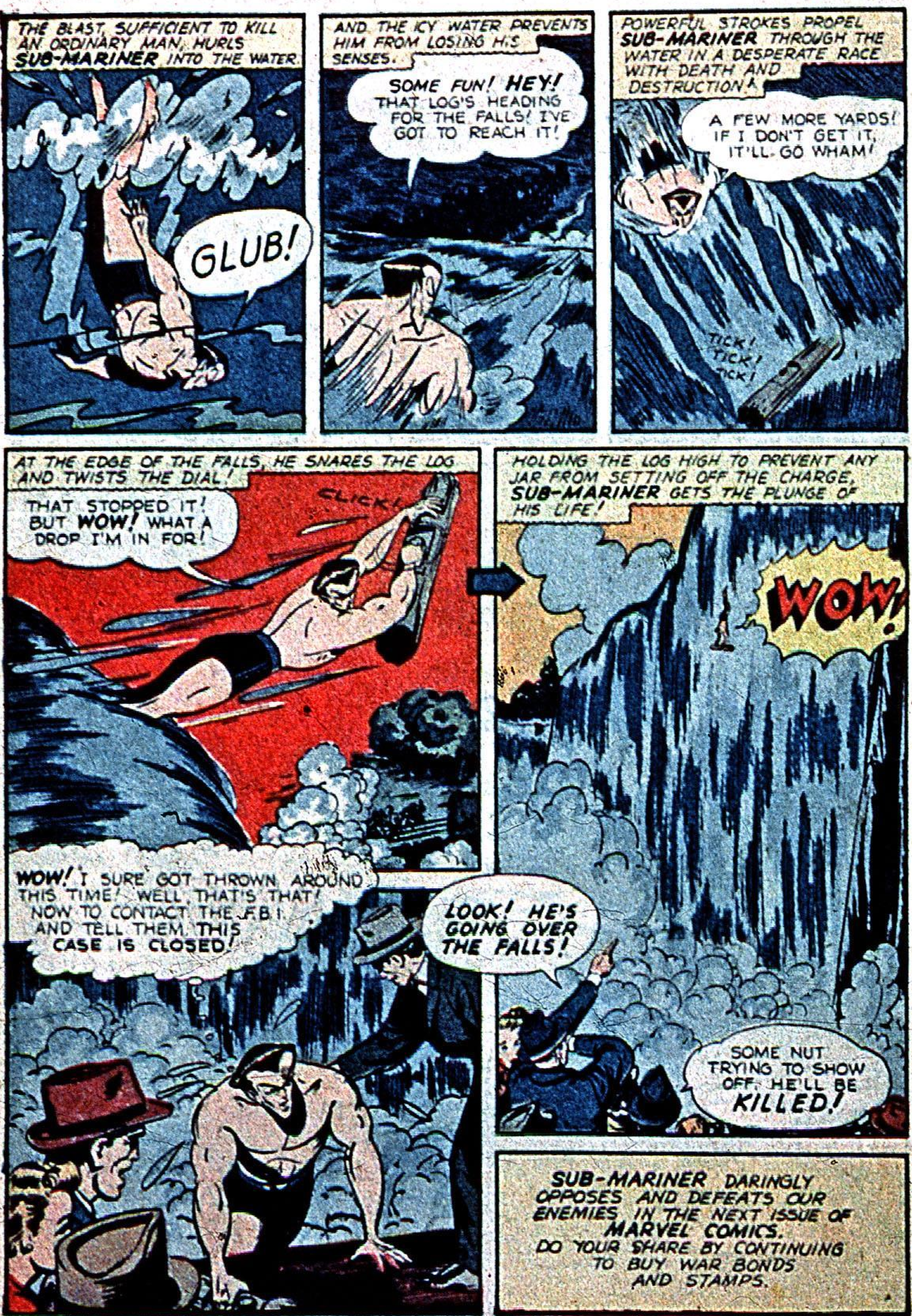

RECOVERING, BIG BENI COUNTERS WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH!
YOU LIKE SCHWIMMING? MAYBE THIS MAKE YOUR HEAD SCHWIM!
WOW!
I'LL TEAR YOU APART AND USE YOUR HIDE FOR A TENT!
AS SUB-MARINER HURTLES ACROSS THE ROOM, BENI DODGES AND SEIZES HIS HAIR.
OUDT DE VINDOW YOU GO!
AS HE TUMBLES EARTHWARD, SUB-MARINER CLUTCHES DESPERATELY...
WOW! FEELS AS IF MY ARM'S JERKED OUT OF THE SOCKET! IF I HADN'T GRABBED THIS LEDGE, I'D BE STRUMMING A HARP!
GATHERING HIS STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER HAULS HIMSELF UP TO GRANT'S WINDOW.
THEY'VE GONE! THEY SURE CLEARED OUT IN A HURRY! MAYBE THE HOTEL CLERK SAW THEM BEAT IT!
7


WHY YES! THEY MADE RESERVATIONS ON THE TRAIN TO NIAGARA FALLS, AND GRABBED A TAXI TO THE STATION. THEY'LL JUST MAKE THE TRAIN.
OH! NOTHING FOR ME TO DO, THEN, BUT WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRAIN.
NEXT DAY...
I'VE SEEN A FLOCK OF HONEYMOONERS, BUT NO NAZIS. NOW, WHAT'S THAT?
A LOG WITH A NUMBER PAINTED ON IT— THAT'S ODD! MAYBE I'D BETTER STICK AROUND!
THERE GOES ANOTHER— AND STILL ANOTHER! HMM... IF I GO BELOW THE FALLS, MAYBE I CAN RETRIEVE THEM.
MEANWHILE, IN A HOTEL OVERLOOKING THE FALLS...
'DERE GOES DER FIFT' LOG. FIFE MORE, AND DER REAL VORK STARTS!
BELOW THE FALLS, SUB-MARINER ROUNDS UP THE NUMBERED LOGS.
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE TWO RATZIS. NOW TO GET ME A WEIGHING SCALE!


LATER, AS SUB-MARINER PURSUES HIS INQUIRY...
JUST AS I SUSPECTED. THEY ALL WEIGH EXACTLY THE SAME!
THE LOGS COULD HAVE BEEN USED TO DETERMINE HOW LONG IT TAKES A LOG OF A CERTAIN SIZE AND WEIGHT TO REACH THE FALLS FROM A GIVEN POINT. TRICK IS TO FIND OUT **WHERE**!
HOT SERV ENT
SUB-MARINER MAKES HIS WAY TO A POINT A FEW MILES ABOVE THE FALLS.
THIS TREE WILL DO. NOW TO PULL A PAUL BUNYAN!
HIS MUSCLES RIPPLE LIKE STEEL SNAKES AS HE UPROOTS THE FOREST GIANT!
GOTCHA!
WITH A STOUT KNIFE, RAZOR-SHARP, HE HOLLOWS OUT THE TREE. THEN...
I'LL SHOW THESE 'SUPERMEN' SOME CAMOUFLAGE!
LIFTING UP THE TREE NAMOR STEPS INTO THE SWIFT-MOVING RIVER.
HERE GOES!
I'VE SEEN SOME WEIRD HATS, BUT THIS TOPS ALL!

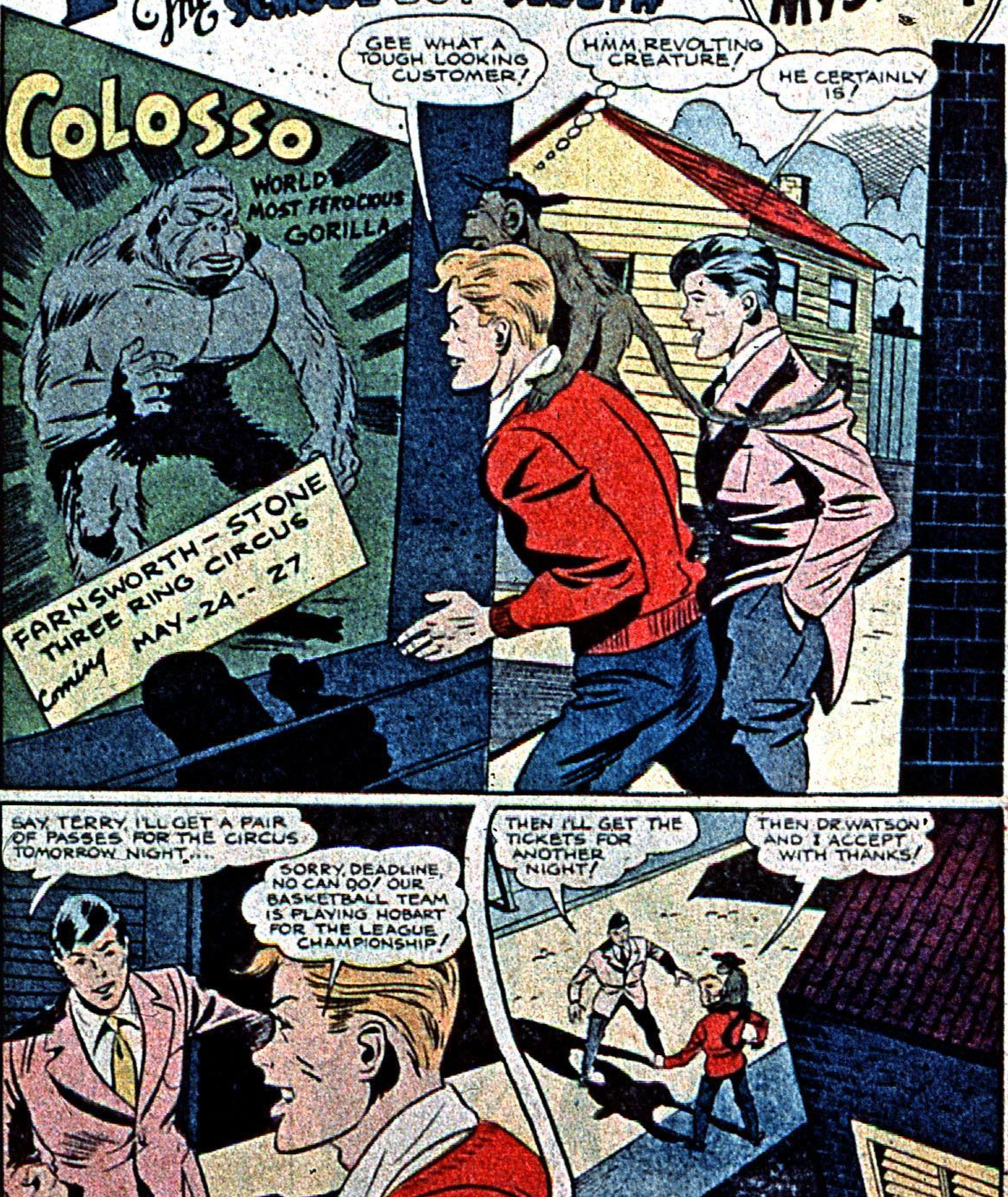

AT A POINT NEAR THE FALLS...
BENI YOU ARE LATE! WHAT KEPT YOU?
I- I COULD NOT HELP ID, DOKTOR GRANT. I HAFF NO HEAD FOR FIGURES!
DIS SHOWS HOW LONG EACH LOG TOOK TO GEDT TO DER FALLS. DER TIME VAS APPROXIMATELY DER SAME.
GOOD!
THIS LOG IS A CAMOUFLAGED TIME-BOMB. WE SET IT TO GO OFF WHEN IT REACHES THE FALLS!
GRANT'S HAND TWIRLS A DIAL ATTACHED TO THE LOG.
THIS WILL BE THE END OF ONE OF THE LARGEST POWER-PRODUCING FALLS IN NORTH AMERICA AND WE WILL BE FAR AWAY!
TINY EYE-HOLES IN AN INNOCENT-LOOKING LOG, FLOATING ON THE RIVER, REVEAL THE PLOT TO SUB-MARINER!
I SEE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
EVEN AS GRANT LAUNCHES THE DYNAMITE-LADEN LOG, SUB-MARINER HURLS THE BIG TREE.
YEOWW
HOW D'YA LIKE THIS SPEAR, BENI?

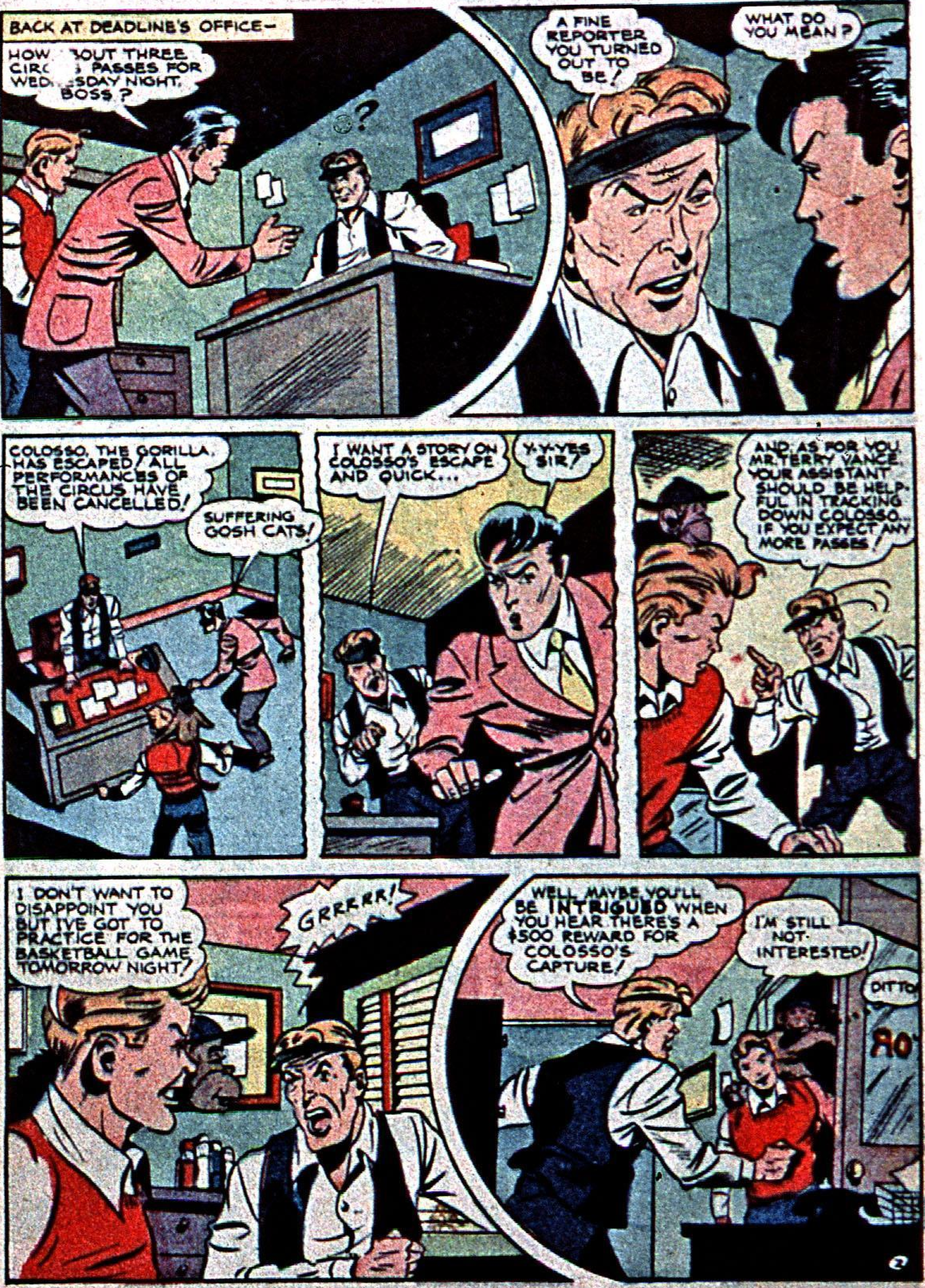

AS THE RAPIDS CARRY BENI AND THE DYNAMITE LOG DOWNSTREAM, SUB-MARINER CLOSES IN ON GRANT.
ONCE I'VE DISPOSED OF YOU, I'LL BE FREE TO GET THAT LOG.
IF I DIE, HERR PORPOISE, I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME! HA-HA-HA!
WITH A FLOURISH, GRANT DRAWS THE BOW OVER HIS VIOLIN STRINGS!
WELL, I'LL BE---!
YOU LIKE MY MUSIC? WAIT TILL I HIT THE HIGH NOTE
THE VIOLIN, LOADED WITH T.N.T., IS RIGGED UP ELECTRICALLY TO EXPLODE ON A CERTAIN MUSICAL NOTE!
YE-E-E-E-OWN!
BANG!

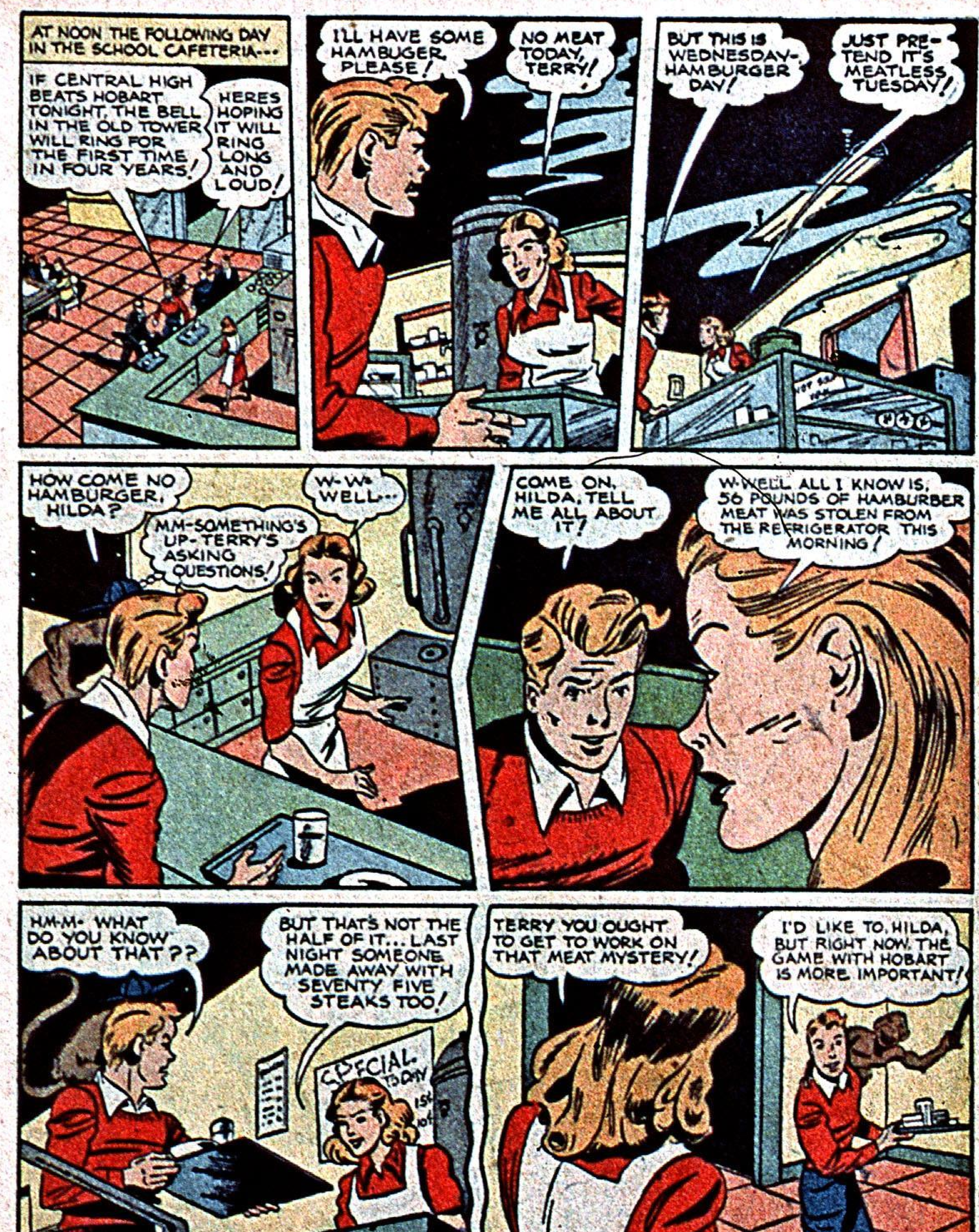

THE BLAST, SUFFICIENT TO KILL AN ORDINARY MAN, HURLS SUB-MARINER INTO THE WATER.
GLUB!
AND THE ICY WATER PREVENTS HIM FROM LOSING HIS SENSES.
SOME FUN! HEY! THAT LOG'S HEADING FOR THE FALLS! I'VE GOT TO REACH IT!
POWERFUL STROKES PROPEL SUB-MARINER THROUGH THE WATER IN A DESPERATE RACE WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
A FEW MORE YARDS! IF I DON'T GET IT, IT'LL GO WHAM!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
AT THE EDGE OF THE FALLS, HE SNARES THE LOG AND TWISTS THE DIAL!
THAT STOPPED IT! BUT WOW! WHAT A DROP I'M IN FOR!
CLICK!
HOLDING THE LOG HIGH TO PREVENT ANY JAR FROM SETTING OFF THE CHARGE, SUB-MARINER GETS THE PLUNGE OF HIS LIFE!
WOW!
LOOK! HE'S GOING OVER THE FALLS!
SOME NUT TRYING TO SHOW OFF. HE'LL BE KILLED!
WOW! I SURE GOT THROWN AROUND THIS TIME! WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW TO CONTACT THE F.B.I. AND TELL THEM THIS CASE IS CLOSED!
SUB-MARINER DARINGLY OPPOSES AND DEFEATS OUR ENEMIES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS. DO YOUR SHARE BY CONTINUING TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

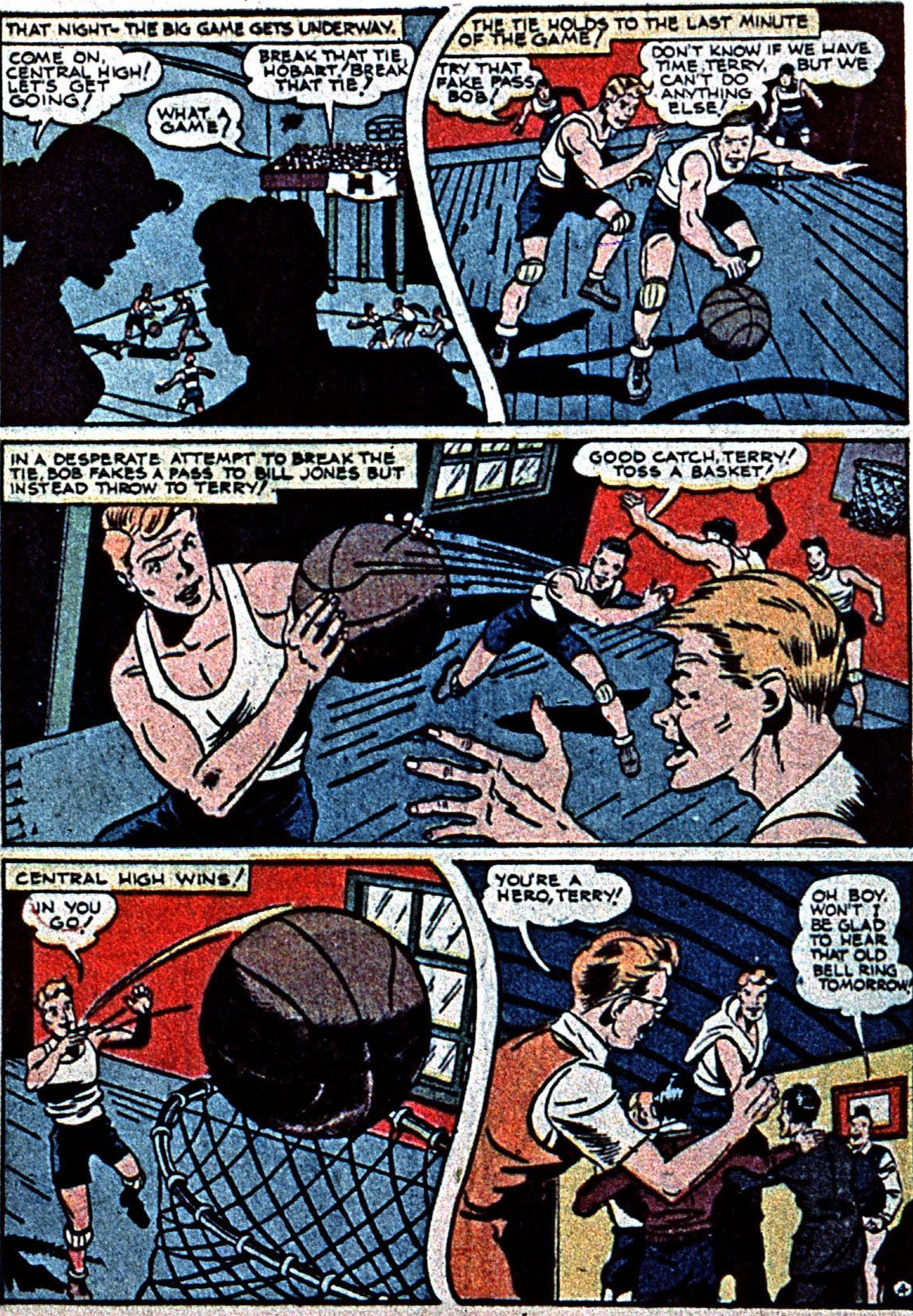
Terry Vance The School Boy Sleuth

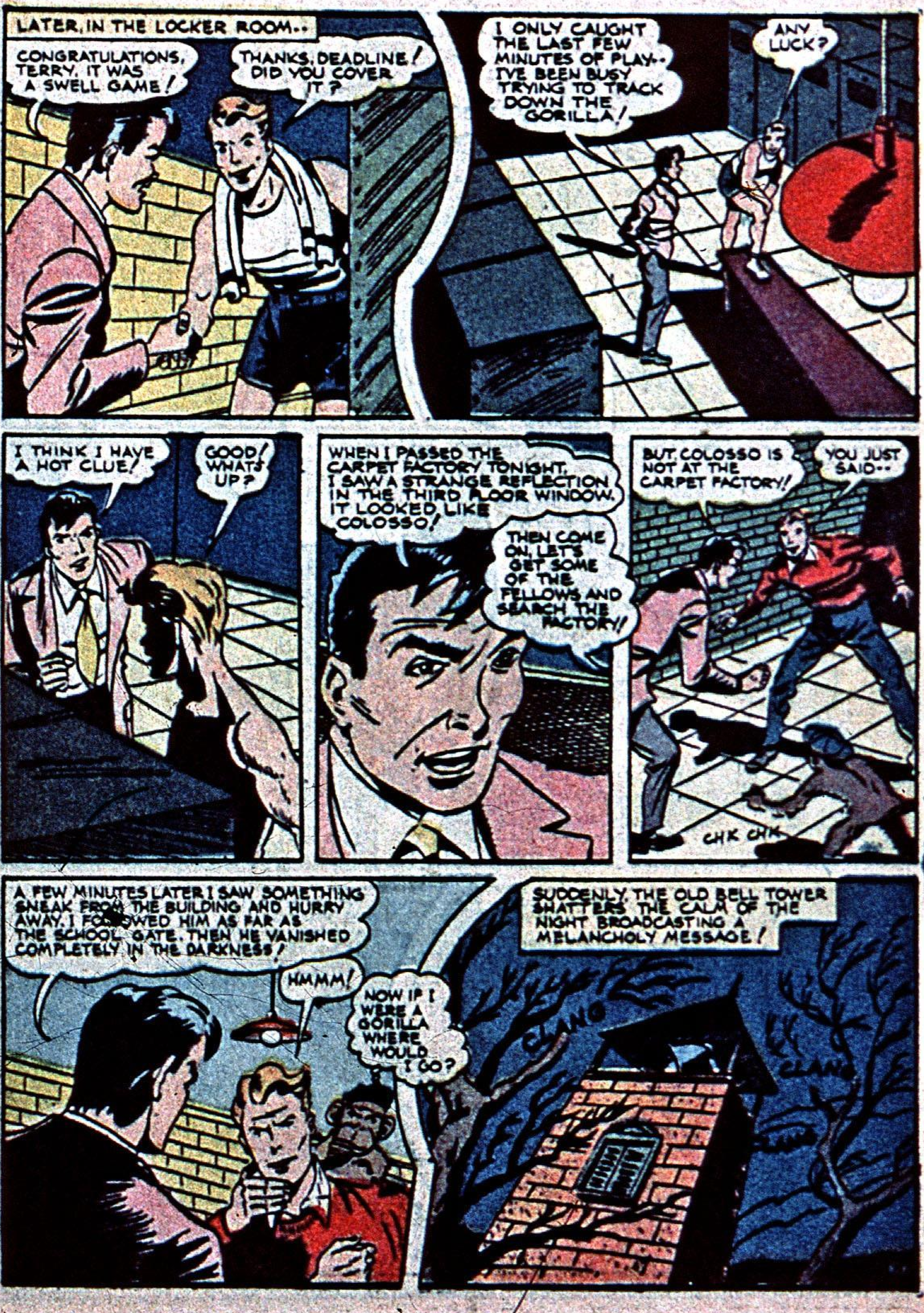
The Circus Mystery

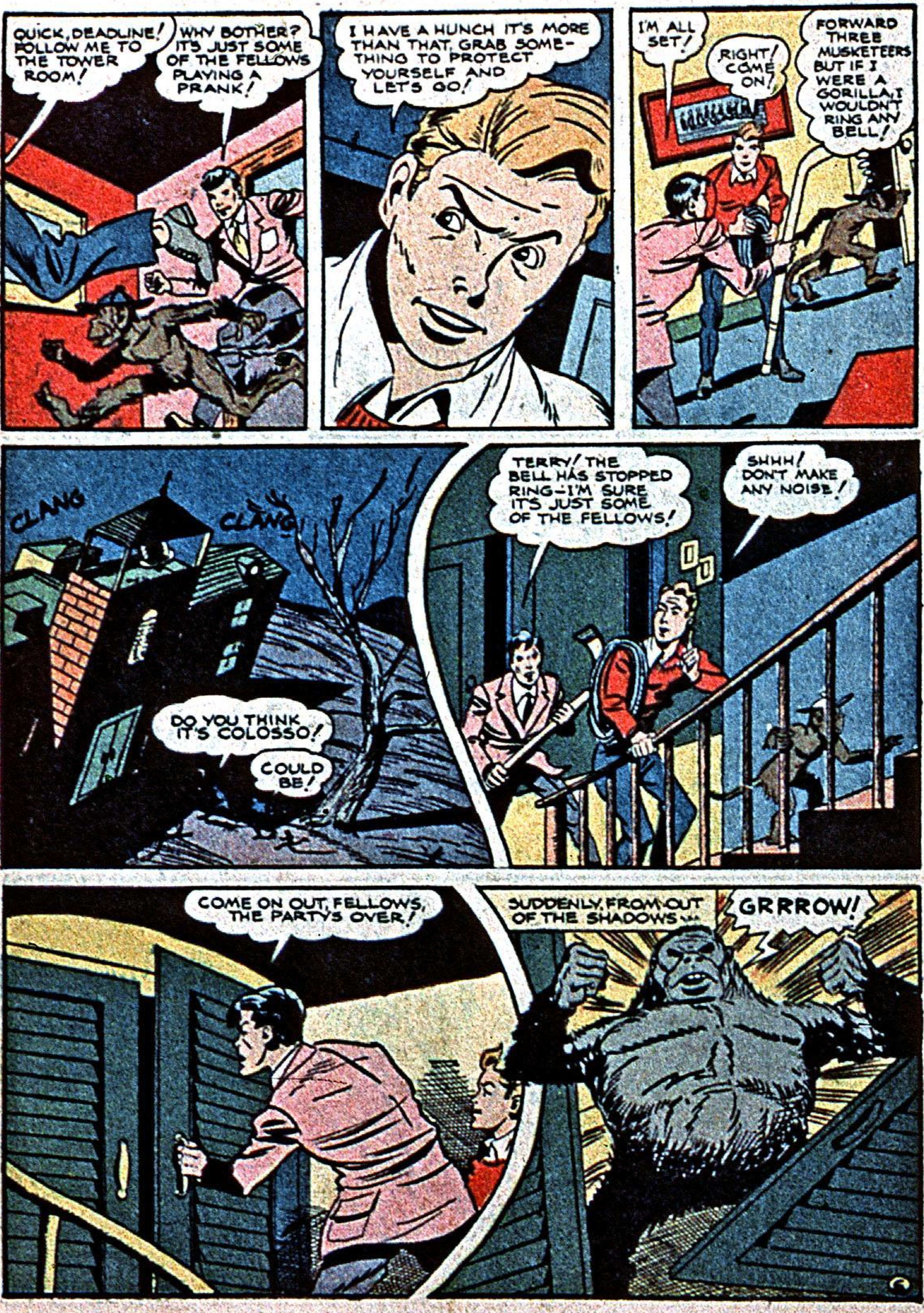

COLOSSO
WORLD'S MOST FEROCIOUS GORILLA
FARNSWORTH-STONE THREE RING CIRCUS
Coming MAY-24-- 27
GEE WHAT A TOUGH LOOKING CUSTOMER!
HMM REVOLTING CREATURE!
HE CERTAINLY IS!
SAY TERRY, I'LL GET A PAIR OF PASSES FOR THE CIRCUS TOMORROW NIGHT....
SORRY, DEADLINE, NO CAN DO! OUR BASKETBALL TEAM IS PLAYING HOBART FOR THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP!
THEN I'LL GET THE TICKETS FOR ANOTHER NIGHT!
THEN DR.WATSON AND I ACCEPT WITH THANKS!

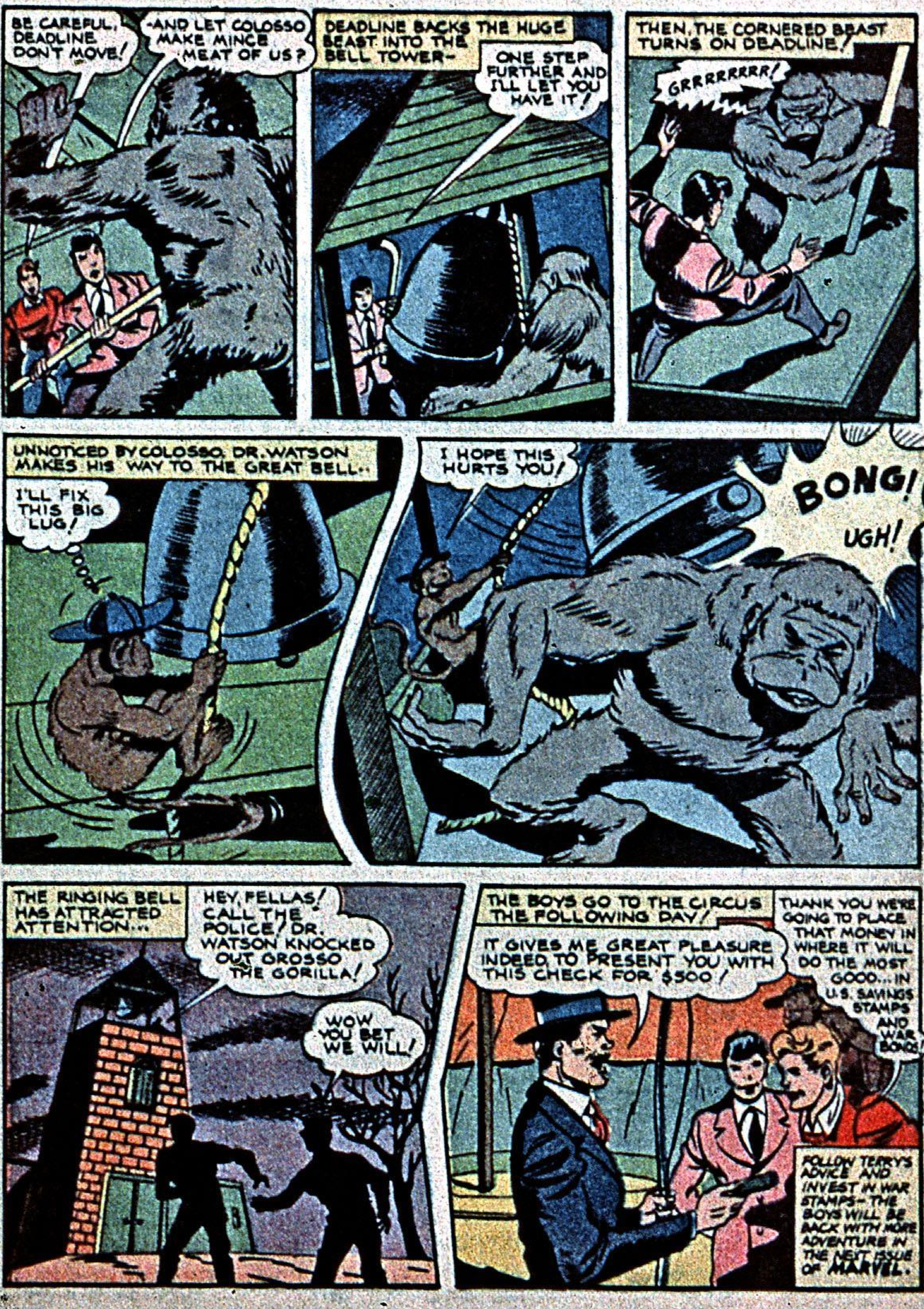

BACK AT DEADLINE'S OFFICE—
HOW 'BOUT THREE CIRCUS PASSES FOR WEDNESDAY NIGHT, BOSS?
?
A FINE REPORTER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
COLOSSO, THE GORILLA, HAS ESCAPED! ALL PERFORMANCES OF THE CIRCUS HAVE BEEN CANCELLED!
SUFFERING GOSH CATS!
I WANT A STORY ON COLOSSO'S ESCAPE AND QUICK...
Y-Y-YES SIR!
AND AS FOR YOU, MR. TERRY VANCE, YOUR ASSISTANT SHOULD BE HELPFUL IN TRACKING DOWN COLOSSO... IF YOU EXPECT ANY MORE PASSES!
I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOU BUT I'VE GOT TO PRACTICE FOR THE BASKETBALL GAME TOMORROW NIGHT!
GRRRRR!
WELL MAYBE YOU'LL BE INTRIGUED WHEN YOU HEAR THERE'S A $500 REWARD FOR COLOSSO'S CAPTURE!
I'M STILL NOT INTERESTED!
DITTO!
RO


AT NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA...
IF CENTRAL HIGH BEATS HOBART TONIGHT, THE BELL IN THE OLD TOWER WILL RING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR YEARS!
HERES HOPING IT WILL RING LONG AND LOUD!
I'LL HAVE SOME HAMBUGER PLEASE!
NO MEAT TODAY, TERRY!
BUT THIS IS WEDNESDAY-HAMBURGER DAY!
JUST PRETEND IT'S MEATLESS TUESDAY!
HOW COME NO HAMBURGER, HILDA?
MM-SOMETHING'S UP-TERRY'S ASKING QUESTIONS!
W-W-WELL...
COME ON, HILDA, TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
W-WELL ALL I KNOW IS, 56 POUNDS OF HAMBURBER MEAT WAS STOLEN FROM THE REFRIGERATOR THIS MORNING!
HM-M- WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT??
BUT THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT... LAST NIGHT SOMEONE MADE AWAY WITH SEVENTY FIVE STEAKS TOO!
SPECIAL TODAY
15¢
10¢
TERRY YOU OUGHT TO GET TO WORK ON THAT MEAT MYSTERY!
I'D LIKE TO, HILDA, BUT RIGHT NOW THE GAME WITH HOBART IS MORE IMPORTANT!


THAT NIGHT- THE BIG GAME GETS UNDERWAY.
COME ON, CENTRAL HIGH! LET'S GET GOING!
BREAK THAT TIE HOBART! BREAK THAT TIE!
WHAT A GAME!
THE TIE HOLDS TO THE LAST MINUTE OF THE GAME!
TRY THAT FAKE PASS BOB!
DON'T KNOW IF WE HAVE TIME TERRY, BUT WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE!
IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE TIE, BOB FAKES A PASS TO BILL JONES BUT INSTEAD THROW TO TERRY!
GOOD CATCH, TERRY! TOSS A BASKET!
CENTRAL HIGH WINS!
IN YOU GO!
YOU'RE A HERO, TERRY!
OH BOY, WON'T I BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT OLD BELL RING TOMORROW!


LATER, IN THE LOCKER ROOM..
CONGRATULATIONS, TERRY, IT WAS A SWELL GAME!
THANKS, DEADLINE! DID YOU COVER IT?
I ONLY CAUGHT THE LAST FEW MINUTES OF PLAY.. I'VE BEEN BUSY TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE GORILLA!
ANY LUCK?
I THINK I HAVE A HOT CLUE!
GOOD! WHAT'S UP?
WHEN I PASSED THE CARPET FACTORY TONIGHT, I SAW A STRANGE REFLECTION IN THE THIRD FLOOR WINDOW. IT LOOKED LIKE COLOSSO!
THEN COME ON, LET'S GET SOME OF THE FELLOWS AND SEARCH THE FACTORY!
BUT, COLOSSO IS NOT AT THE CARPET FACTORY!
YOU JUST SAID--
CHK CHK
A FEW MINUTES LATER I SAW SOMETHING SNEAK FROM THE BUILDING AND HURRY AWAY. I FOLLOWED HIM AS FAR AS THE SCHOOL GATE. THEN HE VANISHED COMPLETELY IN THE DARKNESS!
HMMM!
NOW IF I WERE A GORILLA WHERE WOULD I GO?
SUDDENLY THE OLD BELL TOWER SHATTERS THE CALM OF THE NIGHT BROADCASTING A MELANCHOLY MESSAGE!
CLANG
CLANG


QUICK, DEADLINE! FOLLOW ME TO THE TOWER ROOM!
WHY BOTHER? IT'S JUST SOME OF THE FELLOWS PLAYING A PRANK!
I HAVE A HUNCH IT'S MORE THAN THAT. GRAB SOMETHING TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND LET'S GO!
I'M ALL SET!
RIGHT! COME ON!
FORWARD THREE MUSKETEERS BUT IF I WERE A GORILLA, I WOULDN'T RING ANY BELL!
CLANG
CLANG!
DO YOU THINK IT'S COLOSSO!
COULD BE!
TERRY! THE BELL HAS STOPPED RING-I'M SURE IT'S JUST SOME OF THE FELLOWS!
SHHH! DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!
COME ON OUT, FELLOWS, THE PARTY'S OVER!
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS...
GRRROW!


BE CAREFUL, DEADLINE DON'T MOVE!
-AND LET COLOSSO MAKE MINCE MEAT OF US?
DEADLINE BACKS THE HUGE BEAST INTO THE BELL TOWER–
ONE STEP FURTHER AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
THEN, THE CORNERED BEAST TURNS ON DEADLINE!
GRRRRRRRR!
UNNOTICED BY COLOSSO, DR. WATSON MAKES HIS WAY TO THE GREAT BELL..
I'LL FIX THIS BIG LUG!
I HOPE THIS HURTS YOU!
BONG!
UGH!
THE RINGING BELL HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION...
HEY, FELLAS! CALL THE POLICE! DR. WATSON KNOCKED OUT GROSSO THE GORILLA!
WOW YOU BET WE WILL!
THE BOYS GO TO THE CIRCUS THE FOLLOWING DAY!
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE INDEED TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CHECK FOR $500!
THANK YOU WE'RE GOING TO PLACE THAT MONEY IN WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD... IN U.S. SAVINGS STAMPS AND WAR BONDS!
FOLLOW TERRY'S ADVICE AND INVEST IN WAR STAMPS– THE BOYS WILL BE BACK WITH MORE ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL.

The RIGHT KIND OF STUFF

SOMETHING was wrong with the big olive-drab army vehicles and Dan couldn't figure it out. Green apples might have done it but army trucks, or any other kind for that matter, do not subsist on green apples. Gas and oil, good stuff at that, was what they ate up . . .

"East Point wants their trucks tomorrow." Captain Collins walked over to where Dan frowned at the huge motor under the lifted hood. "Got everything running?"

Dan hesitated. "This one's kind of cranky. May have to drop the pan . . . number three bearing is bad. This stuff'll roll though if I have to keep the crew on all night!"

He breathed easier as the Captain swung briskly away across the apron. He got a creeper and a plug wrench and rolled under the big job. Suspicion had been growing in his mind since finding fault with the huge 6 x 6 prime mover and with the three reconn cars and the ambulance. Dan's fingers trembled a little as he loosened the crankcase plug and drained it.

His muscles stiffened and his eyes grew hot around the edges when he dipped his fingers in, rubbed them together and felt the flakes of pumice in the oil. What had been suspicion before crystallized into certainty now. Swiftly he replaced the plug, grabbed the exhaust pipe and whisked himself out and across the narrow aisle between the feed lines and under the next reconn. Again he removed the drain plug and examined the oil. Someone had *deliberately* put pumice in the oil of all the cars for East Point!

Dan put a special crew to work draining and thoroughly flushing the motors. It was the only thing to do in so short a time. Sometimes it was a headache trying to run the shop. Either the work was on the line or there was a new foreman and crew if necessary. Dan walked away.

He washed and got a drink. He found Ted in the locker room propped in a corner, brooding out a window, smoking.

"You're not supposed to be smoking in here," Dan reminded him. "You let the Captain catch you—"

"Any skin off your neck?" Ted turned a greasy, sullen face in Dan's direction. "You needn't worry about getting bounced. You're too good! They need someone like you to see to it that guys don't waste time . . . smoking!"

Dan waited a minute. He knew what was eating Ted . . . "Still sore because you weren't reclassified?"

Ted snubbed his cigarette, dropped it in the pocket of his work shirt. "Look," he said, advancing to where Dan stood. "You put the others up for reclassification. I'd have got more money—"

"Sure. But you're not worth it!"

"Thanks!" Ted snarled. "We can't all be as good as you!"

LATER Dan realized that it didn't make sense. Ted was healthy, smart. There was something wrong or he wouldn't have attempted putting pumice in motor oil . . . if he had.

There was a dim light in the back of the house and it was a long time before anyone came to answer his knock. It took courage to do this—

A small woman opened the door, her fingers were white where she gripped the edge.

Dan said, "I'd like to see Ted."

"He's not in," was the abrupt answer. "He went down town. I don't know where."

Dan stepped away. The air coming from the house was cold. A child cried restlessly. Dan touched his cap. "Thanks anyway. I'll try to locate him. Good night."

He located Ted but Ted was talking to a couple of tough, foreign-looking birds. Ted was just finishing a drink and Dan stayed out of the way, watching till the party split up. When the two men left Ted, Dan hurried after them. This was risky but . . necessary.

TED looked funny the next day. Nothing definite Dan could see, just an uneasy expression about his eyes.

"I'm taking you off the rack," Dan announced quietly. "Putting you on the test line. You're inside too much, need a change. Get a test place and start that line rolling." Swiftly Dan hung a test plate on a pick-up, prepared to follow.

It was nice in the country. The wind was raw and cold from the hills but the sun was bright and warm where it was sheltered. The road climbed through naked hills, toward a sharp blue sky.

Dan saw the test job ahead of him. The olive-drab machine was pulled over to the side but Ted wasn't in sight. Dan pulled the pick-up off the road and plunged into the woods.

Ted was sitting on a stump his hand just lifting a cigarette to his lips. He saw Dan and jumped up, his face whitening.

"All right!" he said sullenly. "I suppose you're going to have me canned for loafing now! Well, go ahead!" Ted's voice rose. "You've got it in for me! You always were snooping, always watching, trying to frame me—"

He paused for lack of breath and turned aside.

"What'd you do it for?" Dan demanded grimly. "You are the one who put pumice in the crankcases!"

Ted turned a haggard young face. "What are you going to do?" he demanded hoarsely. "Oh, I know. You saw me with [illegible] with them last night! I'd had a couple. I—"

The two men must have slipped up from the side, skirting around the trees to stay out of sight. They stepped out suddenly and Dan spun to find himself facing two threatening revolvers. One of them stepped forward toward Ted.

"Yuh dirty squealer!" he snarled at Ted. "So yuh *aren't* on the level! Well, you're gettin' yours . . now. "

Dan threw himself forward. He smashed the gun aside just as it went off with a roar. He drove the fellow back off his feet. If Ted did the right thing.

Ted did. He stooped swiftly and snatched up the limb of a tree and hurled it at the second man, who ducked and slipped down on his knees on the wet earth and Ted hurled himself in.

A huge sense of relief welled up inside Dan and he flung himself at his opponent, driving crushing blows in savagely.

"Dirty saboteurs!" Dan snarled. "Here's another!"

He yanked the fellow to his feet, held him before him like a whining pup and drove a shattering blow in. The fellow went down trembling, then relaxed and lay still. Dan whirled—

On the hill side above him Ted and his opponent were battling. Dan scrambled forward.

They slipped. Ted was thrown off balance and the gun came around—went off. Ted cried out faintly and dropped. A split second later Dan hit the gunman driving him off his feet.

Dan babbled, rage blinding him. "I'll twist your head off—"

He drove in a smashing blow and the gunman went spinning down the slope; a limp, whipped mass.

Ted was holding his arm. Something had gone out of his eyes. Slowly he got to his feet, his mouth twisted with pain. He faced Dan squarely, his glance steady.

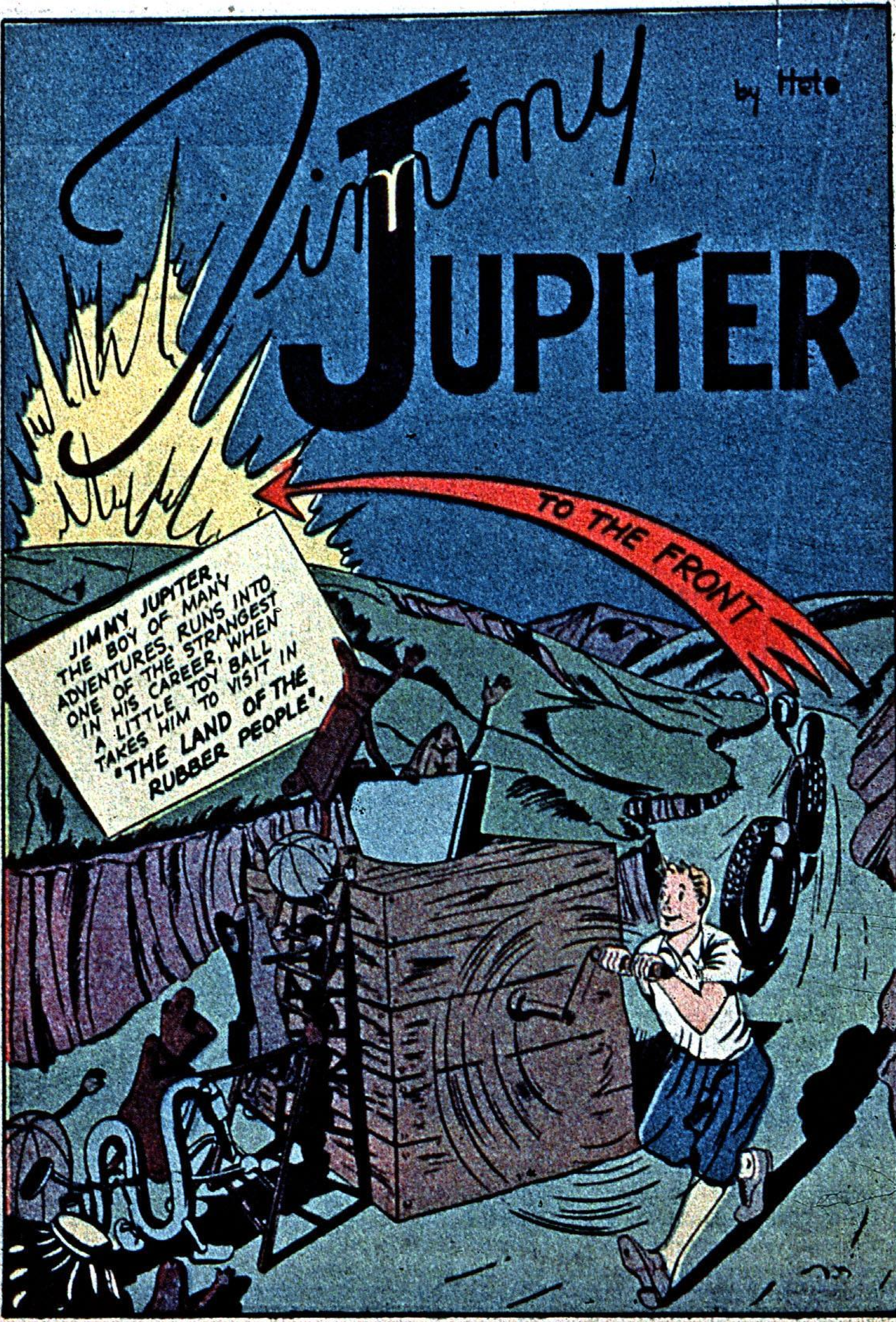
"Okay," he said softly. "I can take it! I was a chump, but I'm willing to pay up. I let them talk me into it because of the money. I needed it — never mind why."

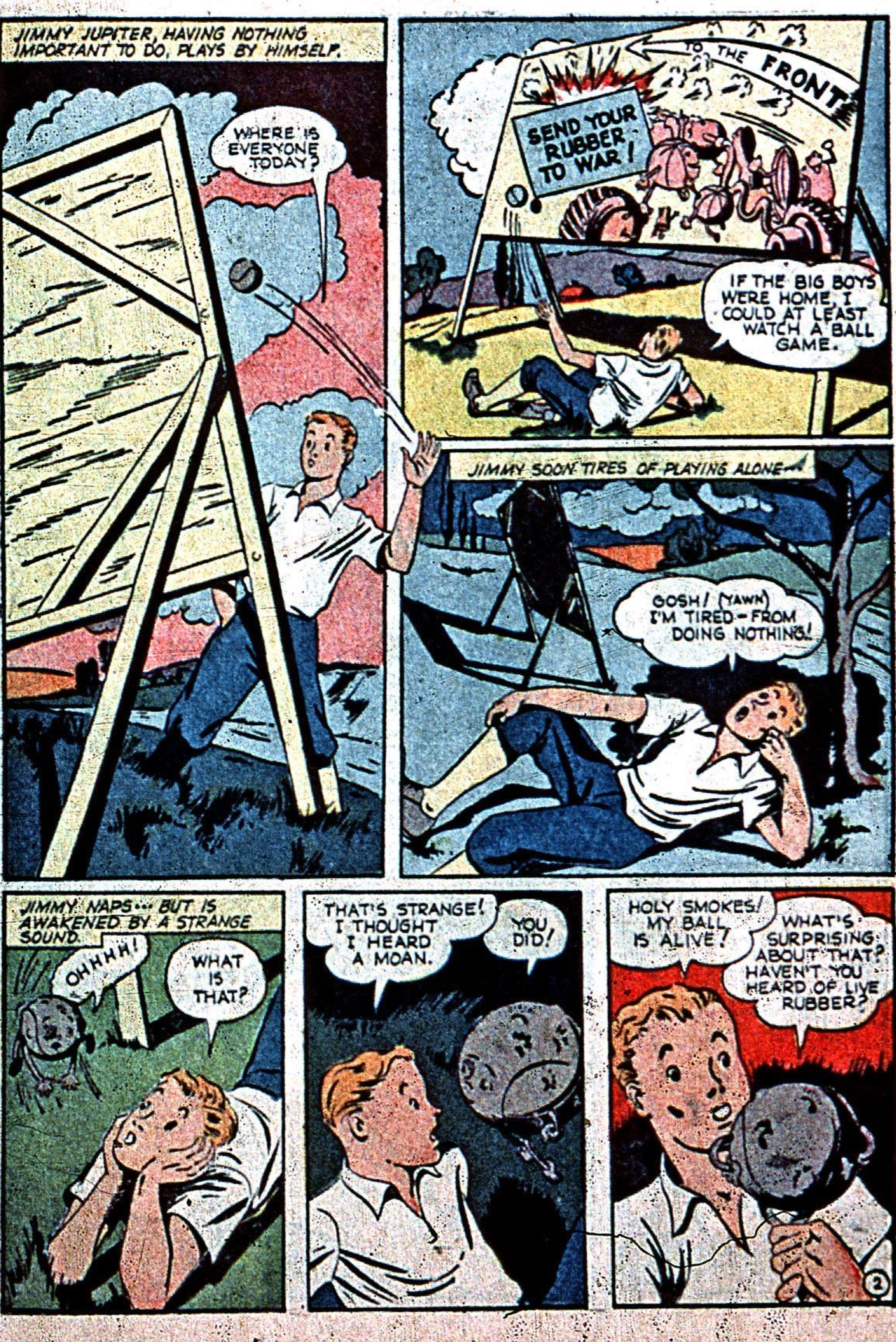
Dan said slowly, "I don't care why. You're okay. I'll take care of that reclassification as soon as you're back. The rest is off the record. I caught most of that stuff for Camp Evans before it went out. It won't happen again—"

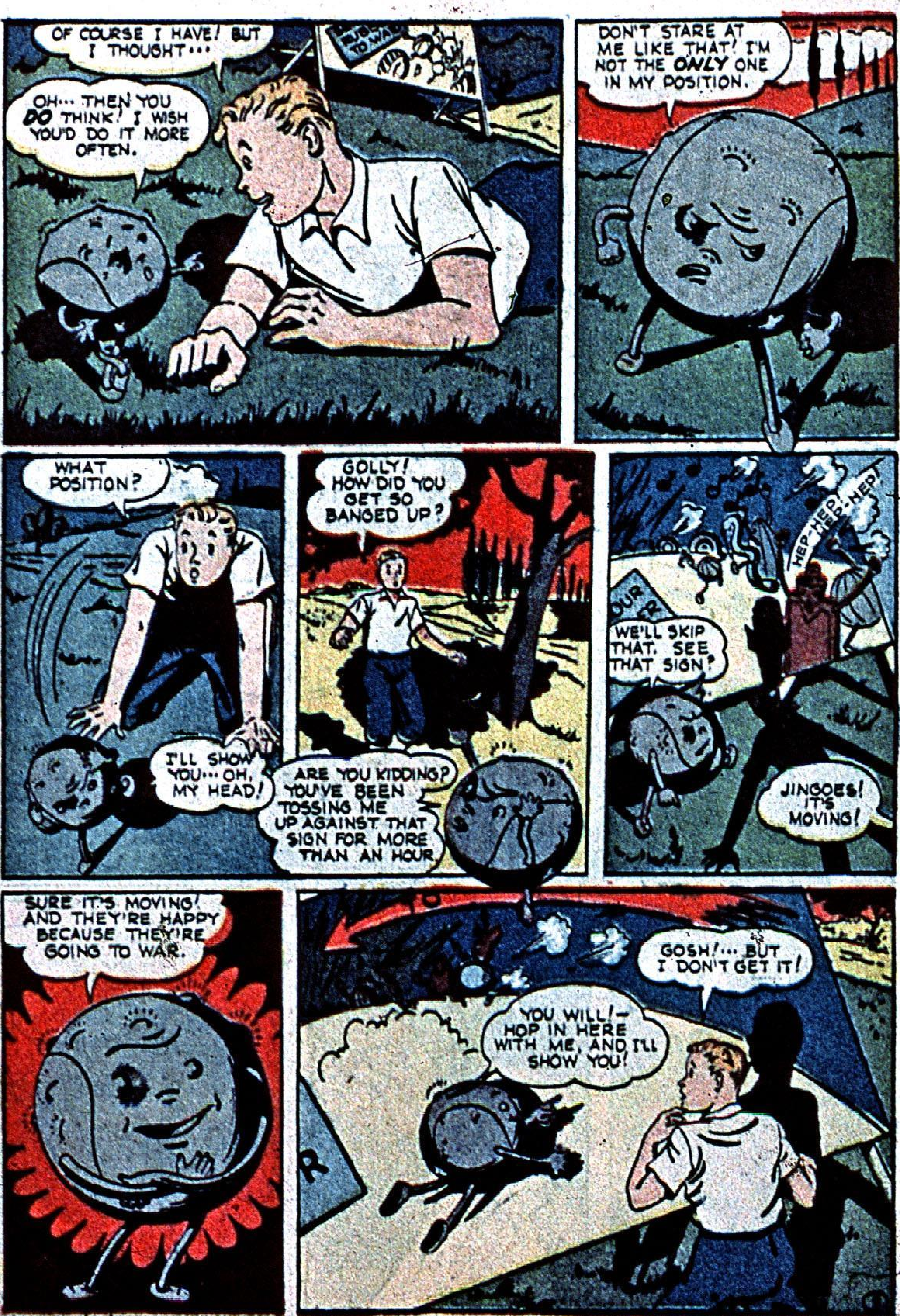
"You're darn tootin' it won't!" Ted hesitated, staring down hill at the two sprawled figures. "I can't figure out what made them check—"

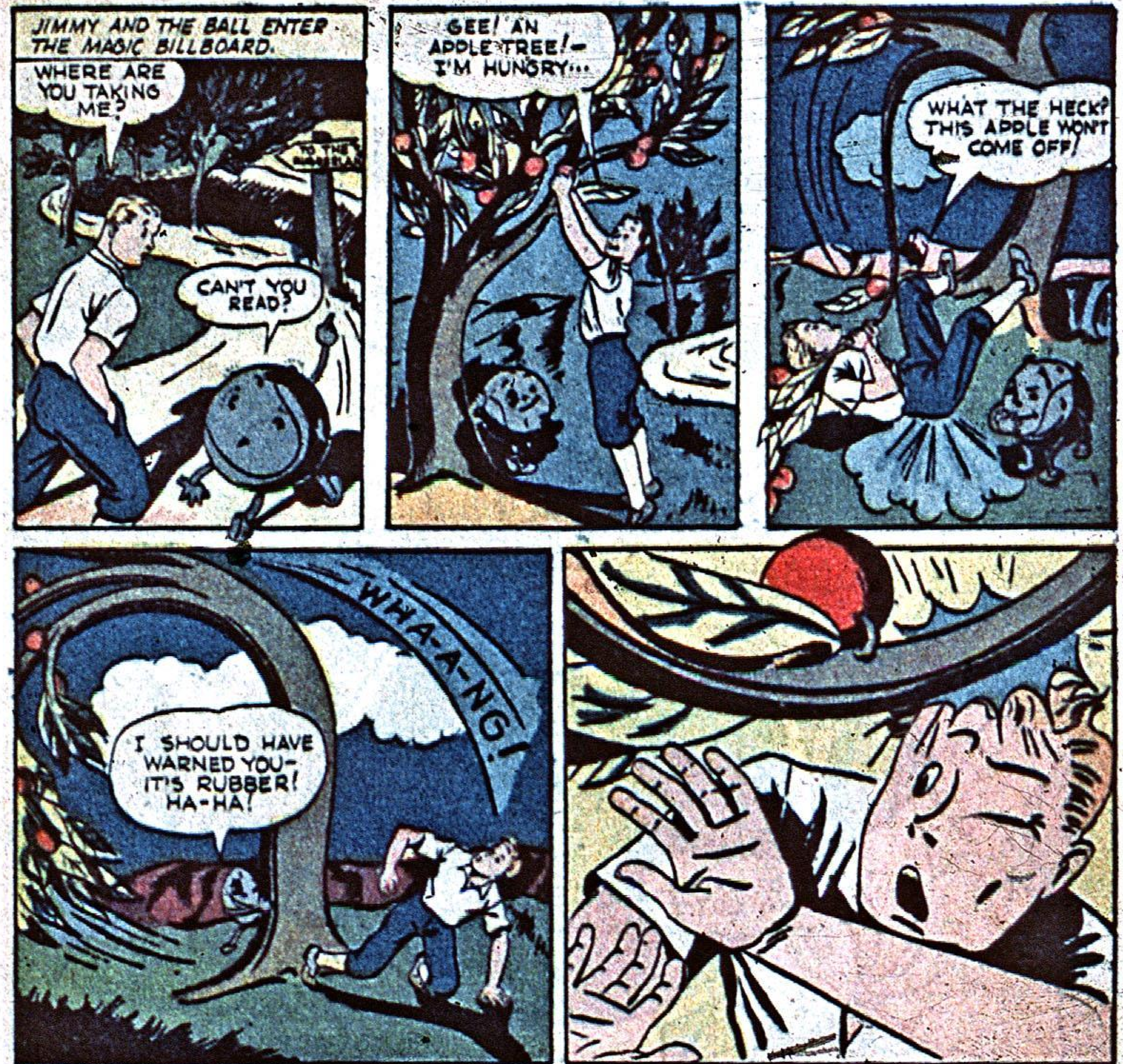
Dan said quietly, "I figured it would take something like this to make you snap out of it. I told them last night to watch you, that you were a *straight* guy! I had a hunch you'd not make a liar of me!"

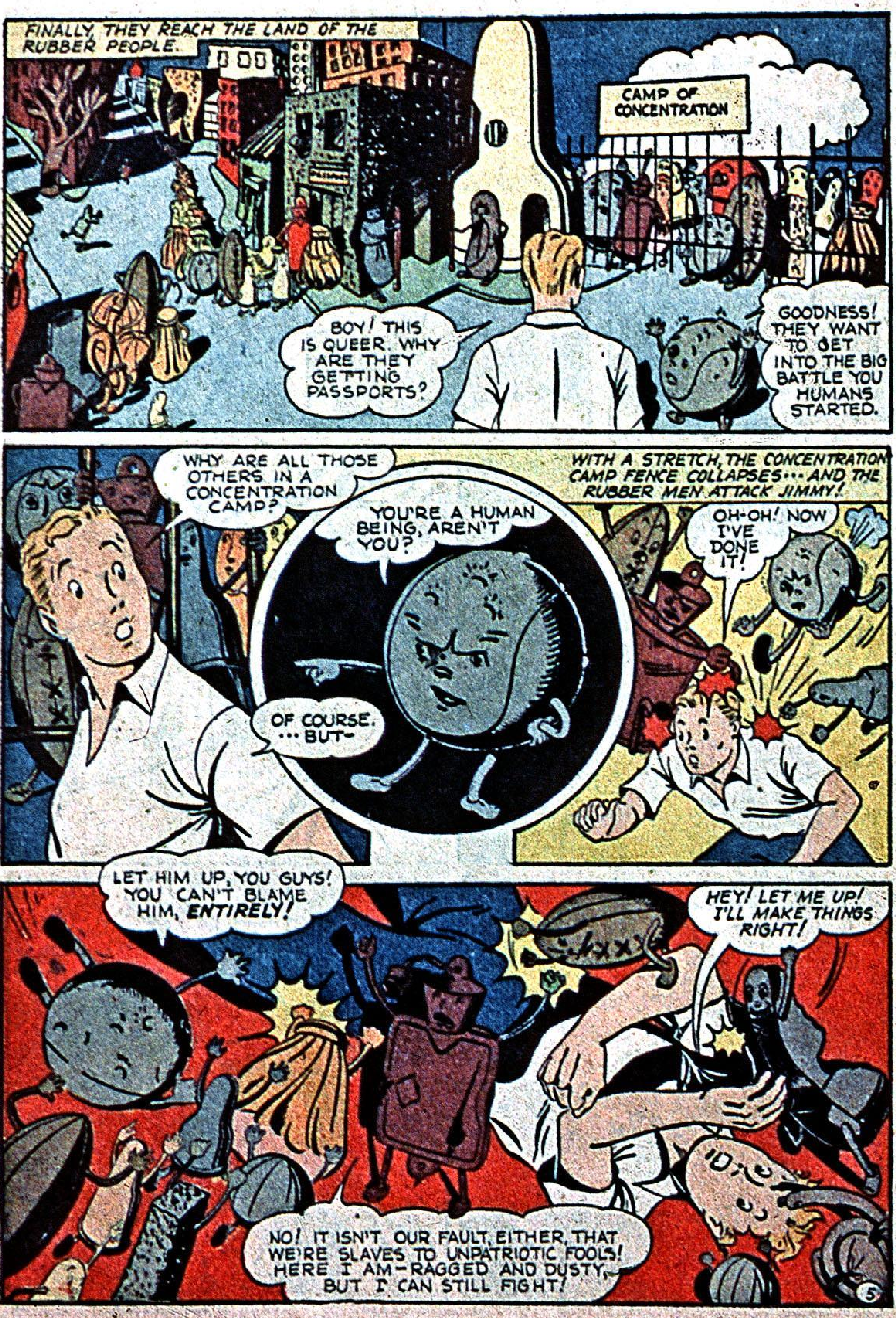
The End

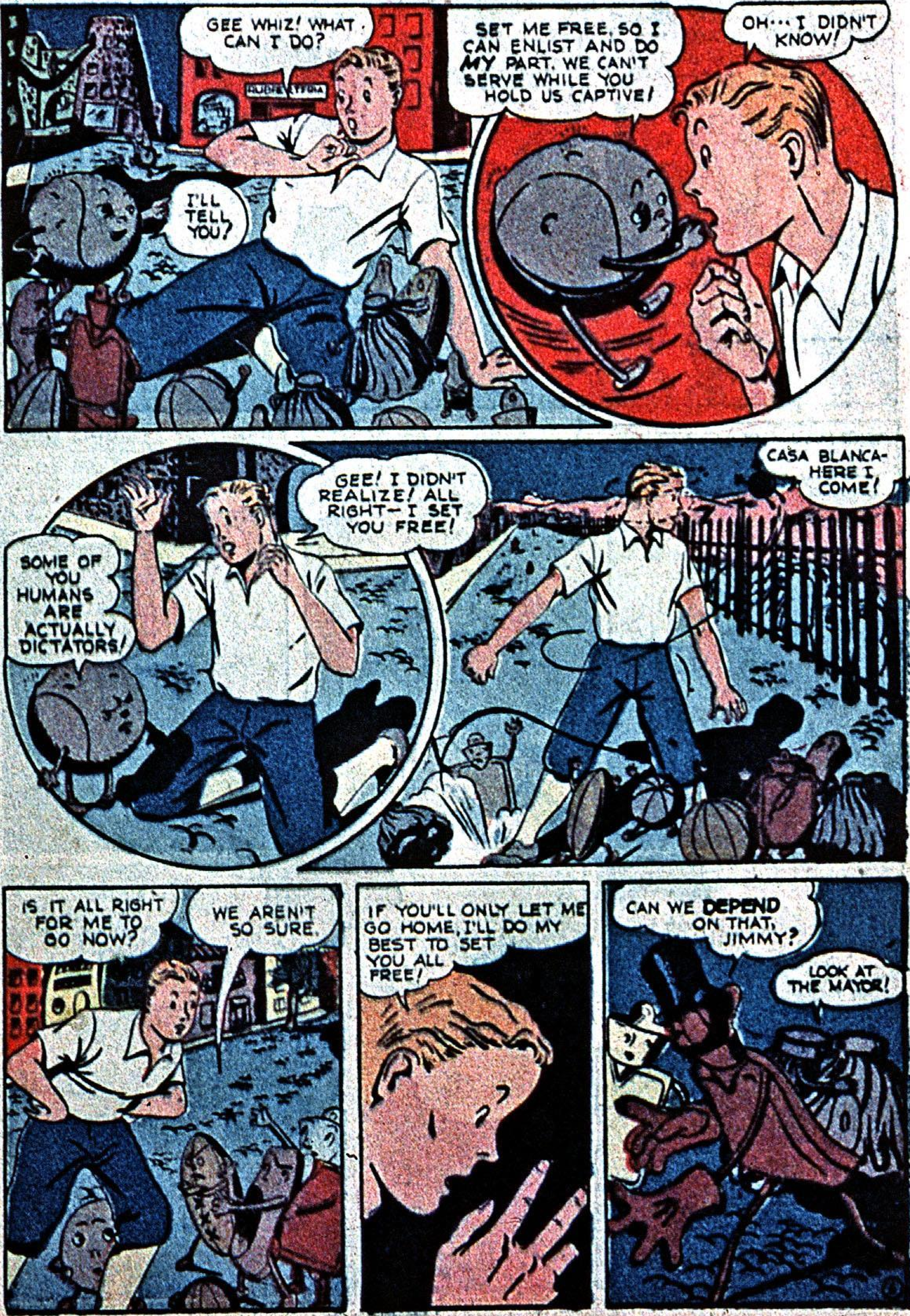

Jimmy JUPITER
by Heto
JIMMY JUPITER, THE BOY OF MANY ADVENTURES, RUNS INTO ONE OF THE STRANGEST IN HIS CAREER, WHEN A LITTLE TOY BALL TAKES HIM TO VISIT IN "THE LAND OF THE RUBBER PEOPLE".
TO THE FRONT

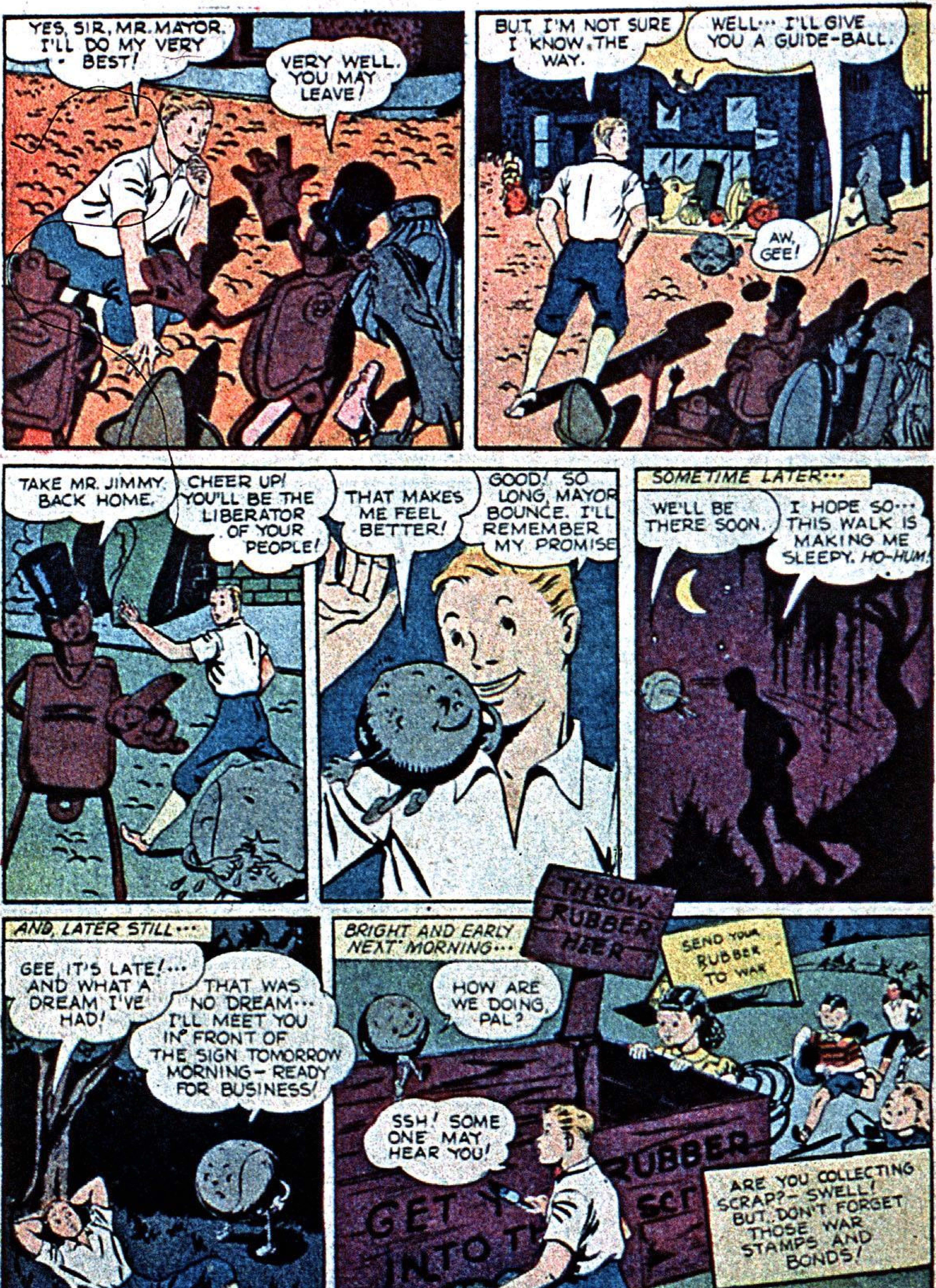

JIMMY JUPITER, HAVING NOTHING IMPORTANT TO DO, PLAYS BY HIMSELF.
WHERE IS EVERYONE TODAY?
TO THE FRONT
SEND YOUR RUBBER TO WAR!
IF THE BIG BOYS WERE HOME, I COULD AT LEAST WATCH A BALL GAME.
JIMMY SOON TIRES OF PLAYING ALONE—
GOSH! (YAWN) I'M TIRED—FROM DOING NOTHING!
JIMMY NAPS... BUT IS AWAKENED BY A STRANGE SOUND.
OHHHH!
WHAT IS THAT?
THAT'S STRANGE! I THOUGHT I HEARD A MOAN.
YOU DID!
HOLY SMOKES! MY BALL IS ALIVE!
WHAT'S SURPRISING ABOUT THAT? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF LIVE RUBBER?

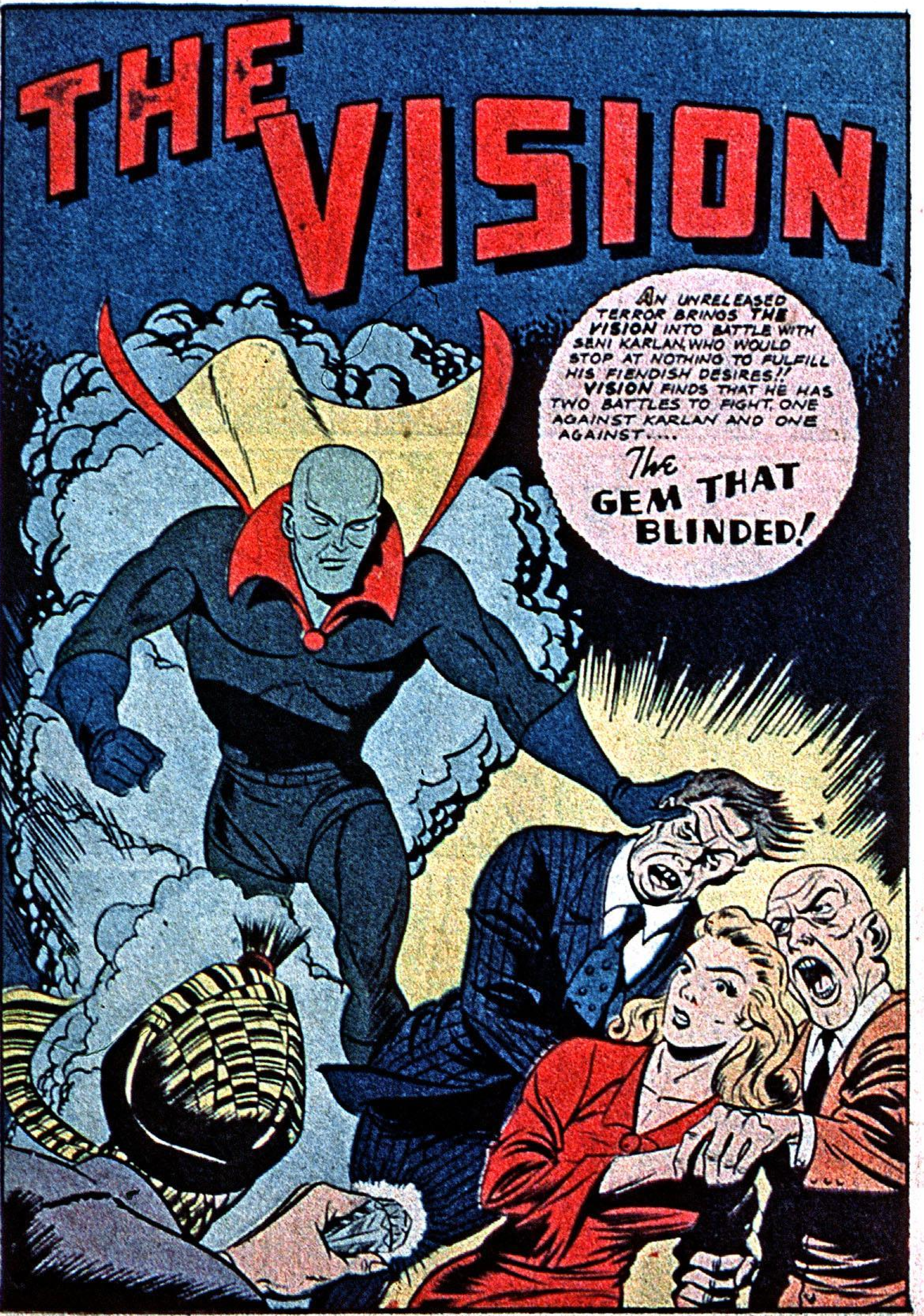

OF COURSE I HAVE! BUT I THOUGHT···
OH··· THEN YOU *DO* THINK! I WISH YOU'D DO IT MORE OFTEN.
TO WA
DON'T STARE AT ME LIKE THAT! I'M NOT THE *ONLY* ONE IN MY POSITION.
WHAT POSITION?
I'LL SHOW YOU··· OH, MY HEAD!
GOLLY! HOW DID YOU GET SO BANGED UP?
ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU'VE BEEN TOSSING ME UP AGAINST THAT SIGN FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR.
HEP-HEP! HEP-HEP!
OUR
WE'LL SKIP THAT. SEE THAT SIGN?
JINGOES! IT'S MOVING!
SURE IT'S MOVING! AND THEY'RE HAPPY BECAUSE THEY'RE GOING TO WAR.
GOSH!··· BUT I DON'T GET IT!
YOU WILL! — HOP IN HERE WITH ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
R

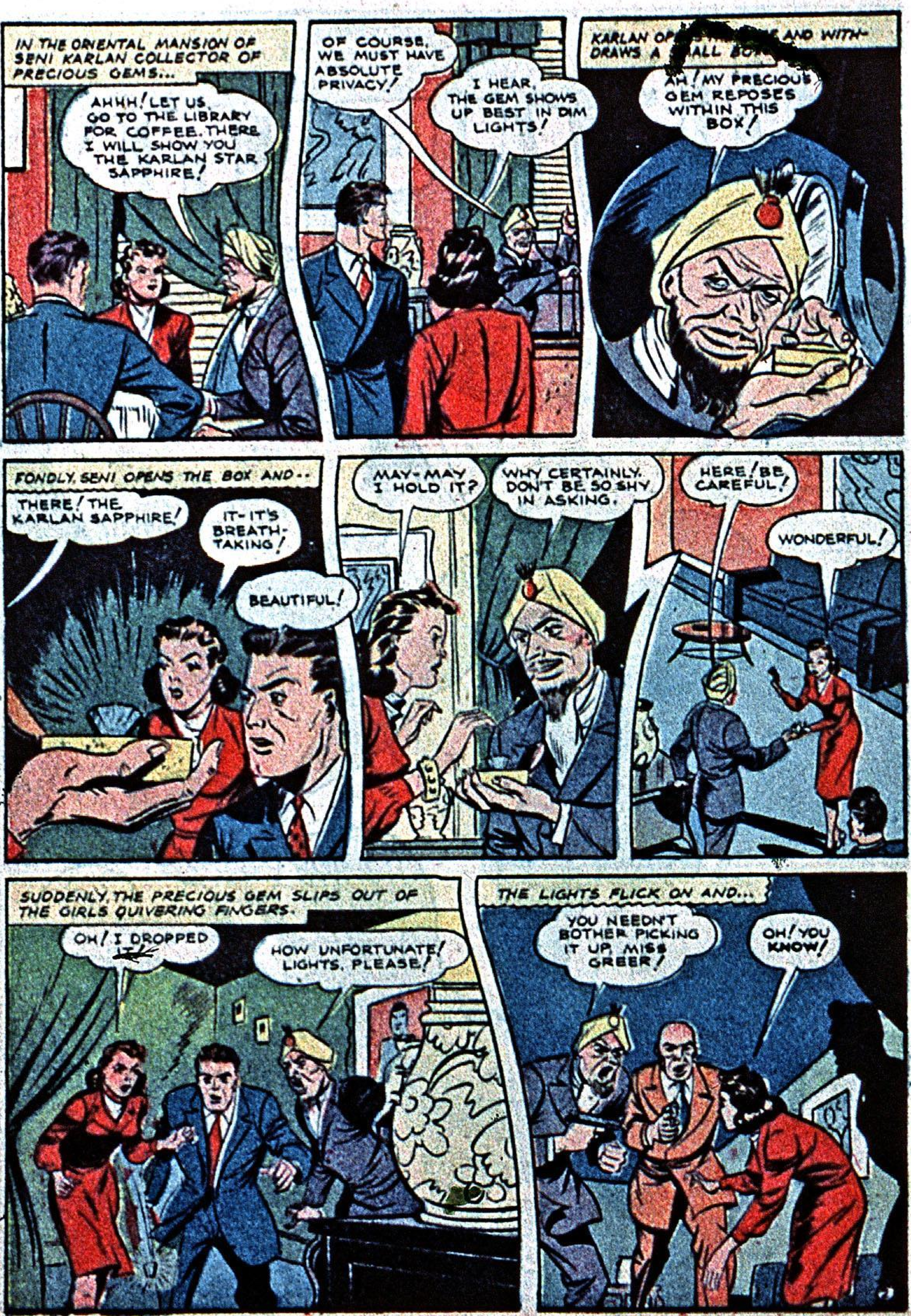

JIMMY AND THE BALL ENTER THE MAGIC BILLBOARD.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
CAN'T YOU READ?
GEE! AN APPLE TREE!— I'M HUNGRY...
WHAT THE HECK? THIS APPLE WON'T COME OFF!
WHA-A-NG!
I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU— IT'S RUBBER! HA-HA!
BUT, IN A VERY FEW MINUTES...
LOOK— THERE'S THE VALLEY OF STRETCH!
IT LOOKS INTERESTING, LET'S HURRY!
HA-HA! THIS IS THE HARD-RUBBER MOUNTAIN. NOW, YOU KNOW HOW I FELT ABOUT THAT BILLBOARD!
UGGH
POUFF
4

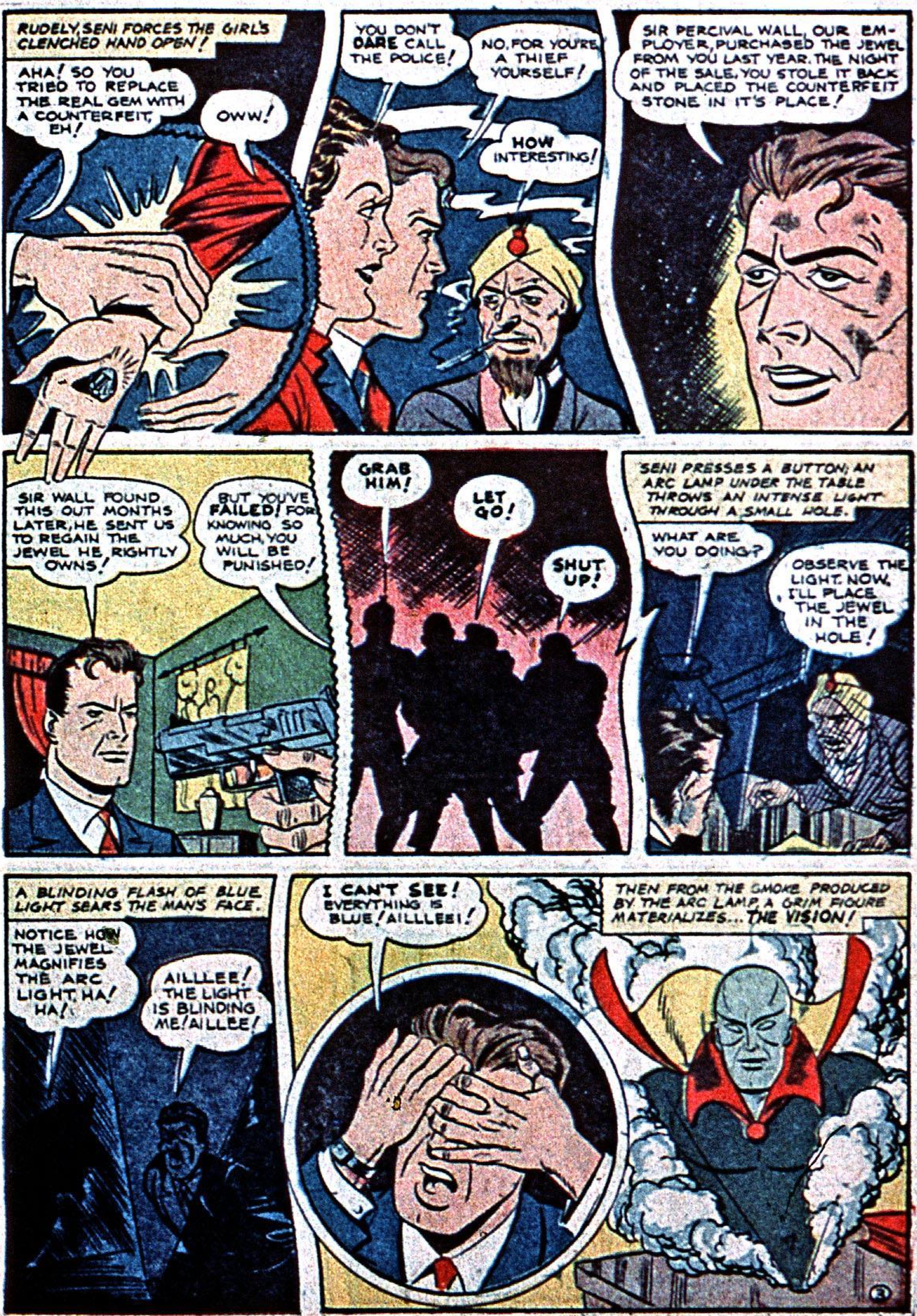

FINALLY, THEY REACH THE LAND OF THE RUBBER PEOPLE.
CAMP OF CONCENTRATION
BOY! THIS IS QUEER. WHY ARE THEY GETTING PASSPORTS?
GOODNESS! THEY WANT TO GET INTO THE BIG BATTLE YOU HUMANS STARTED.
WHY ARE ALL THOSE OTHERS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP?
YOU'RE A HUMAN BEING, AREN'T YOU?
OF COURSE. ··· BUT-
WITH A STRETCH, THE CONCENTRATION CAMP FENCE COLLAPSES··· AND THE RUBBER MEN ATTACK JIMMY!
OH-OH! NOW I'VE DONE IT!
LET HIM UP, YOU GUYS! YOU CAN'T BLAME HIM, ENTIRELY!
HEY! LET ME UP! I'LL MAKE THINGS RIGHT!
NO! IT ISN'T OUR FAULT, EITHER, THAT WE'RE SLAVES TO UNPATRIOTIC FOOLS! HERE I AM-RAGGED AND DUSTY, BUT I CAN STILL FIGHT!
5

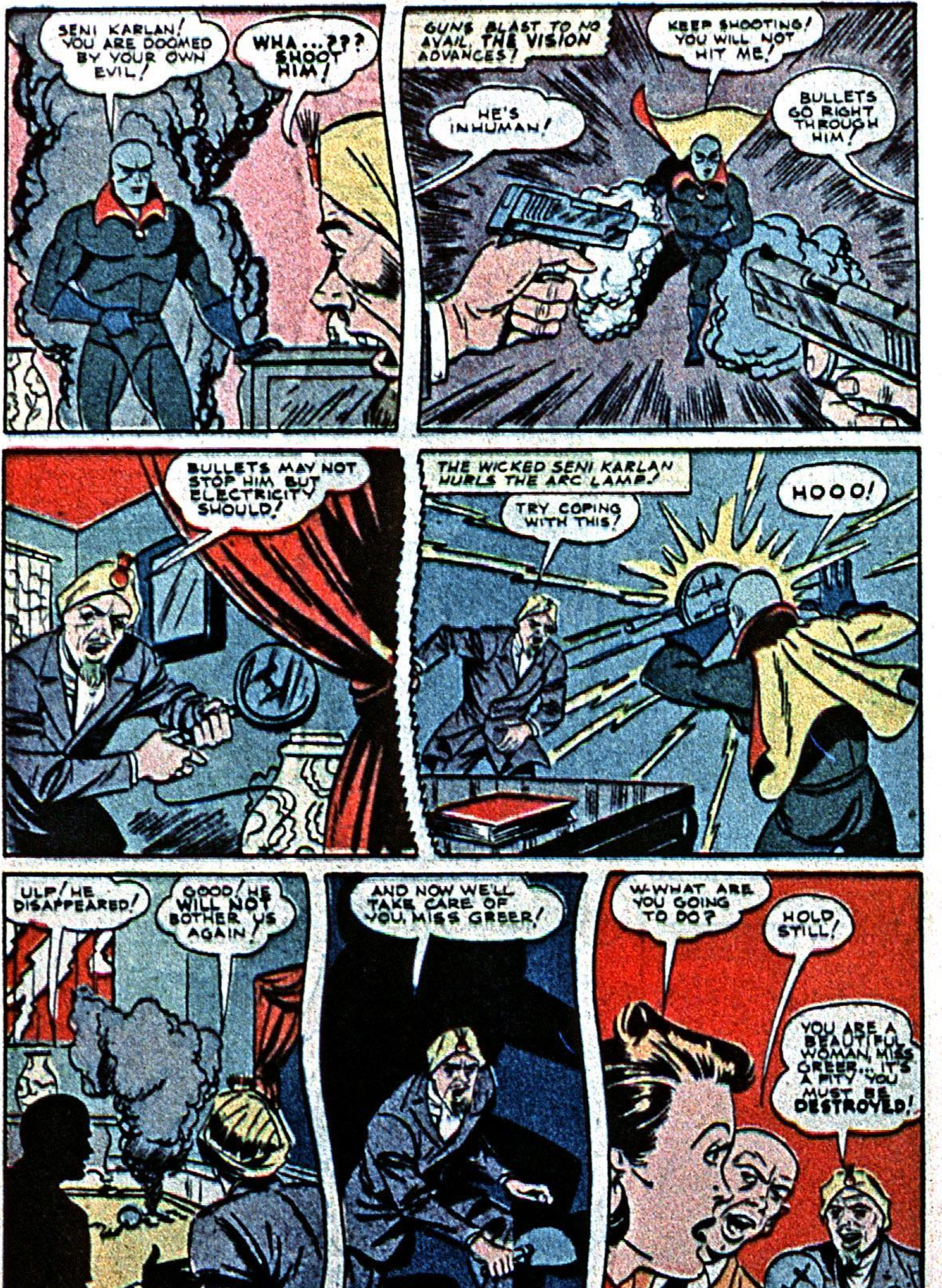

GEE WHIZ! WHAT CAN I DO?
I'LL TELL YOU!
SET ME FREE, SO I CAN ENLIST AND DO *MY* PART. WE CAN'T SERVE WHILE YOU HOLD US CAPTIVE!
OH··· I DIDN'T KNOW!
SOME OF YOU HUMANS ARE ACTUALLY DICTATORS!
GEE! I DIDN'T REALIZE! ALL RIGHT— I SET YOU FREE!
CASA BLANCA— HERE I COME!
IS IT ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO GO NOW?
WE AREN'T SO SURE.
IF YOU'LL ONLY LET ME GO HOME, I'LL DO MY BEST TO SET YOU ALL FREE!
CAN WE **DEPEND** ON THAT, JIMMY?
LOOK AT THE MAYOR!

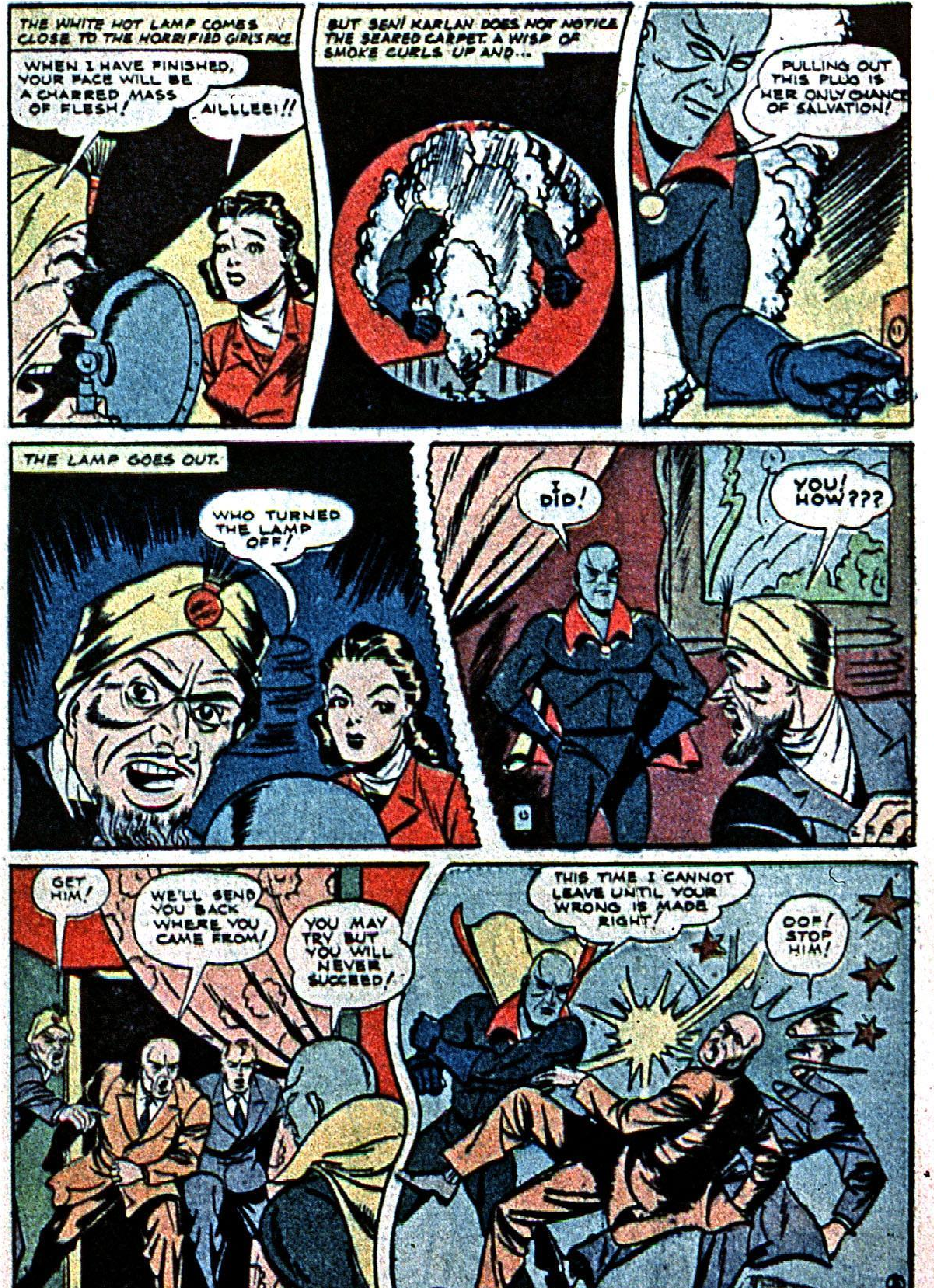

YES, SIR, MR. MAYOR. I'LL DO MY VERY BEST!
VERY WELL. YOU MAY LEAVE!
BUT I'M NOT SURE I KNOW THE WAY.
WELL··· I'LL GIVE YOU A GUIDE-BALL.
AW, GEE!
TAKE MR. JIMMY BACK HOME.
CHEER UP! YOU'LL BE THE LIBERATOR OF YOUR PEOPLE!
THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER!
GOOD! SO LONG, MAYOR BOUNCE. I'LL REMEMBER MY PROMISE
SOMETIME LATER···
WE'LL BE THERE SOON.
I HOPE SO··· THIS WALK IS MAKING ME SLEEPY. HO-HUM!
AND, LATER STILL···
GEE, IT'S LATE!··· AND WHAT A DREAM I'VE HAD!
THAT WAS NO DREAM··· I'LL MEET YOU IN FRONT OF THE SIGN TOMORROW MORNING – READY FOR BUSINESS!
BRIGHT AND EARLY NEXT MORNING···
THROW RUBBER HEER
SEND YOUR RUBBER TO WAR
HOW ARE WE DOING, PAL?
SSH! SOME ONE MAY HEAR YOU!
GET
RUBBER
SCT
INTO T
ARE YOU COLLECTING SCRAP?– SWELL! BUT DON'T FORGET THOSE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!
JIMMY JUPITER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Marvel Comics

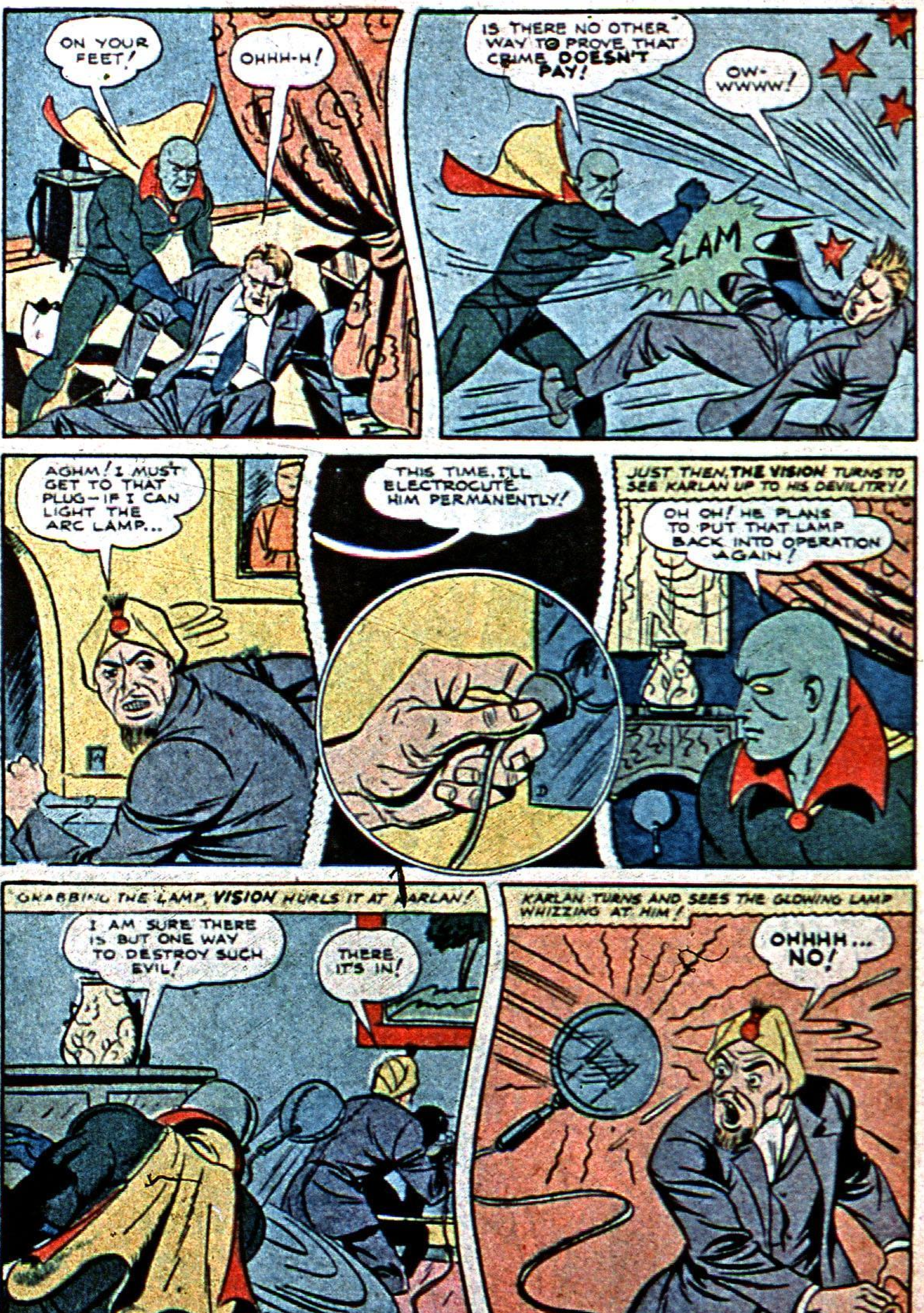

THE VISION
AN UNRELEASED TERROR BRINGS THE VISION INTO BATTLE WITH SENI KARLAN, WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO FULFILL HIS FIENDISH DESIRES!! VISION FINDS THAT HE HAS TWO BATTLES TO FIGHT, ONE AGAINST KARLAN AND ONE AGAINST....
The GEM THAT BLINDED!

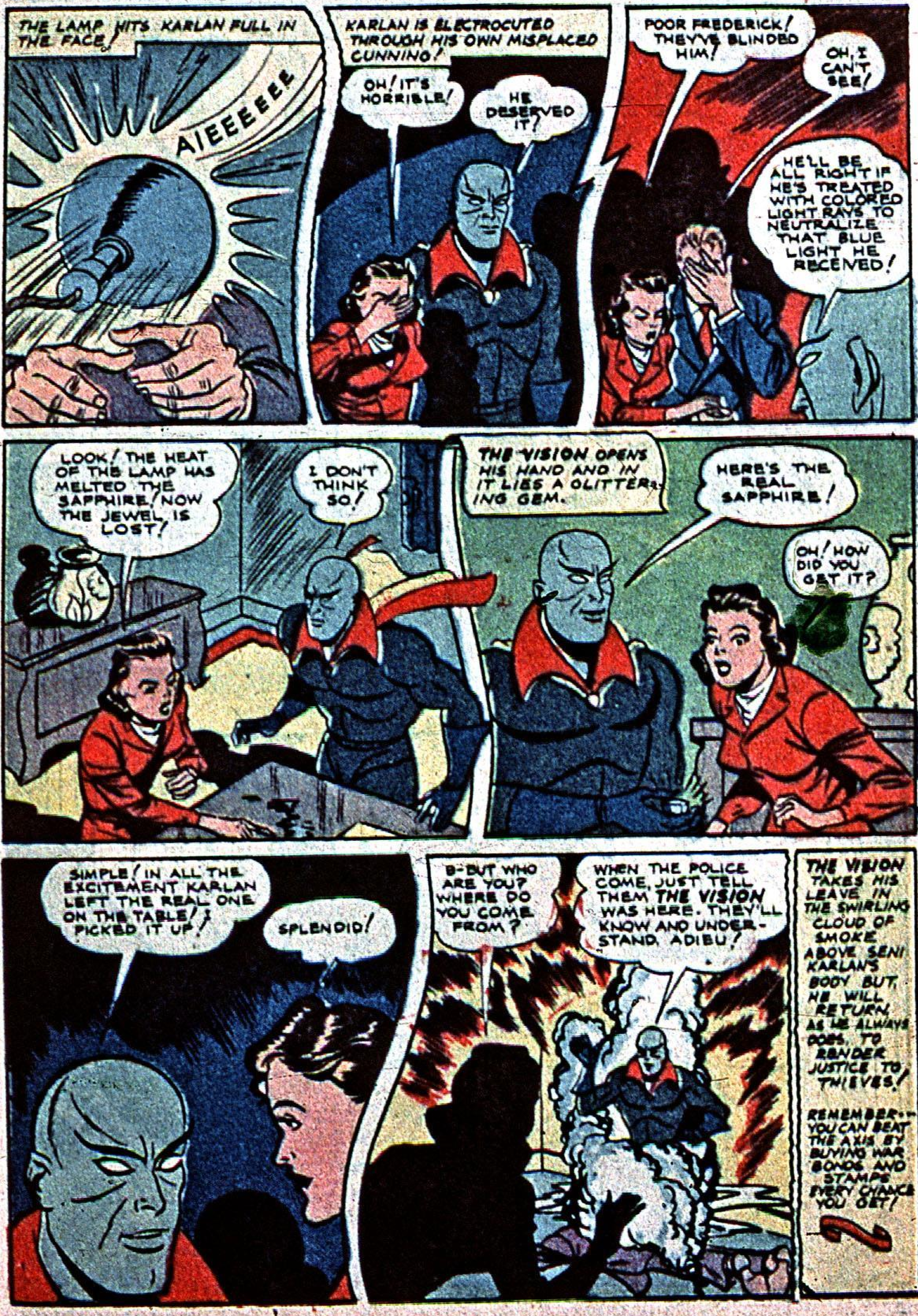

IN THE ORIENTAL MANSION OF SENI KARLAN COLLECTOR OF PRECIOUS GEMS...
AHHH! LET US GO TO THE LIBRARY FOR COFFEE. THERE I WILL SHOW YOU THE KARLAN STAR SAPPHIRE!
OF COURSE, WE MUST HAVE ABSOLUTE PRIVACY!
I HEAR, THE GEM SHOWS UP BEST IN DIM LIGHTS!
KARLAN OP[illegible] AND WITH-DRAWS A [illegible]ALL BO[illegible]
AH! MY PRECIOUS GEM REPOSES WITHIN THIS BOX!
FONDLY, SENI OPENS THE BOX AND..
THERE! THE KARLAN SAPPHIRE!
IT-IT'S BREATH-TAKING!
BEAUTIFUL!
MAY-MAY I HOLD IT?
WHY CERTAINLY. DON'T BE SO SHY IN ASKING.
HERE! BE CAREFUL!
WONDERFUL!
SUDDENLY, THE PRECIOUS GEM SLIPS OUT OF THE GIRLS QUIVERING FINGERS.
OH! I DROPPED [illegible]
HOW UNFORTUNATE! LIGHTS, PLEASE!
THE LIGHTS FLICK ON AND...
YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER PICKING IT UP, MISS GREER!
OH! YOU KNOW!

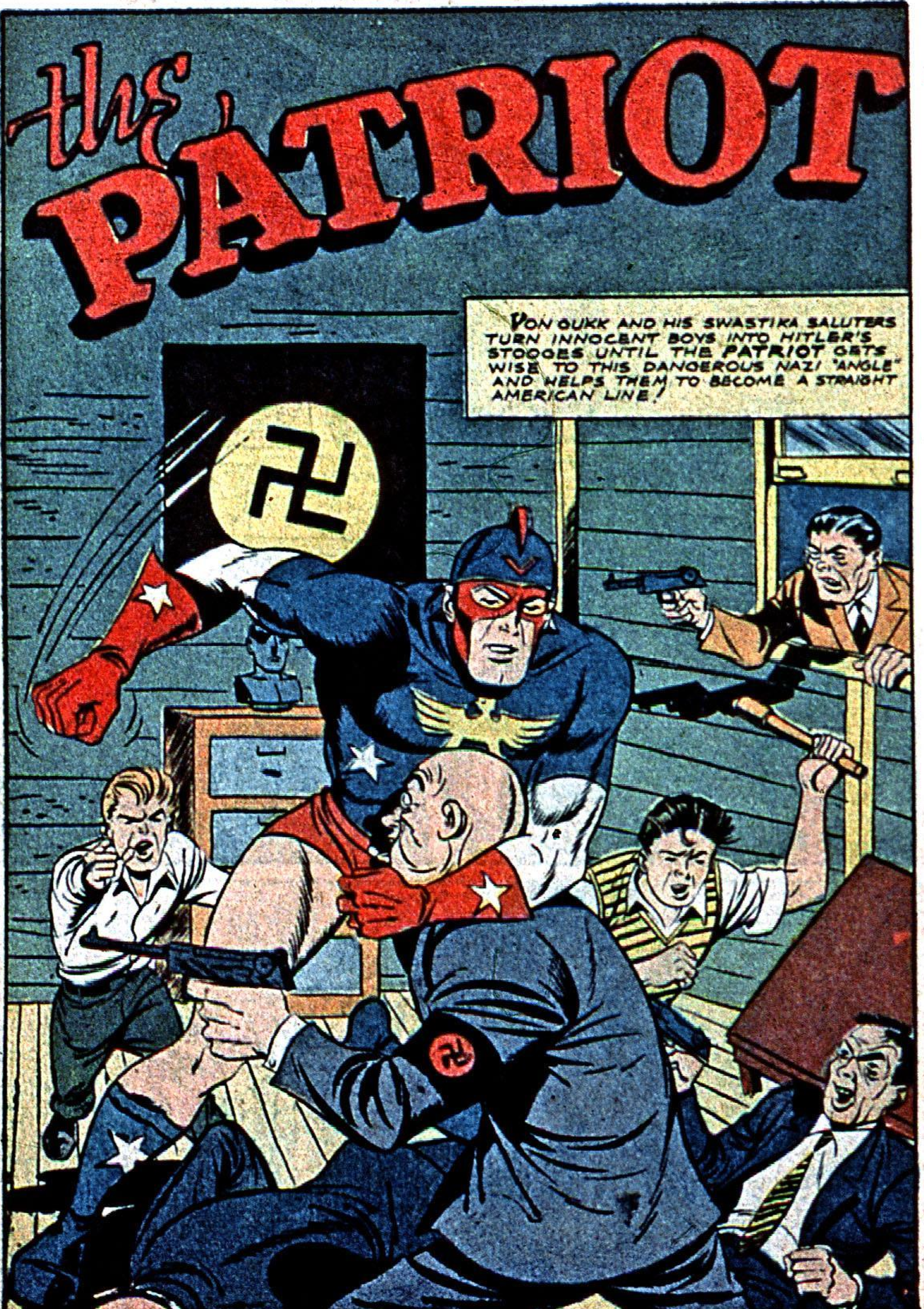

RUDELY, SENI FORCES THE GIRL'S CLENCHED HAND OPEN!
AHA! SO YOU TRIED TO REPLACE THE REAL GEM WITH A COUNTERFEIT, EH!
OWW!
YOU DON'T DARE CALL THE POLICE!
NO, FOR YOU'RE A THIEF YOURSELF!
HOW INTERESTING!
SIR PERCIVAL WALL, OUR EMPLOYER, PURCHASED THE JEWEL FROM YOU LAST YEAR. THE NIGHT OF THE SALE, YOU STOLE IT BACK AND PLACED THE COUNTERFEIT STONE IN IT'S PLACE!
SIR WALL FOUND THIS OUT MONTHS LATER. HE SENT US TO REGAIN THE JEWEL HE RIGHTLY OWNS!
BUT YOU'VE FAILED! FOR KNOWING SO MUCH, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!
GRAB HIM!
LET GO!
SHUT UP!
SENI PRESSES A BUTTON; AN ARC LAMP UNDER THE TABLE THROWS AN INTENSE LIGHT THROUGH A SMALL HOLE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OBSERVE THE LIGHT. NOW, I'LL PLACE THE JEWEL IN THE HOLE!
A BLINDING FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT SEARS THE MAN'S FACE.
NOTICE HOW THE JEWEL MAGNIFIES THE ARC LIGHT, HA! HA!
AILLLEE! THE LIGHT IS BLINDING ME! AILLEE!
I CAN'T SEE! EVERYTHING IS BLUE! AILLLEEI!
THEN FROM THE SMOKE PRODUCED BY THE ARC LAMP, A GRIM FIGURE MATERIALIZES... THE VISION!
3

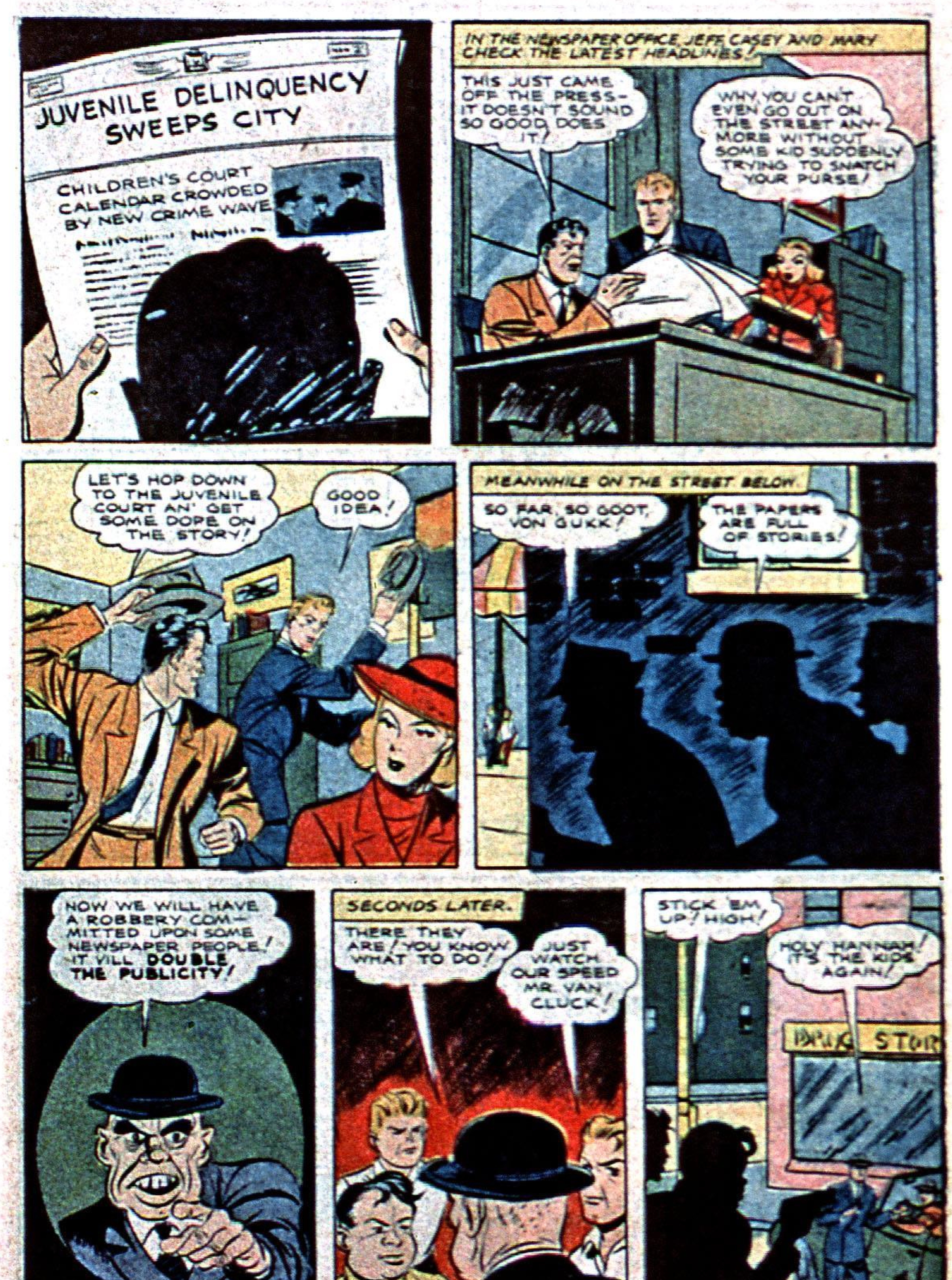

SENI KARLAN! YOU ARE DOOMED BY YOUR OWN EVIL!
WHA...??? SHOOT HIM!
GUNS BLAST TO NO AVAIL. THE VISION ADVANCES!
KEEP SHOOTING! YOU WILL NOT HIT ME!
HE'S INHUMAN!
BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM!
BULLETS MAY NOT STOP HIM BUT ELECTRICITY SHOULD!
THE WICKED SENI KARLAN HURLS THE ARC LAMP!
TRY COPING WITH THIS!
HOOO!
ULP! HE DISAPPEARED!
GOOD! HE WILL NOT BOTHER US AGAIN!
AND NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MISS GREER!
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
HOLD STILL!
YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, MISS GREER... IT'S A PITY YOU MUST BE DESTROYED!

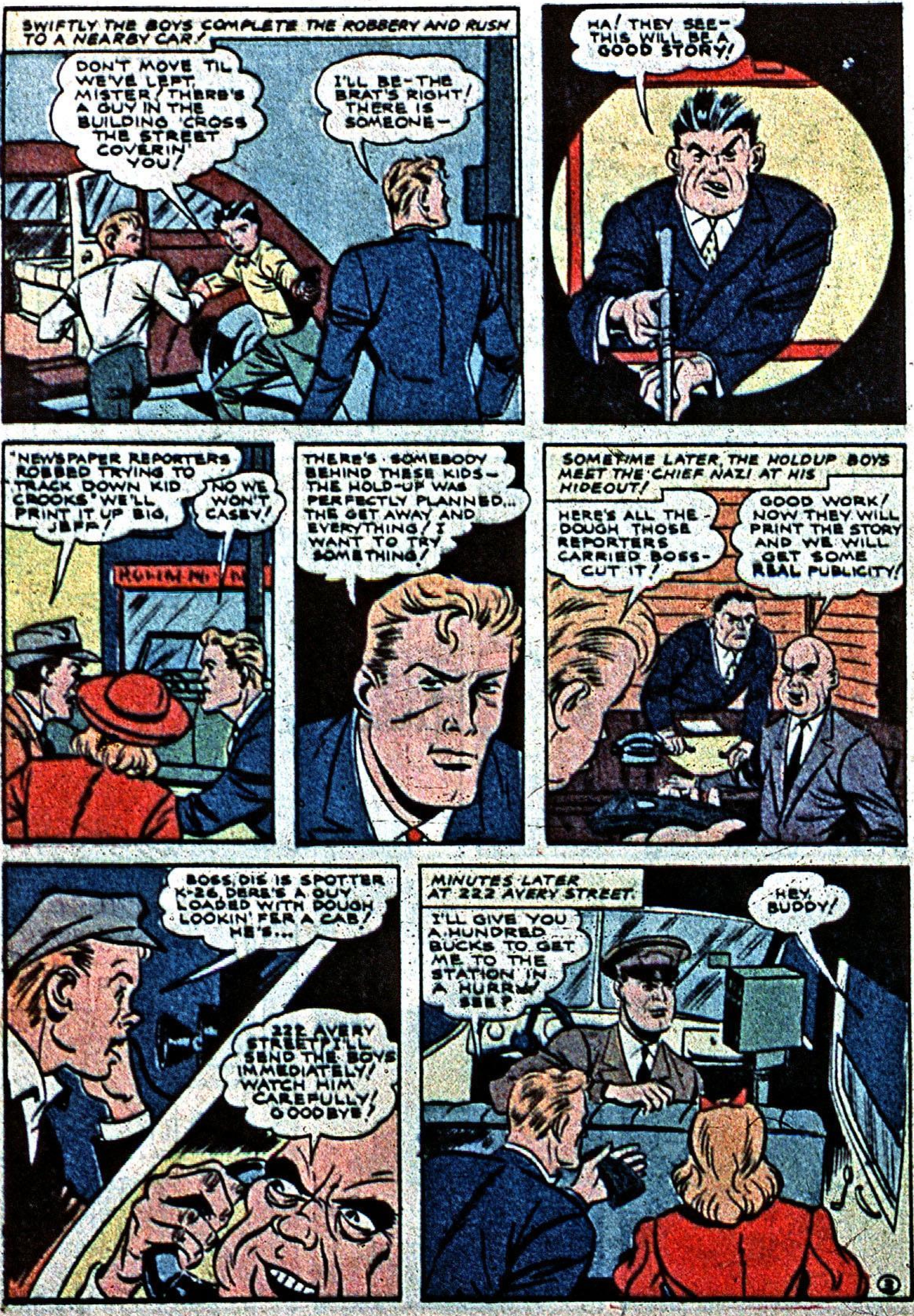

THE WHITE HOT LAMP COMES CLOSE TO THE HORRIFIED GIRL'S FACE.
WHEN I HAVE FINISHED, YOUR FACE WILL BE A CHARRED MASS OF FLESH!
AILLLEE!!
BUT SENI KARLAN DOES NOT NOTICE THE SEARED CARPET. A WISP OF SMOKE CURLS UP AND...
PULLING OUT THIS PLUG IS HER ONLY CHANCE OF SALVATION!
THE LAMP GOES OUT.
WHO TURNED THE LAMP OFF!
I DID!
YOU! HOW???
GET HIM!
WE'LL SEND YOU BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!
YOU MAY TRY BUT YOU WILL NEVER SUCCEED!
THIS TIME I CANNOT LEAVE UNTIL YOUR WRONG IS MADE RIGHT!
OOF! STOP HIM!

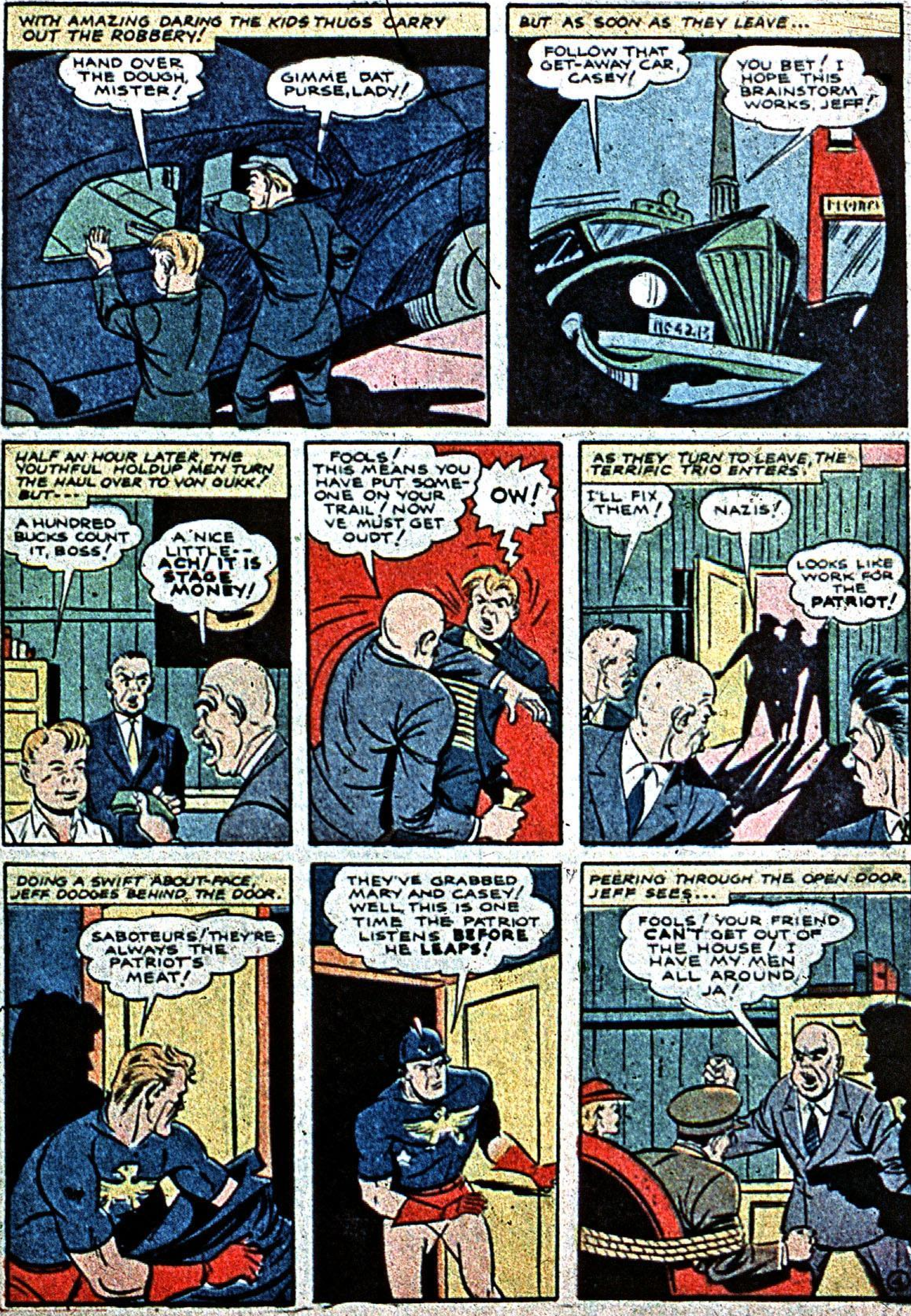

ON YOUR FEET!
OHHH-H!
IS THERE NO OTHER WAY TO PROVE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
OW-WWWW!
SLAM
AGHM! I MUST GET TO THAT PLUG—IF I CAN LIGHT THE ARC LAMP...
THIS TIME, I'LL ELECTROCUTE HIM PERMANENTLY!
JUST THEN, THE VISION TURNS TO SEE KARLAN UP TO HIS DEVILITRY!
OH OH! HE PLANS TO PUT THAT LAMP BACK INTO OPERATION AGAIN!
GRABBING THE LAMP, VISION HURLS IT AT KARLAN!
I AM SURE THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO DESTROY SUCH EVIL!
THERE, IT'S IN!
KARLAN TURNS AND SEES THE GLOWING LAMP WHIZZING AT HIM!
OHHHH... NO!

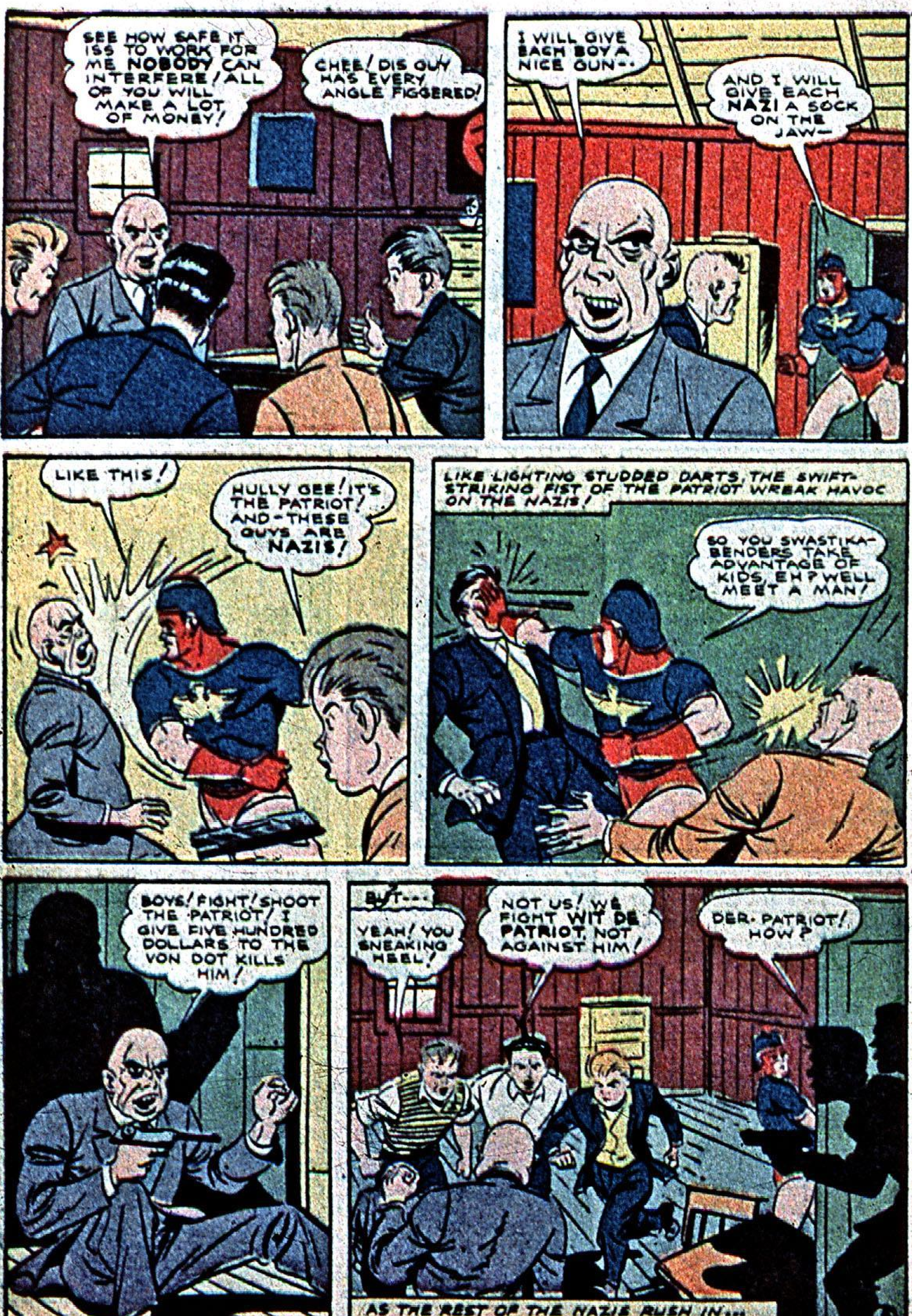

THE LAMP HITS KARLAN FULL IN THE FACE!
AIEEEEEEE
KARLAN IS ELECTROCUTED THROUGH HIS OWN MISPLACED CUNNING!
OH! IT'S HORRIBLE!
HE DESERVED IT!
POOR FREDERICK! THEY'VE BLINDED HIM!
OH, I CAN'T SEE!
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF HE'S TREATED WITH COLORED LIGHT RAYS TO NEUTRALIZE THAT BLUE LIGHT HE RECEIVED!
LOOK! THE HEAT OF THE LAMP HAS MELTED THE SAPPHIRE! NOW THE JEWEL IS LOST!
I DON'T THINK SO!
THE VISION OPENS HIS HAND AND IN IT LIES A GLITTERING GEM.
HERE'S THE REAL SAPPHIRE!
OH! HOW DID YOU GET IT?
SIMPLE! IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT KARLAN LEFT THE REAL ONE ON THE TABLE! I PICKED IT UP!
SPLENDID!
B-BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
WHEN THE POLICE COME, JUST TELL THEM THE VISION WAS HERE. THEY'LL KNOW AND UNDERSTAND. ADIEU!
THE VISION TAKES HIS LEAVE IN THE SWIRLING CLOUD OF SMOKE ABOVE SENI KARLAN'S BODY BUT HE WILL RETURN, AS HE ALWAYS DOES, TO RENDER JUSTICE TO THIEVES!
REMEMBER— YOU CAN BEAT THE AXIS BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

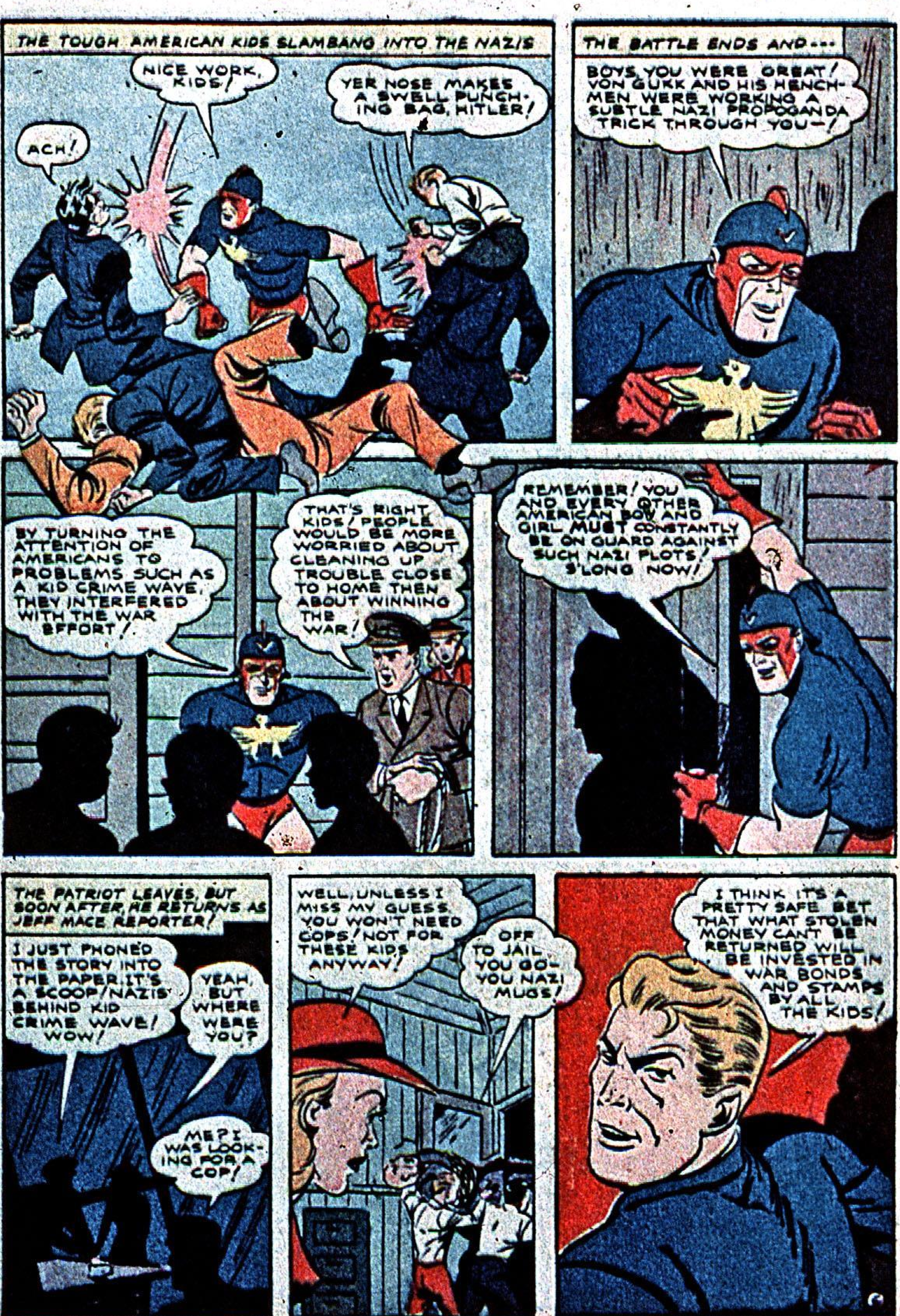

the PATRIOT
VON GUKK AND HIS SWASTIKA SALUTERS TURN INNOCENT BOYS INTO HITLER'S STOOGES UNTIL THE PATRIOT GETS WISE TO THIS DANGEROUS NAZI "ANGLE" AND HELPS THEM TO BECOME A STRAIGHT AMERICAN LINE!


JUVENILE DELINQUENCY SWEEPS CITY
CHILDREN'S COURT CALENDAR CROWDED BY NEW CRIME WAVE
IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, JEFF, CASEY AND MARY CHECK THE LATEST HEADLINES!
THIS JUST CAME OFF THE PRESS- IT DOESN'T SOUND SO GOOD, DOES IT?
WHY, YOU CAN'T EVEN GO OUT ON THE STREET ANYMORE WITHOUT SOME KID SUDDENLY TRYING TO SNATCH YOUR PURSE!
LET'S HOP DOWN TO THE JUVENILE COURT AN' GET SOME DOPE ON THE STORY!
GOOD IDEA!
MEANWHILE ON THE STREET BELOW.
SO FAR, SO GOOT, VON GUKK!
THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF STORIES!
NOW WE WILL HAVE A ROBBERY COMMITTED UPON SOME NEWSPAPER PEOPLE! IT VILL DOUBLE THE PUBLICITY!
SECONDS LATER.
THERE THEY ARE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
JUST WATCH OUR SPEED MR. VAN CLUCK!
STICK 'EM UP! HIGH!
HOLY HANNAH! IT'S THE KIDS AGAIN!
DRUG STOR


SWIFTLY THE BOYS COMPLETE THE ROBBERY AND RUSH TO A NEARBY CAR!
DON'T MOVE TIL WE'VE LEFT, MISTER! THERE'S A GUY IN THE BUILDING 'CROSS THE STREET COVERIN' YOU!
I'LL BE— THE BRAT'S RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE—
HA! THEY SEE— THIS WILL BE A GOOD STORY!
"NEWSPAPER REPORTERS ROBBED TRYING TO TRACK DOWN KID CROOKS" WE'LL PRINT IT UP BIG, JEFF!
NO WE WON'T, CASEY!
THERE'S SOMEBODY BEHIND THESE KIDS— THE HOLD-UP WAS PERFECTLY PLANNED... THE GET AWAY AND EVERYTHING! I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING!
SOMETIME LATER, THE HOLDUP BOYS MEET THE CHIEF NAZI AT HIS HIDEOUT!
HERE'S ALL THE DOUGH THOSE REPORTERS CARRIED BOSS— CUT IT!
GOOD WORK! NOW THEY WILL PRINT THE STORY AND WE WILL GET SOME REAL PUBLICITY!
BOSS, DIS IS SPOTTER K-26, DERE'S A GUY LOADED WITH DOUGH LOOKIN' FER A CAB! HE'S...
222 AVERY STREET! I'LL SEND THE BOYS IMMEDIATELY! WATCH HIM CAREFULLY! GOODBYE!
MINUTES LATER AT 222 AVERY STREET.
I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED BUCKS TO GET ME TO THE STATION IN A HURRY, SEE?
HEY, BUDDY!


WITH AMAZING DARING THE KIDS THUGS CARRY OUT THE ROBBERY!
HAND OVER THE DOUGH, MISTER!
GIMME DAT PURSE, LADY!
BUT AS SOON AS THEY LEAVE...
FOLLOW THAT GET-AWAY CAR, CASEY!
YOU BET! I HOPE THIS BRAINSTORM WORKS, JEFF!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE YOUTHFUL HOLDUP MEN TURN THE HAUL OVER TO VON OUKK! BUT---
A HUNDRED BUCKS COUNT IT, BOSS!
A NICE LITTLE-- ACH! IT IS STAGE MONEY!
FOOLS! THIS MEANS YOU HAVE PUT SOME-ONE ON YOUR TRAIL! NOW VE MUST GET OUDT!
OW!
AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE, THE TERRIFIC TRIO ENTERS.
I'LL FIX THEM!
NAZIS!
LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR THE PATRIOT!
DOING A SWIFT ABOUT-FACE, JEFF DODGES BEHIND THE DOOR.
SABOTEURS! THEY'RE ALWAYS THE PATRIOT'S MEAT!
THEY'VE GRABBED MARY AND CASEY! WELL THIS IS ONE TIME THE PATRIOT LISTENS BEFORE HE LEAPS!
PEERING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, JEFF SEES...
FOOLS! YOUR FRIEND CAN'T GET OUT OF THE HOUSE! I HAVE MY MEN ALL AROUND, JA!

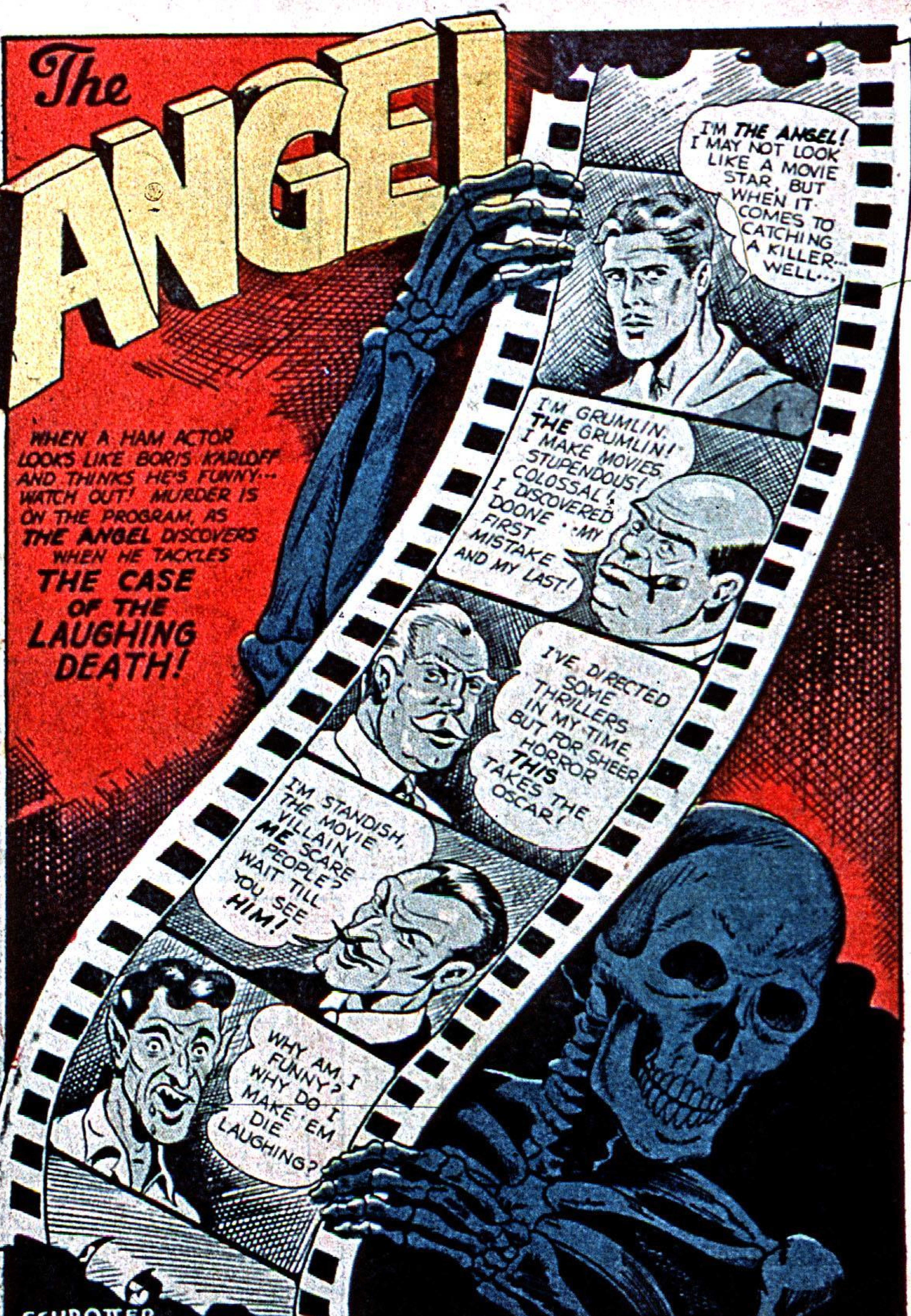

SEE HOW SAFE IT ISS TO WORK FOR ME. NOBODY CAN INTERFERE! ALL OF YOU WILL MAKE A LOT OF MONEY!
CHEE! DIS GUY HAS EVERY ANGLE FIGGERED!
I WILL GIVE EACH BOY A NICE GUN--
AND I WILL GIVE EACH NAZI A SOCK ON THE JAW—
LIKE THIS!
HULLY GEE! IT'S THE PATRIOT! AND—THESE GUYS ARE NAZIS!
LIKE LIGHTING STUDDED DARTS, THE SWIFT-STRIKING FIST OF THE PATRIOT WREAK HAVOC ON THE NAZIS!
SO YOU SWASTIKA-BENDERS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF KIDS, EH? WELL MEET A MAN!
BOYS! FIGHT! SHOOT THE PATRIOT! I GIVE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE VON DOT KILLS HIM!
BUT---
YEAH! YOU SNEAKING HEEL!
NOT US! WE FIGHT WIT DE PATRIOT, NOT AGAINST HIM!
DER PATRIOT! HOW?
AS THE REST OF THE NAZIS RUSH IN...

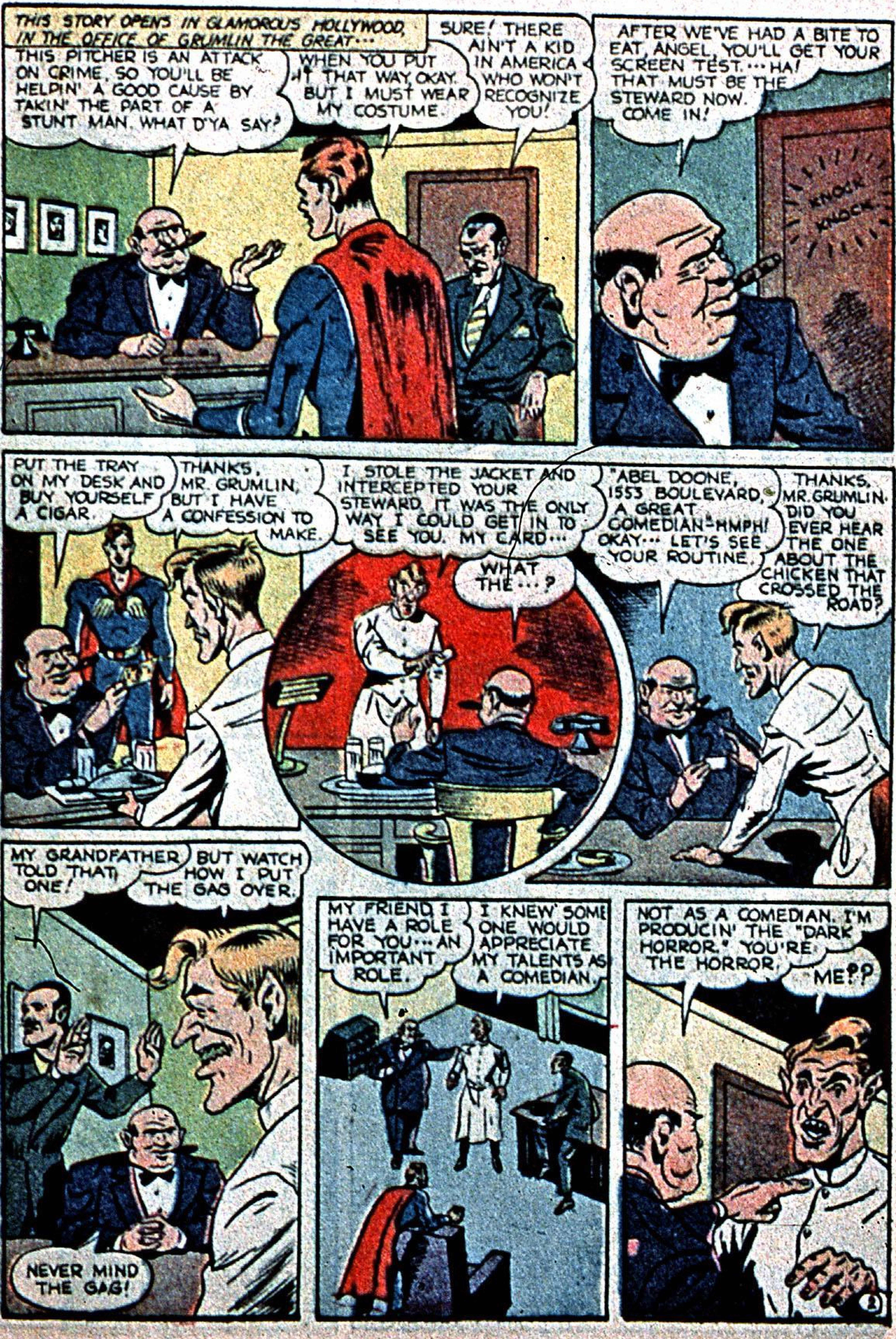

THE TOUGH AMERICAN KIDS SLAMBANG INTO THE NAZIS
NICE WORK, KIDS!
ACH!
YER NOSE MAKES A SWELL PUNCHING BAG, HITLER!
THE BATTLE ENDS AND...
BOYS, YOU WERE GREAT! VON GUKK AND HIS HENCHMEN WERE WORKING A SUBTLE NAZI PROPOGANDA TRICK THROUGH YOU-!
BY TURNING THE ATTENTION OF AMERICANS TO PROBLEMS SUCH AS A KID CRIME WAVE, THEY INTERFERED WITH THE WAR EFFORT!
THAT'S RIGHT KIDS! PEOPLE WOULD BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT CLEANING UP TROUBLE CLOSE TO HOME THEN ABOUT WINNING THE WAR!
REMEMBER! YOU AND EVERY OTHER AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL MUST CONSTANTLY BE ON GUARD AGAINST SUCH NAZI PLOTS! S'LONG NOW!
THE PATRIOT LEAVES, BUT SOON AFTER, HE RETURNS AS JEFF MACE REPORTER!
I JUST PHONED THE STORY INTO THE PAPER. IT'S A SCOOP! NAZIS BEHIND KID CRIME WAVE! WOW!
YEAH, BUT WHERE WERE YOU?
ME? I WAS LOOKING FOR A COP!
WELL, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, YOU WON'T NEED COPS! NOT FOR THESE KIDS ANYWAY!
OFF TO JAIL YOU GO-YOU NAZI MUGS!
I THINK IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET THAT WHAT STOLEN MONEY CAN'T BE RETURNED WILL BE INVESTED IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS BY ALL THE KIDS!

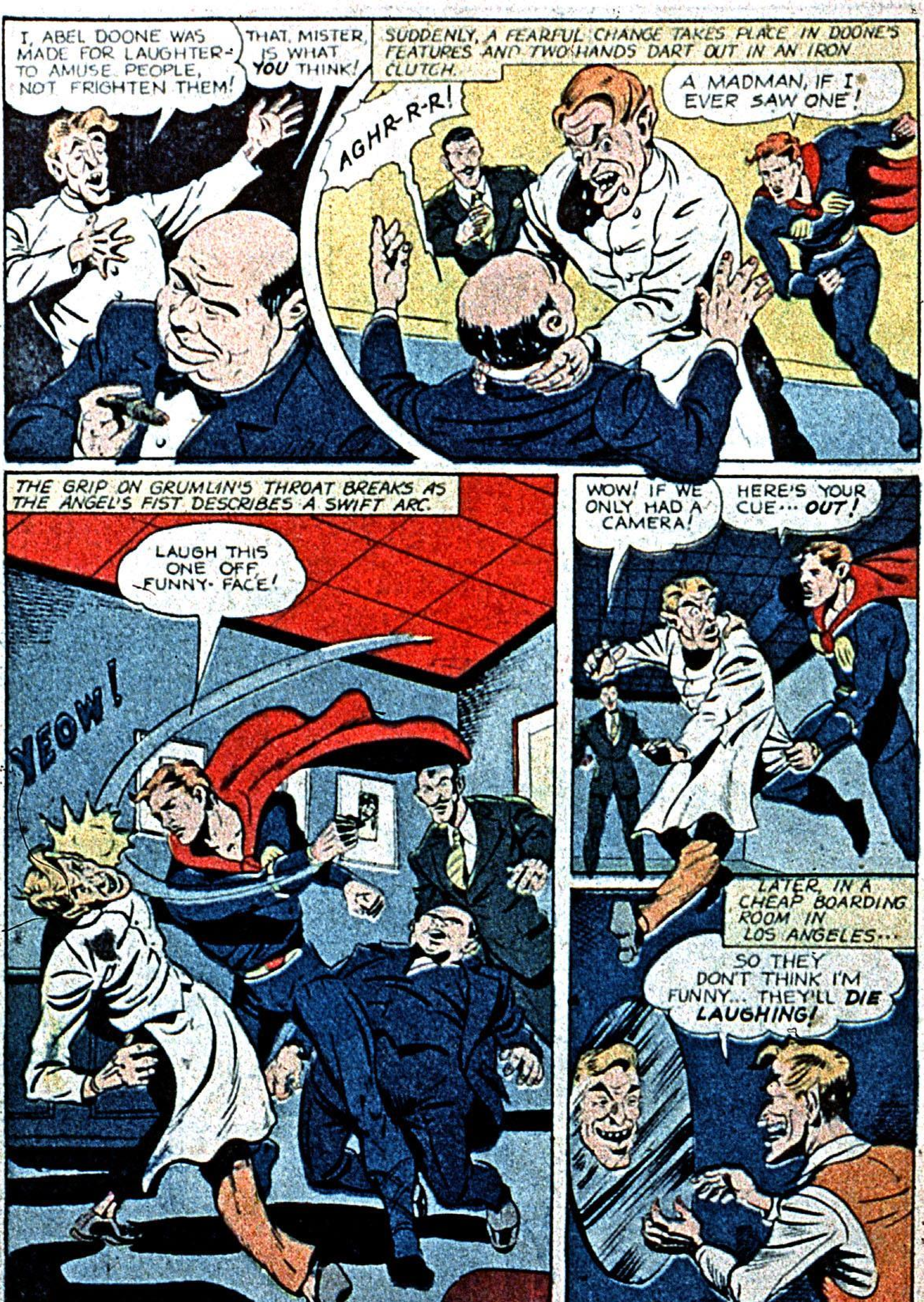
The ANGEL

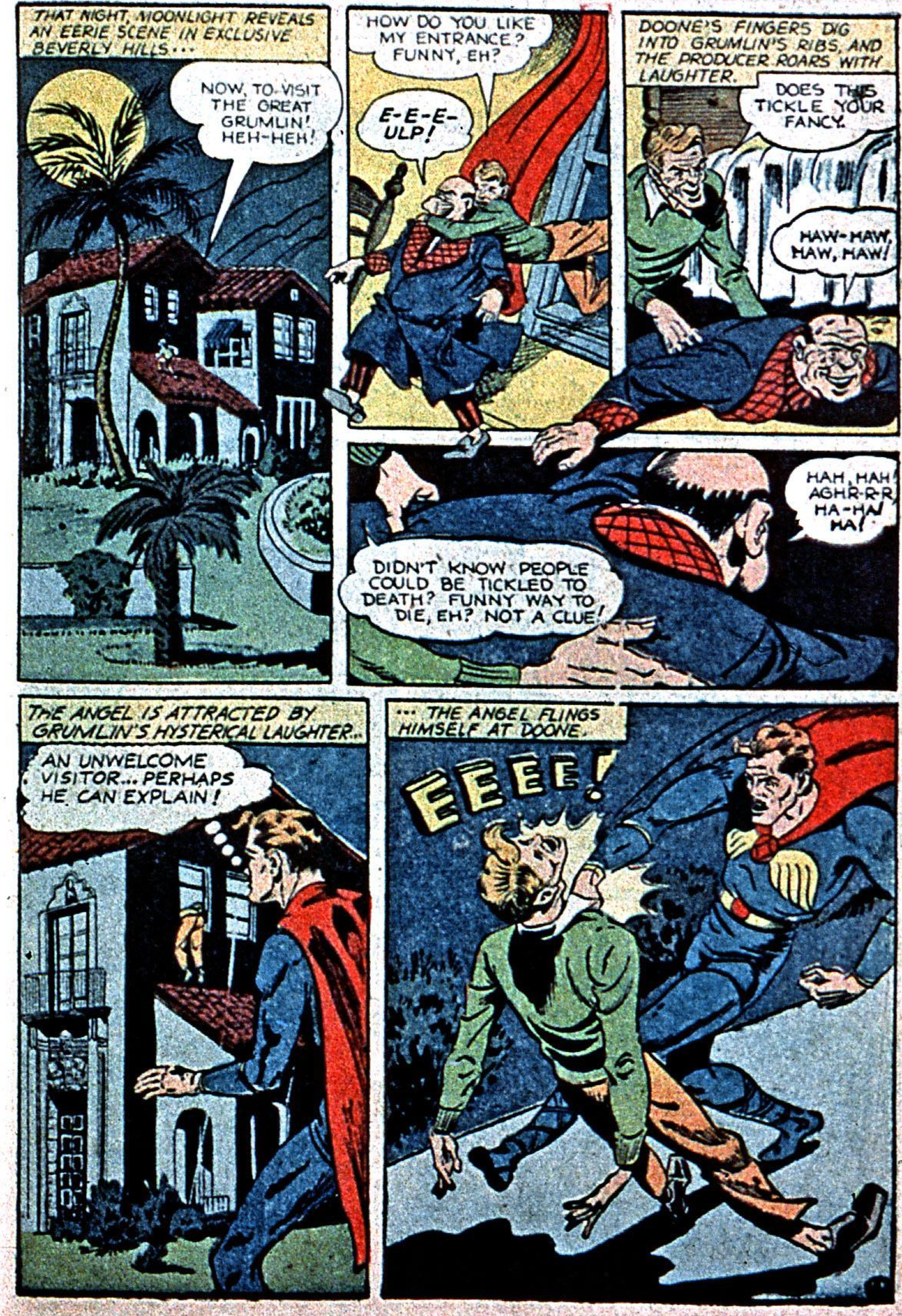
WHEN A HAM ACTOR LOOKS LIKE BORIS KARLOFF AND THINKS HE'S FUNNY... WATCH OUT! MURDER IS ON THE PROGRAM, AS **THE ANGEL** DISCOVERS WHEN HE TACKLES

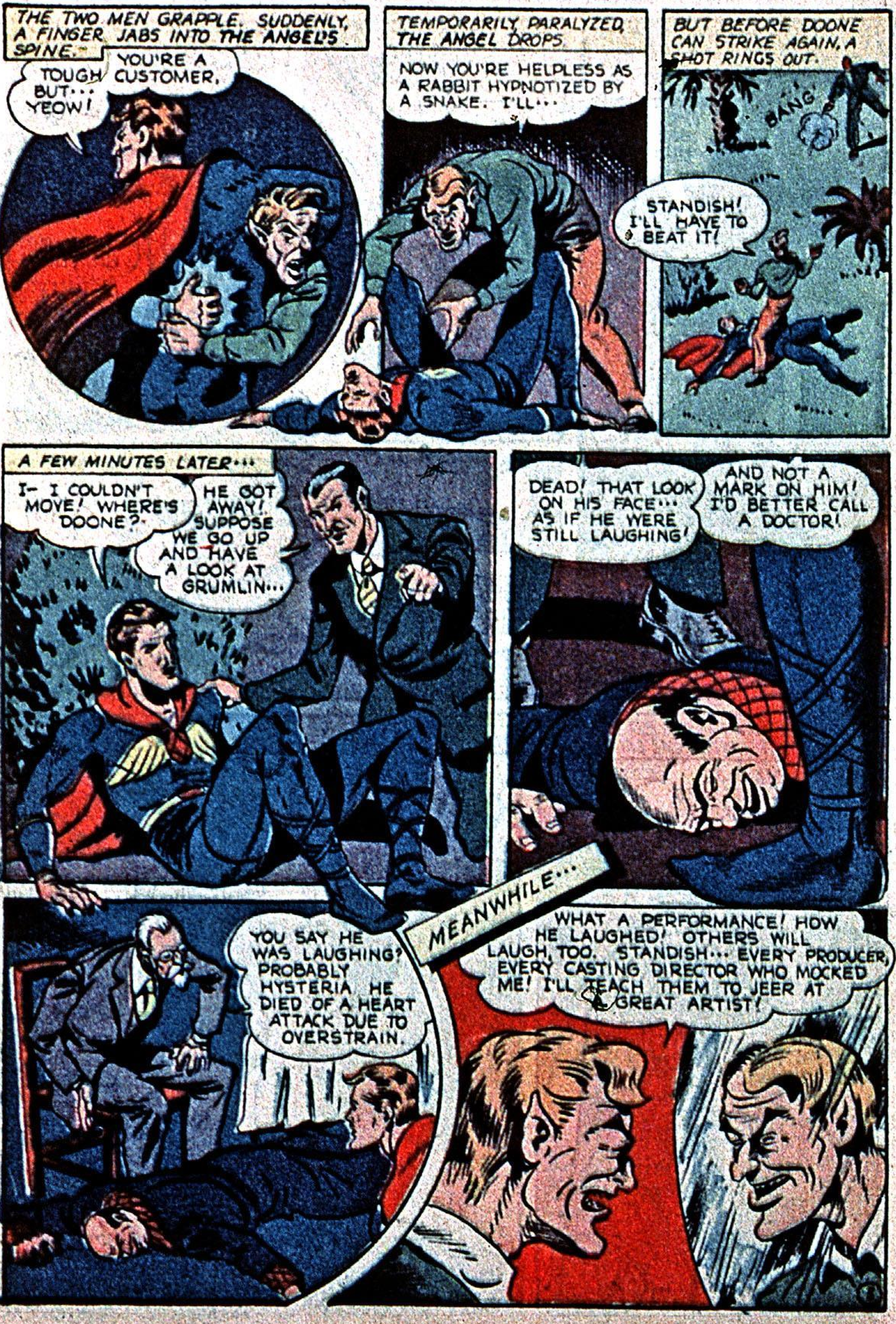
THE CASE OF THE LAUGHING DEATH!

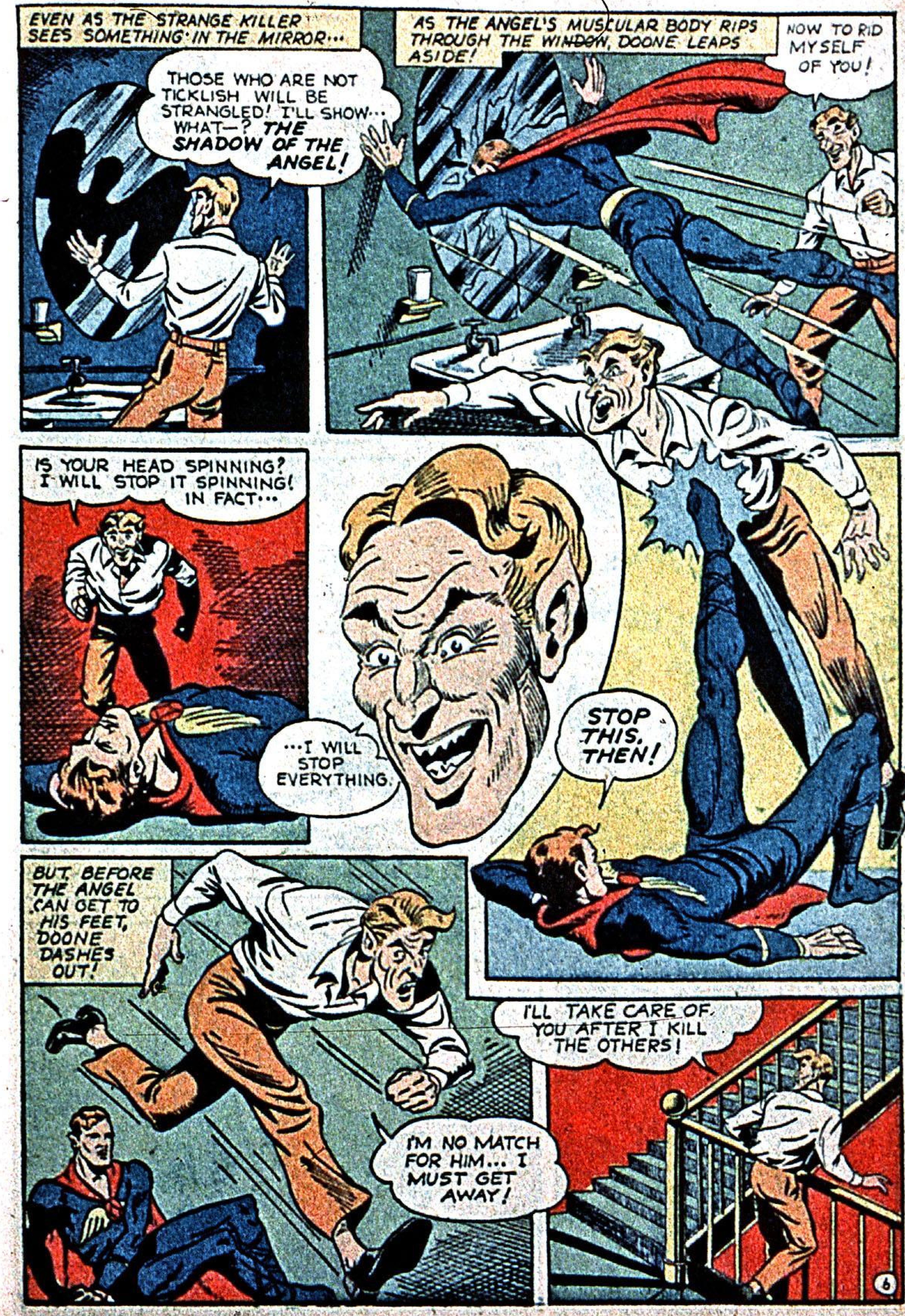

I'M **THE ANGEL!** I MAY NOT LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CATCHING A KILLER... WELL...
I'M GRUMLIN. **THE** GRUMLIN! I MAKE MOVIES. STUPENDOUS! COLOSSAL! I DISCOVERED DOONE... MY FIRST MISTAKE AND MY LAST!
I'VE DIRECTED SOME THRILLERS IN MY TIME, BUT FOR SHEER HORROR **THIS** TAKES THE OSCAR!
I'M STANDISH, THE MOVIE VILLAIN. **ME** SCARE PEOPLE? WAIT TILL YOU SEE **HIM!**
WHY AM I FUNNY? WHY DO I MAKE 'EM DIE LAUGHING?
SCHROTTER

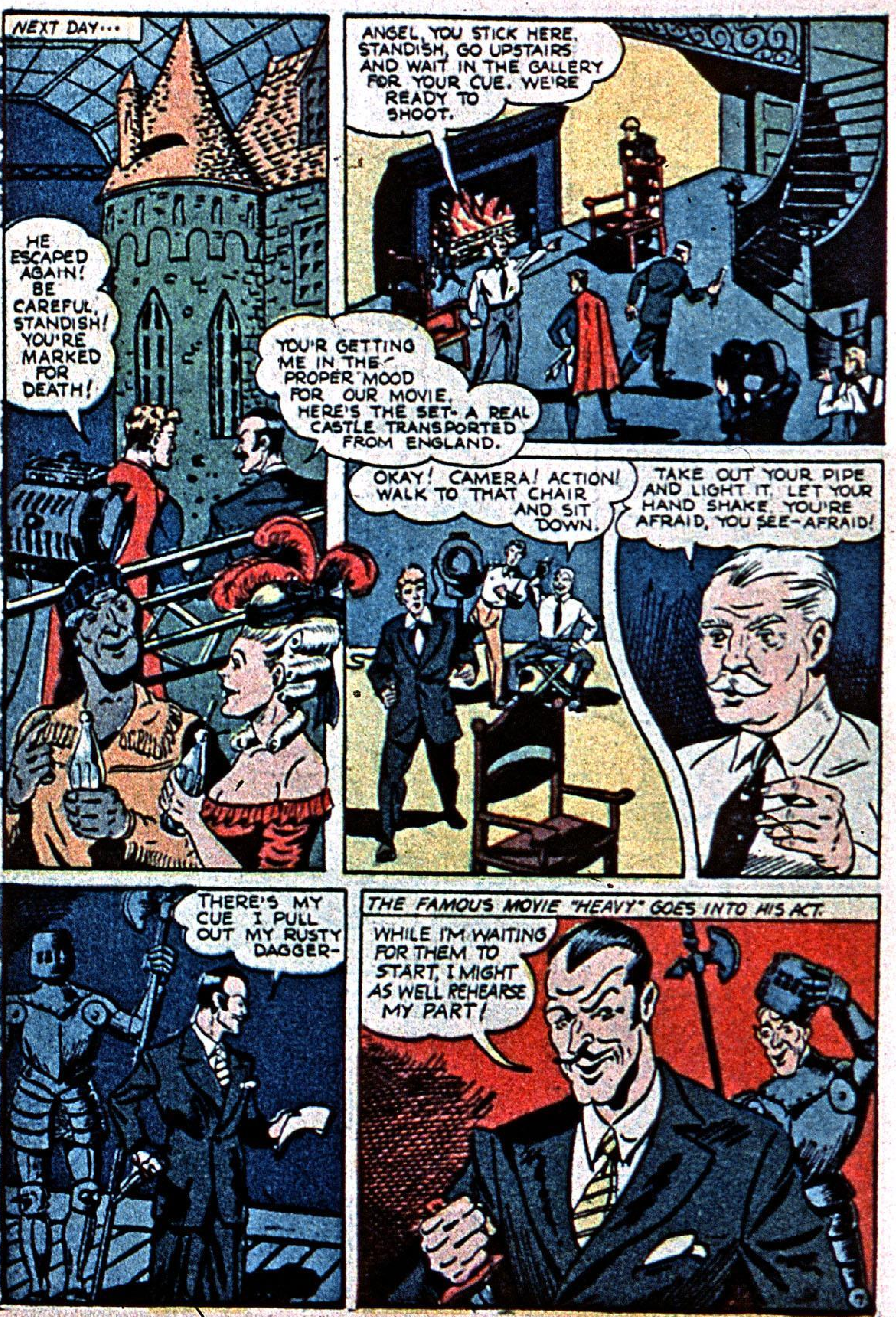

THIS STORY OPENS IN GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD, IN THE OFFICE OF GRUMLIN THE GREAT...
THIS PITCHER IS AN ATTACK ON CRIME, SO YOU'LL BE HELPIN' A GOOD CAUSE BY TAKIN' THE PART OF A STUNT MAN. WHAT D'YA SAY?
WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, OKAY. BUT I MUST WEAR MY COSTUME.
SURE! THERE AIN'T A KID IN AMERICA WHO WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU!
AFTER WE'VE HAD A BITE TO EAT, ANGEL, YOU'LL GET YOUR SCREEN TEST... HA! THAT MUST BE THE STEWARD NOW. COME IN!
KNOCK KNOCK
PUT THE TRAY ON MY DESK AND BUY YOURSELF A CIGAR.
THANKS, MR. GRUMLIN, BUT I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE.
I STOLE THE JACKET AND INTERCEPTED YOUR STEWARD. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET IN TO SEE YOU. MY CARD...
WHAT THE...?
"ABEL DOONE, 1553 BOULEVARD, A GREAT COMEDIAN"-HMPH! OKAY... LET'S SEE YOUR ROUTINE.
THANKS, MR. GRUMLIN. DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE CHICKEN THAT CROSSED THE ROAD?
MY GRANDFATHER TOLD THAT ONE!
BUT WATCH HOW I PUT THE GAG OVER.
NEVER MIND THE GAG!
MY FRIEND I HAVE A ROLE FOR YOU... AN IMPORTANT ROLE.
I KNEW SOME ONE WOULD APPRECIATE MY TALENTS AS A COMEDIAN.
NOT AS A COMEDIAN. I'M PRODUCIN' THE "DARK HORROR." YOU'RE THE HORROR.
ME??
3

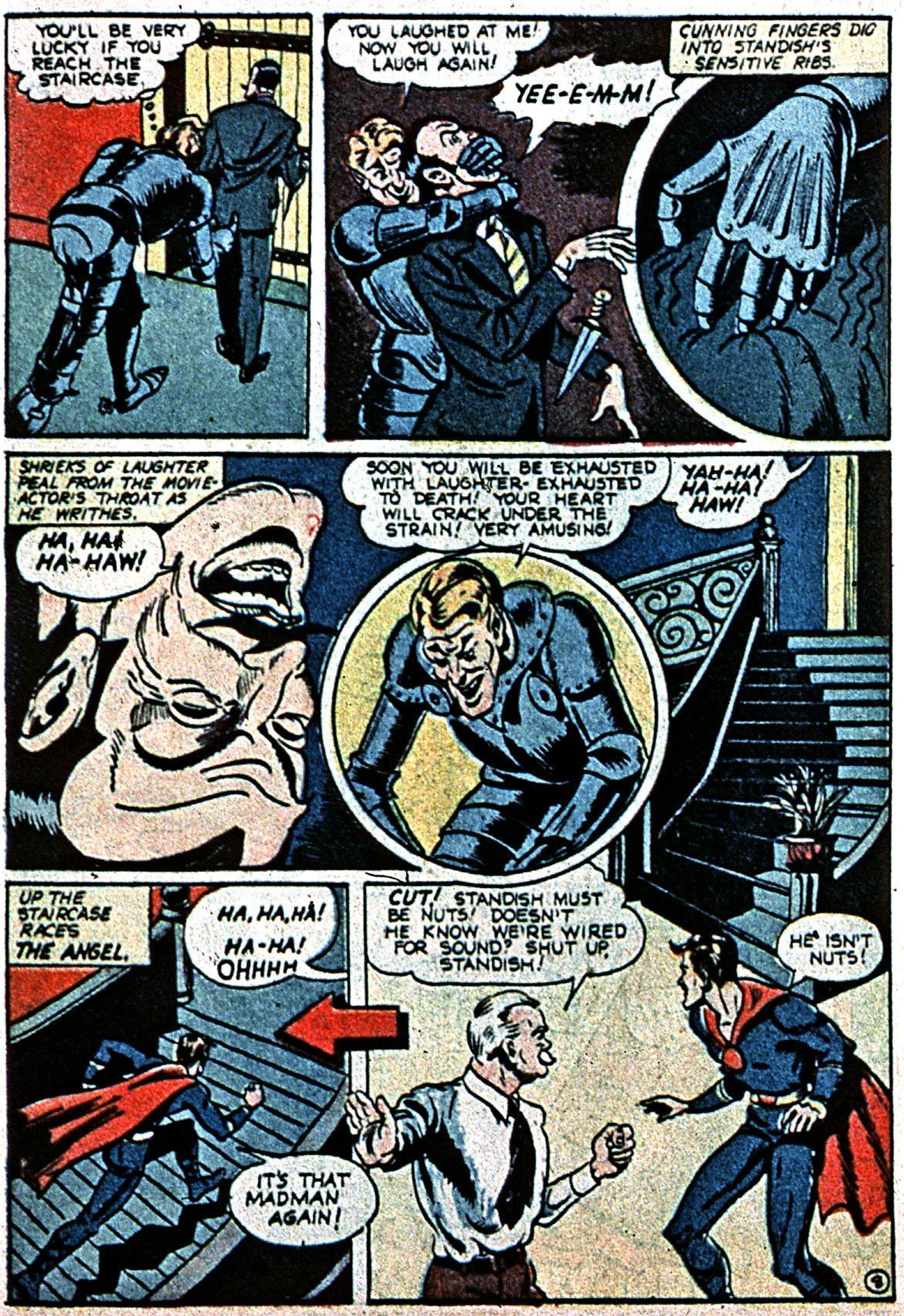

I, ABEL DOONE WAS MADE FOR LAUGHTER- TO AMUSE PEOPLE, NOT FRIGHTEN THEM!
THAT, MISTER, IS WHAT YOU THINK!
SUDDENLY, A FEARFUL CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN DOONE'S FEATURES AND TWO HANDS DART OUT IN AN IRON CLUTCH.
AGHR-R-R-R!
A MADMAN, IF I EVER SAW ONE!
THE GRIP ON GRUMLIN'S THROAT BREAKS AS THE ANGEL'S FIST DESCRIBES A SWIFT ARC.
LAUGH THIS ONE OFF, FUNNY-FACE!
YEOW!
WOW! IF WE ONLY HAD A CAMERA!
HERE'S YOUR CUE... OUT!
LATER, IN A CHEAP BOARDING ROOM IN LOS ANGELES...
SO THEY DON'T THINK I'M FUNNY... THEY'LL DIE LAUGHING!
3

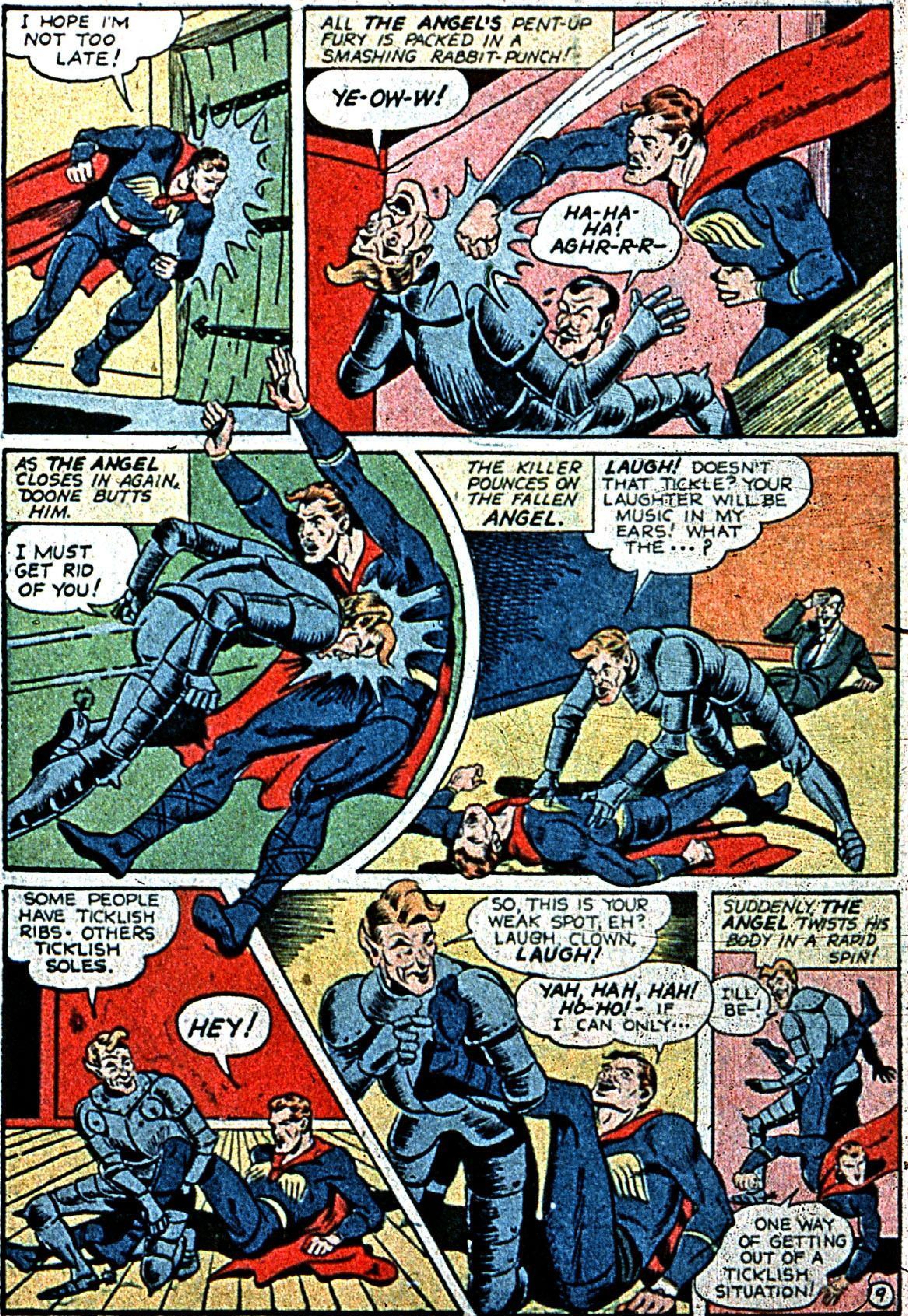

THAT NIGHT, MOONLIGHT REVEALS AN EERIE SCENE IN EXCLUSIVE BEVERLY HILLS...
NOW, TO VISIT THE GREAT GRUMLIN! HEH-HEH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY ENTRANCE? FUNNY, EH?
E-E-E-ULP!
DOONE'S FINGERS DIG INTO GRUMLIN'S RIBS, AND THE PRODUCER ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.
DOES THIS TICKLE YOUR FANCY.
HAW-HAW, HAW, HAW!
HAH, HAH! AGHR-R-R! HA-HA! HA!
DIDN'T KNOW PEOPLE COULD BE TICKLED TO DEATH? FUNNY WAY TO DIE, EH? NOT A CLUE!
THE ANGEL IS ATTRACTED BY GRUMLIN'S HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER...
AN UNWELCOME VISITOR... PERHAPS HE CAN EXPLAIN!
... THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF AT DOONE.
EEEE!

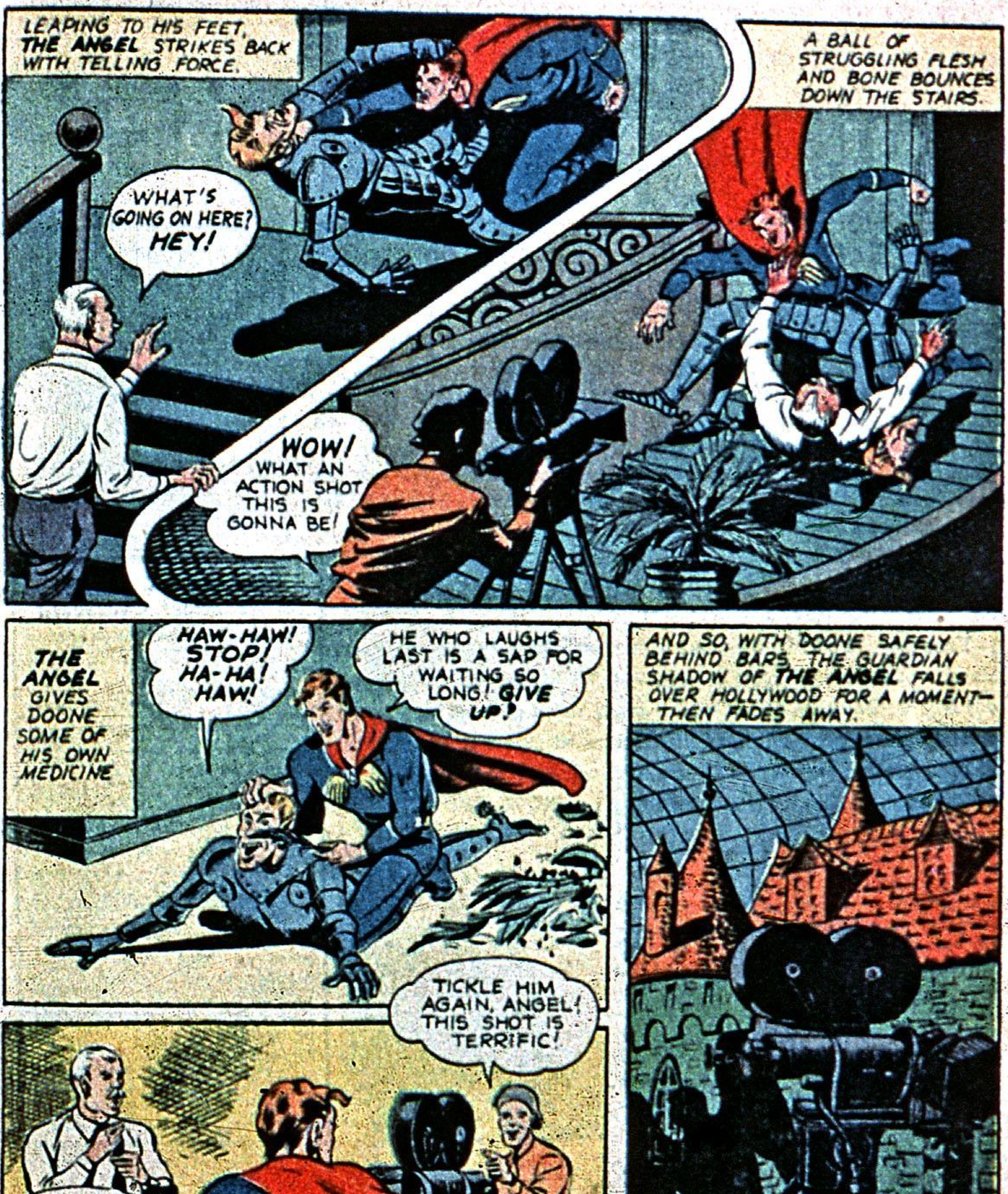

THE TWO MEN GRAPPLE. SUDDENLY, A FINGER JABS INTO THE ANGEL'S SPINE.
YOU'RE A TOUGH CUSTOMER, BUT... YEOW!
TEMPORARILY PARALYZED, THE ANGEL DROPS.
NOW YOU'RE HELPLESS AS A RABBIT HYPNOTIZED BY A SNAKE. I'LL...
BUT BEFORE DOONE CAN STRIKE AGAIN, A SHOT RINGS OUT.
BANG
STANDISH! I'LL HAVE TO BEAT IT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I- I COULDN'T MOVE! WHERE'S DOONE?
HE GOT AWAY! SUPPOSE WE GO UP AND HAVE A LOOK AT GRUMLIN...
DEAD! THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE... AS IF HE WERE STILL LAUGHING!
AND NOT A MARK ON HIM! I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR!
YOU SAY HE WAS LAUGHING? PROBABLY HYSTERIA. HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK DUE TO OVERSTRAIN.
MEANWHILE...
WHAT A PERFORMANCE! HOW HE LAUGHED! OTHERS WILL LAUGH, TOO. STANDISH... EVERY PRODUCER, EVERY CASTING DIRECTOR WHO MOCKED ME! I'LL TEACH THEM TO JEER AT A GREAT ARTIST!


EVEN AS THE STRANGE KILLER SEES SOMETHING IN THE MIRROR...
THOSE WHO ARE NOT TICKLISH WILL BE STRANGLED! I'LL SHOW... WHAT—? THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
AS THE ANGEL'S MUSCULAR BODY RIPS THROUGH THE WINDOW, DOONE LEAPS ASIDE!
NOW TO RID MYSELF OF YOU!
IS YOUR HEAD SPINNING? I WILL STOP IT SPINNING! IN FACT...
...I WILL STOP EVERYTHING.
STOP THIS, THEN!
BUT, BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN GET TO HIS FEET, DOONE DASHES OUT!
I'M NO MATCH FOR HIM... I MUST GET AWAY!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AFTER I KILL THE OTHERS!


NEXT DAY...
HE ESCAPED AGAIN! BE CAREFUL, STANDISH! YOU'RE MARKED FOR DEATH!
YOU'R GETTING ME IN THE PROPER MOOD FOR OUR MOVIE. HERE'S THE SET- A REAL CASTLE TRANSPORTED FROM ENGLAND.
ANGEL, YOU STICK HERE. STANDISH, GO UPSTAIRS AND WAIT IN THE GALLERY FOR YOUR CUE. WE'RE READY TO SHOOT.
OKAY! CAMERA! ACTION! WALK TO THAT CHAIR AND SIT DOWN.
TAKE OUT YOUR PIPE AND LIGHT IT. LET YOUR HAND SHAKE. YOU'RE AFRAID, YOU SEE-AFRAID!
THERE'S MY CUE I PULL OUT MY RUSTY DAGGER-
THE FAMOUS MOVIE "HEAVY" GOES INTO HIS ACT.
WHILE I'M WAITING FOR THEM TO START, I MIGHT AS WELL REHEARSE MY PART!


YOU'LL BE VERY LUCKY IF YOU REACH THE STAIRCASE.
YOU LAUGHED AT ME! NOW YOU WILL LAUGH AGAIN!
YEE-E-M-M!
CUNNING FINGERS DIG INTO STANDISH'S SENSITIVE RIBS.
SHRIEKS OF LAUGHTER PEAL FROM THE MOVIE-ACTOR'S THROAT AS HE WRITHES.
HA, HA! HA-HAW!
SOON YOU WILL BE EXHAUSTED WITH LAUGHTER- EXHAUSTED TO DEATH! YOUR HEART WILL CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN! VERY AMUSING!
YAH-HA! HA-HA! HAW!
UP THE STAIRCASE RACES THE ANGEL.
HA, HA, HA! HA-HA! OHHHH
IT'S THAT MADMAN AGAIN!
CUT! STANDISH MUST BE NUTS! DOESN'T HE KNOW WE'RE WIRED FOR SOUND? SHUT UP, STANDISH!
HE ISN'T NUTS!
9


I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
ALL **THE ANGEL'S** PENT-UP FURY IS PACKED IN A SMASHING RABBIT-PUNCH!
YE-OW-W!
HA-HA-HA! AGHR-R-R-
AS **THE ANGEL** CLOSES IN AGAIN, DOONE BUTTS HIM.
I MUST GET RID OF YOU!
THE KILLER POUNCES ON THE FALLEN **ANGEL.**
LAUGH! DOESN'T THAT TICKLE? YOUR LAUGHTER WILL BE MUSIC IN MY EARS! WHAT THE ...?
SOME PEOPLE HAVE TICKLISH RIBS - OTHERS TICKLISH SOLES.
HEY!
SO, THIS IS YOUR WEAK SPOT, EH? LAUGH, CLOWN, **LAUGH!**
YAH, HAH, HAH! HO-HO! - IF I CAN ONLY...
SUDDENLY **THE ANGEL** TWISTS HIS BODY IN A RAPID SPIN!
I'LL BE-!
ONE WAY OF GETTING OUT OF A TICKLISH SITUATION!


LEAPING TO HIS FEET, THE ANGEL STRIKES BACK WITH TELLING FORCE.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? HEY!
A BALL OF STRUGGLING FLESH AND BONE BOUNCES DOWN THE STAIRS.
WOW! WHAT AN ACTION SHOT THIS IS GONNA BE!
THE ANGEL GIVES DOONE SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE
HAW-HAW! STOP! HA-HA! HAW!
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST IS A SAP FOR WAITING SO LONG! GIVE UP?
TICKLE HIM AGAIN, ANGEL! THIS SHOT IS TERRIFIC!
I CONFESS! HA-HA! I TICKLED GRUMLIN TO DEATH! HA-HA!
AND SO, WITH DOONE SAFELY BEHIND BARS, THE GUARDIAN SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER HOLLYWOOD FOR A MOMENT— THEN FADES AWAY.
THE ANGEL RETURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS WITH A BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURE AT AN AIR-FERRY BASE.

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Read What Customers Write About Our Work

ORDERS SIX MORE

I received my enlarged and colored photos today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?

TM, Fort Devens, Massachusetts

WANTS THREE MORE

I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made by you for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.

RB, Sandusky, Ohio

PLEASED AT EXPERT QUALITY

I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turn out. I'm enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, and leatherette frame.

LP, Fort Benning, Georgia

SURE WAS GOOD

I received my picture last week and it sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a nice job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.

SY, Baldwin, Georgia

DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE

I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.

LP, Clinton, Wisconsin

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART

As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and tinted and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.

JZ, Baltimore, Maryland

PLEASED WITH SERVICE

As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service; so I am hoping you will do a very good job on these negatives.

LD, Camp Shelby, Mississippi

IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.
P. O. Box 748 AG-6
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I accept your special offer. Enclosed find negatives or snapshots which I want enlarged to 5x7. Send to me at once your information about hand coloring and your free frame offer (I enclose 10c for each 5x7 enlargement to help cover postage, handling, etc.)

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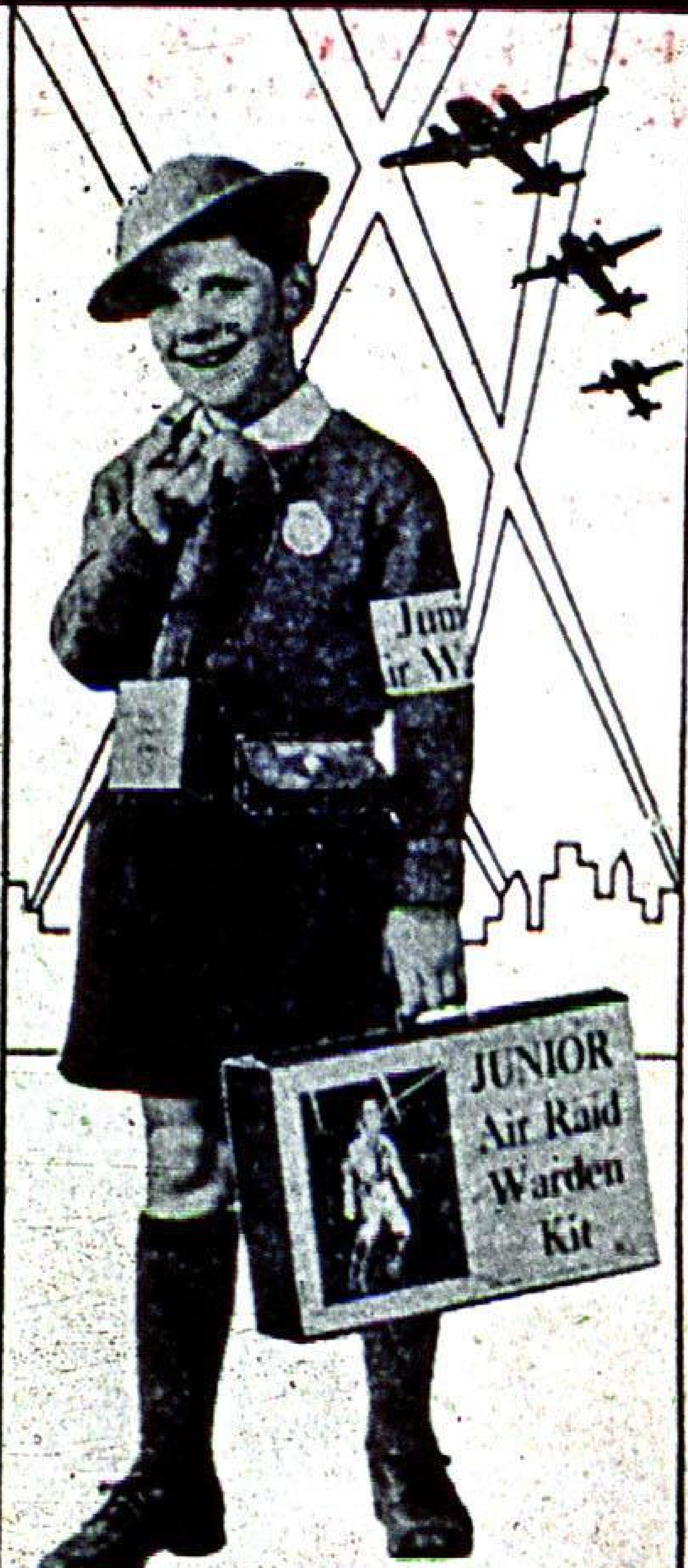
Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT • READ *FREE* OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

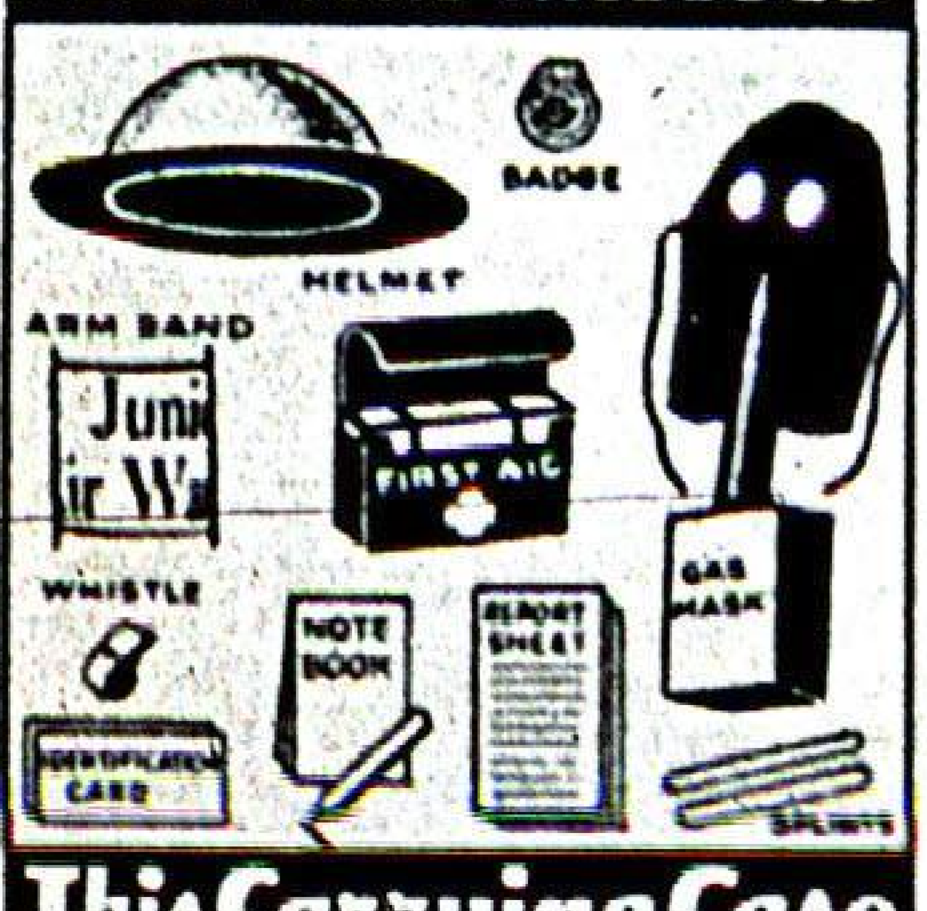
BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren - like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.



GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER

JUNIOR
Air Raid
Warden
Kit

Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit $1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 306
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AIR RAID SHELTER

KAY NOVELTY CO.
Dept 306, 535 Fifth Ave.
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Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman $1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

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NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

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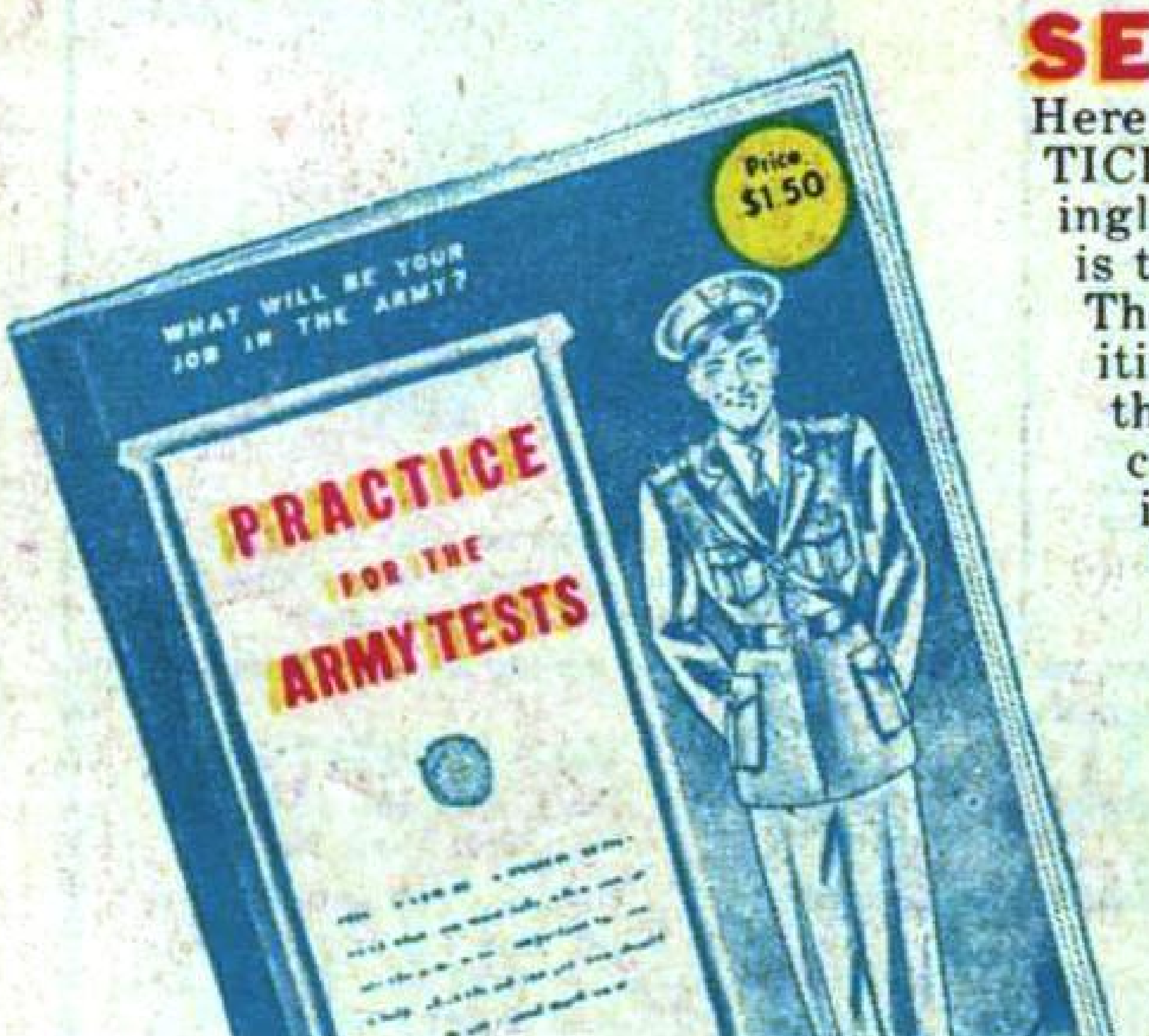
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